

CURRENT OPINION



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On the Eve of the Washington Conference

THE calling of the Conference on the Limitation of Armament is the first act of real leadership in international affairs ever taken by the United States. We have participated in international enterprizes before, but we have not initiated them. President Roosevelt took the initiative in bringing Russia and Japan together in a peace conference; but that called for almost no action on the part of our Government. President Wilson took a position of leadership in making the Versailles Treaty, but our Government, as soon as it was called on for action, repudiated all he had done. It has been President Harding, elected to keep us out of foreign entanglements, as Wilson was elected because he had kept us out of war, who is the first President to initiate a great international undertaking, prodded thereto by Senator Borah, who views foreign entanglements with an aversion similar to that of a rabid canine for running water.

Verily "there is a Destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may." McKinley, forced by events to

take charge of the Philippines much against his will, and sending over as Governor General Wm. H. Taft, still more of an anti-imperialist; Wilson, compelled to lead the nation into the greatest of all wars and to assume the leading rôle in adjusting the affairs of the world; Harding, incited by Borah, calling the first international conference ever called by an American statesman for the settlement of political matters,—what an object lesson each of these affords of the futility of human plans when they get in the way of the march of what McKinley called Manifest Destiny!

What is the Conference likely to accomplish? The inciting purpose is the reduction of armaments. But, as Secretary Hughes clearly saw when he issued the call and as has been growing clearer and clearer to everybody else since then, the limitation of armaments depends upon the solution of problems that cause the building of armaments. The problems of the Pacific are the ones specifically indicated in the call, and the armaments that they affect are



EACH TO THE OTHER: "YOU'RE NEXT!"
—Levering in *New York Tribune*.

the naval armaments of three nations—the United States, Japan and Great Britain (as guardian of the interests of Australia)—and perhaps the military armaments of Japan and China.

If the European armies are to be brought into consideration, then the European problems which we have taken such pains to sidestep must also be brought in, and that would mean another world conference. From its very constitution, therefore, this Conference might well be dubbed a Conference for the Limited Limitation of Armaments. To expect from it anything more than that is to be doomed to disappointment. If it gives us even the limited limitation that we have a right to hope for it will ful-

fill its purpose and justify its existence.

All problems, to be solved, must first be reduced to their simplest terms. In fact, most of them are already solved when that is done. The Pacific problems seem to be many and varied, but they are all grouped around one central fact, which explains them all so far as they involve international relations. That is the very simple fact that the population of Japan is increasing by about 700,000 every year, and her territory is too limited to accommodate them. Her people are already openly violating the laws against birth control, leading magazines printing numerous advertisements along this line, and the Government is tacitly acquiescing.

Because of that central fact, Japan is pushing her way into Siberia, Manchuria, Shantung, Korea. Because of that, the Japanese have invaded California, Mexico, Peru, and are supposed to cast covetous glances upon the Philippines and Australia. Because of that fact, Japan is forced to turn more and more away from agriculture and toward manufacture. The great industrial cities, Osaka, Nagoya, Kobe, have doubled their population in the last ten years, and have done so at the expense of the country districts. But this development, while it makes the need for elbow room less pressing, makes the need for raw materials, especially coal and iron, more pressing. Japan's fight to-day is not so much for elbow room—much as she needs that—as it is for uninterrupted supplies of raw materials. That is the main reason why she clings to the industrial concessions in the

Shantung Peninsula, to the railroads and the port. That is why Manchuria and Siberia have such attractions for her. She wants a place in the sun, but she wants still more a place in the bowels of the earth where she can have access to coal and minerals. That is what she will fight for, if necessary. "The sending of emigrants either to Siberia or to other countries," says Dr. Kuno, of the University of California, in his very frank and illuminating book, *What Japan Wants*, "is not a pressing question with the Government just now." Notwithstanding that Japan is one of the most densely populated nations in the world, yet this density is not so menacing that the nation cannot maintain its population without seeking an outlet elsewhere." But, he adds, "Japan might take up arms should the United States adopt some policy that would stand in the way of Japan in obtaining raw materials from China or Siberia. Interference of this sort would threaten not only the sources of the national prosperity of Japan but even her very existence."

There is the real problem of the Pacific that the Washington Conference must find some solution for or prove a failure.

The only way to reach a satisfactory adjustment of any dispute is by putting yourself in the other fellow's place and getting his point of view. Looking at the situation through Japanese eyes, what does one see? He sees the white race, forming one-ninth of the world's population, controlling nine-tenths of its territory, and shouting rather raucously about the "yellow peril." He sees, close

at hand, China with vast mineral resources which in all the centuries she has failed to develop and is unable to develop now, and he sees the European nations one after another setting aside "zones of influence" in China, which is a sort of preparatory process to actual partition. He has seen Russia seizing Port Arthur, Germany seizing Wei-hai-Wei and Kiau Chau, and England and France administering their Chinese possessions and strengthening their economic positions. He sees the United States, within a time that seems very short to a people with such a long history as Japan's, spreading from a mere fringe on the Atlantic, out over the middle west, taking over the vast Louisiana Purchase, annexing Texas and New Mexico and California, buying Alaska, taking over Hawaii, the Philippines, Guam and a part of Samoa, as well as turning the Caribbean Sea into an American lake to protect the Panama



THE WORLD: "I WANT TO LET GO!"

—Thomas in *Detroit News*.

Canal. And he sees us now adopting a policy for a vast expansion of our navy, shifting our naval strength to the Pacific, and beginning formidable fortifications at Hawaii, Guam and Manila.

That is the world as Japan sees it, and if you were a Japanese and saw it that way what would you think and what would you feel like? Here is the way one of them feels. Prince Yamagata, who was chief of staff in the Russo-Japanese war and is now, at the age of 83, one of the Elder Statesmen of Japan, writes a letter to Mr. Poultny Bigelow which is printed by permission in the *N. Y. Times*. The spirit in which it is couched is admirable. Here is one of the paragraphs:

"My modest knowledge of history leads me to believe that no nation has a right to regard itself as the apotheosis of righteousness. Before God all nations must plead guilty, for they have, one and all, erred, and erred widely, at various stages of their development. In the light of the world's experience of a thousand yesterdays, let us not be too harsh in criticizing a young nation of to-day whose blunders seem, after all, far more pardonable than those committed by many another nation. I feel sure that the American people, big as they are, will sympathize with, and even support, Japan when they come to understand the fundamentals of the circumstances Japan is placed in, and fully appreciate the difficult problems, not the least of which is the problem of population, living space and food, that she actually faces and is obliged to solve in one way or another."

The greatest difficulty in the way of solving the problem which Japan presents to the Washington Conference is the condition in China. China is in a state of chaos much like that of Mexico before Obregon was made President, but Mexico magnified a hundred times. The solution of Japan's economic and biological problem might lie in the joint restoration of China and the develop-

ment of her economic resources. But China, with an army of a million men, is as helpless as a derelict. There are not only two governments, one at Peking, the other at Canton, but every Viceroy has a government and an army of his own. England and Japan and the United States may adjust their disputes, reach agreements, sign their papers and feel that the matter of dispute is, for the time at least, happily ended. But China can not be taken care of by the signing of papers. She is too helpless to care of herself, too big to be put into leading strings, too old and proud to submit to an international guardianship. Some development of the consortium plan, whereby her resources may be developed without impairing her sovereignty, is probably the best that can be done for her at this time.

The probability is that Japan, denied access in any large industrial way to China, will concentrate her efforts on Siberia, where she is already entrenched. It is a vast country with an area 20 times that of Japan. It is thinly populated and practically undeveloped. It is rich in raw materials and lies just across the Sea of Japan. It has been a part of Russia for a century, but Russia is in no situation to defend Siberia if the Japanese decide to keep possession and the other powers raise no objections. "Now that the doors of all Anglo-Saxon nations are closed against her emigrants," says Dr. Kuno, "and she must seek some outlet for her population, it is but natural that Japan should raise the question whether Siberia may not be the land of the yellow man." Japan has already spent one billion yen on account of Siberia. Her permanent stay there is likely to be very seriously considered at the Washington Conference. A dispatch to the *N. Y. Tribune* from its Paris correspondent reports that it already



NOT A MASS MEETING HELD IN CHINA

But one held in City Hall Park, New York City, to protest against the Peking Government and to ask for the recognition of the Canton Government, which is demanding representation at the Washington Conference. Most of the Chinese residents in America come from the Canton region.

meets with favor in France and England. Says the *Tribune's* correspondent:

"The *Tribune's* correspondent learns that there is a common Anglo-French tendency to recognize the fact that Japan is in the imminent need of expansion, but there is a similar tendency to agree with the United States that this expansion must not be carried out at the expense of the Chinese. On the other hand, there will be no objection to Japanese expansion at the expense of Russia, and it will be pointed out diplomatically to Japan that there is little to be gained by turning eyes on Manchuria as long as the southern hook of Siberia, due east of Manchuria, offers equal climatic advantages."

Such a solution would run counter to our avowed disapproval of any effort to divide the Russian Empire. But one declaration of foreign policy after another made during the Wilson régime has already been disavowed, the Ishii-Lansing agreement being the latest, and it is not incredible that another one may be disavowed.

Another interesting question may be raised. It is indicated in a dispatch from Geneva, to the *N. Y. Times*, from its special correspondent, E. L. James. He declares that a decision has actually been reached by the British and French Governments to raise the question, at the Washington Conference, of America's joining the League of Nations. When the discussion of the limitation of armaments is reached—so runs the dispatch—the British and French delegates will point out that reduction of armaments to be practicable must be universal; that it must include the smaller nations as well as the larger, for war is more apt to originate in the smaller nations; that the best, or the only, means of effecting such universal reduction is the League of Nations; that it already is working out a plan for such universal reduction. Suppose the delegates from Japan and Italy join those from Great Britain and France—all four nations being in the League—in recommending that the subject of reduction of armaments be referred to the



"YOUR FAVORITE DISH, SIR!"
—Cassel in New York Evening World.

League, or to a special commission co-operating with the League, what, we wonder, will the American delegates have to say, especially as two out of four of them—Root and Hughes—signed a manifesto during the presidential election advising all those in favor of the League to vote for Harding as the only way to ensure our entering the League, and a third—Underwood—was in favor of the League throughout the Senate fight.

But such a situation is too harrowing to contemplate. It is impossible that the delegates from other countries could do such a cruel thing as that!

In reply to "What is the world coming to?" we say "America."—Wichita Beacon.

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Europe's Distrust of the Washington Conference

AS THE day approaches for calling to order the Conference on Limitation of Armament, the size of the task undertaken by President Harding and Secretary Hughes appears

more and more formidable. It is not only the distrust of Japan that they have to deal with, but the distrust of Europe as well, especially of Latin Europe. All this loose talk of an Anglo-American alliance to dominate the world and preserve its peace is evidently getting on the nerves not only of the yellow races but of large sections of the white race also.

The French and Italian press have, under more or less restraint, voiced this distrust in no uncertain tones. A theory that has received wide acceptance in France is that the Conference originated in London in a meeting which

Lord Curzon had with the American and Japanese ambassadors and the Chinese minister. The comment of the French press has on the whole been suspicious and skeptical. The longer these international conferences last, the bigger the issues they decide and the greater the personalities participating, laments the *Action Française*, the worse the position in which France emerges. "While France wishes to disarm Germany," to quote the blunt *Intransigeant*, "the Allies wish to disarm France."

That part of the French press that takes its cue from the patriotic nationalists sees in the conference a trap. There will be a press bureau, we are told, giving out official reports to the world. There will be open sessions for the benefit of pacifists and Utopians, in which much will be said about disarmament. Behind closed doors select cliques will reach big decisions on such subjects as Mexico, Shantung, the Ruhr, Baku and Poland. The real object of this gathering is, therefore, kept in the background, while an innocent public is spoonfed with bulletins about fewer

battleships and the dismantling of an unimportant coaling station on an island nobody ever heard of before. This pessimistic forecast in the *Echo* is confirmed by gloomy conjectures in many a French newspaper. The *Eclair* goes so far as to insist that the Washington Conference leave the whole subject of disarmament in abeyance. The *Journal*, a Paris paper whose utterances on international questions are often inspired, prophesies that this Conference will stir up fresh trouble and settle nothing. It was fathered by Washington, it adds, but "concocted" in London. Its real purpose is to bring Japan to book. The Tokyo Government is to be humiliated behind the scenes, but its face will be saved by that word "disarmament." The French paper says:

"Limitation of armament is the only means of maintaining the present domination of Britain throughout the world. The conference affords an unexpected chance to bring the United States back into the European connection and to involve Washington in British combinations. The summit of this diplomatic art was reached by giving the Americans the erroneous notion that they are now directing the affairs of the world. Do our American friends realize just where they will be led along the road they have taken?"

Predictions have not been lacking that France will find herself at the Conference face to face with a ready-made Anglo-American understanding. In the words of the *Matin*: "In spite of fine phrases, London and Washington have a definite aim before them. They want to be rid of the Japanese alliance now so embarrassing to them,

they want to accept all the schemes embodied in the treaty of Versailles and reduce the burden of its obligations. The rest is all smoke. Let us not deceive ourselves into supposing that we can set one against the other and play the part of honest broker between them. So far as America takes an interest in European affairs, her disposition is to act like England in spite of all that divides these two nations."

The Italian journals have taken their cue from the press of France. They have been foreseeing a "combination" that will turn the Pacific into an American lake, the Mediterranean into a British lake and the Atlantic into an Anglo-American lake.

There has been of late a more favorable tone in the French comment. "Pertinax" and other acrid critics seem to have made up their minds that perhaps, after all, since the Conference is



WILL IT BE A FULL-DESS AFFAIR?
—Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer.



FROM ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS

—Thomas in *Detroit News*.

to be held, it is well to make the most of it. There can be no exaggeration, says "Pertinax" now, in the *Paris Echo*, of the importance of the Washington Conference. It is not a meeting of conquerors to divide the spoils; but, instead, we have three great nations—America, England, Japan—trying to stem the tide which is sweeping them along so dangerously. If they can not agree, "grave events may come of the failure of the Conference," for the very realization by them that they cannot agree "may serve to hasten disaster and that very shortly." But "Pertinax" and, apparently, the more authoritative spokesmen of France—such as Briand and Viviani—take the view that the Conference can do little or nothing in reducing land forces, especially in Europe. "In all camps," says

"Pertinax," "it has gradually been realized that the problems of the Far East and of the Pacific dominate the race of maritime armaments, and that consequently they alone form the basis of the exchange of views about to open. All the rest of the program is the carpet on the street."

There is one observation that may be made, perhaps, without being too invidious, and that is that within the next few weeks President Harding, Secretary Hughes, Senator Lodge and a considerable section of the American people are going to have a more adequate idea than they have yet had of the difficulties that President Wilson

encountered at Versailles, and are going to form a more charitable judgment regarding the results he achieved.



A BATTLESHIP FIGUREHEAD DESIGN

—Thomas in *Detroit News*.

The "Invisible Empire" in the Spotlight

CONGRESS has been investigating the activities of the reborn Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. Some twenty newspapers have been running a series of alleged exposés of the order, which has spread into all but three states of the Union. The air has been palpitant with the news dispatches, editorials, sermons, addresses and resolutions, most of them strong in denunciation of the Klan.

The facts that have come out furnish an interesting, amusing and rather appalling view of one of the cross-sections of American life that is seldom brought to light. About 126,000 men and women have paid \$10.00 each to join the Klan and many have paid \$6.50 additional for cheap robes. (The report of a membership of five or six hundred thousand seems a gross exaggeration.) What has caught them has been apparently the secrecy of the order, the high-sounding titles and its appeals to racial and religious animosities. Ostensibly it is a fraternal order like many others that pass unchallenged. Actually it is a crusading order, and its organ, the *Searchlight*, published in Atlanta, is filled with appeals and reports calculated to kindle hatred of the Negro, the Jew, the Roman Catholic, and our foreign-born residents in general.

The vocabulary of the Klan is in itself a revelation of the mentality of its members. There are Kleagles, King Kleagles and an Imperial Kleagle. There are Goblins and Grand Goblins. There is a Klakard, a Kludd, a Klargo. There is the Kloran—a sacred



"WELL, HERE WE ARE, B'GOSH!"
—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

writing—and the Grand Auric, where the Imperial Wizard reigns, guarded by a Ghoul, a Goblin and a Cyclops. There is also an Empress of the Daughters of the Klan. One of the meetings is called a Klouncilium and another is called the Supreme Konvolocation. It all sounds as tho Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn had got together and devised the whole thing to amuse themselves and to impress Jim, their black friend. Yet it is this adolescent sort of thing that Congress and the Department of Justice have been investigating; that six District judges in Texas felt called upon to denounce from their benches the same day; that Gompers has issued a manifesto against; that the Convention of the United Mine Workers of America has, by an amendment to its constitution, forbidden its members to join; that the City Council of Cleveland, the Board of Aldermen of New York City

and various other public bodies have by formal resolution condemned. Several hundred negroes are reported fleeing from their homes near Norfolk, terrorized by warnings purporting to come from the Klan. Chicago negroes are reported arming themselves. In the state of Texas, according to Judge Hamilton, of Austin, more than half a hundred persons have been whipped or tarred and feathered in the last six months, whites as well as blacks, women as well as men.

The head of the Klan—the Imperial Wizard—William J. Simmons, of Atlanta, is described as a pleasant-faced commonplace sort of man, formerly a Methodist exhorter, a member of the Missionary Baptists, “as full of sentiment as a plum is of juice,” a dreamer

and an enthusiast over fraternal organizations. He is a Mason, Royal Arch and Knight Templar. Congressman Upshaw, of Georgia, vouched for his character on the floor of the House, as “a God-fearing citizen and patriot, as incapable of an unworthy, unpatriotic motive, word or deed as the President of the United States.” The associate editor of the *Searchlight*, the Klan mouthpiece, is a member of the Board of Education of Atlanta. Two of the other high officials, one a woman, seem to have unsavory police court records. Governor Hardwick, of Georgia, declares that in that state there has been no complaint whatever against the Klan.

The truth seems to be that Simmons was carried away by his contemplation of the old Ku Klux Klan which thrived from 1867 to 1873, when General Forrest was its head and Generals Gordon and Colquitt and other reputable men were active in it. “He cared little about whipping negroes or tarring and feathering wicked whites; but the thought of standing six feet or more, clad in a mysterious garb, or riding a big horse at the head of a parade through Atlanta, possessed and fascinated him.” He has probably been a diligent reader of Tom Watson’s lurid anti-Catholic journal and the *Menace*. The old Ku Klux Klan paid special attention to negroes and carpet-baggers. The carpet-bagger being long since gone, Simmons substituted the Roman Catholic in his place, and the Jew and the foreign-born citizen have been added to the list since. On the face of it, the Klan stands for 100 per



EXHIBIT A FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE
UNEMPLOYMENT CONGRESS
—Ding in Springfield Republican.

cent. Americanism (as Simmons and others like him interpret it), for perpetual rule, political and social, by native-born white Americans, for "the sanctity of the American home and the protection of women and children," for ousting the bootlegger, the gambler and the moral pervert, for free public schools, a free press and separation of Church and State. It will not admit to its membership blacks, Roman Catholics or Jews. Its Imperial Wizard claims, nevertheless, that it is not anti-negro, anti-Catholic or anti-Jew; but is simply a fraternal order that limits its membership even as the Knights of Columbus or the B'nai B'rith limit theirs. But the claim is disproved by the literature of the order, which tells us, among other things, that the Roman Catholic Church was responsible for the assassination of Lincoln, that the Pope, by a secret treaty, started the recent great war, that the Jews are striving to bring about a war between negroes and whites. It is a Know-nothing movement reborn.

It is next to impossible to find any defenders of the Klan in the reputable press of America. The *Springfield Republican* calls it "simply lynch law organized." The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* thinks that publicity, by dispelling the alluring mystery of the order, has practically killed it already; but deems it doubtful that the power of Government can be exercised to destroy the Klan without legislation that would destroy all secret orders. The *Minneapolis Tribune* finds the Klan publications "a melange of Henry Ford and Tom Watson, with a seasoning of



HOPE NOBODY MISTAKES THE OBJECT OF THE CONFERENCE

—Ding in *Chicago Post*.

groans, growls and other goose-flesh provocatives." It thinks, however, that Jews and Catholics are taking the Klan serenely and that the only people excited are office-holders and office-seekers. The *N. Y. World*, which has led in the exposé of the Klan, strongly seconded by the *N. Y. American*, terms the fight against the Klan "a fight against the fomentation of race prejudice and militant intolerance, against gang rule and an invisible government that presumes to override the law against commercialized intolerance utterly incompatible with the principles on which our Government was founded."

The Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, of the Free Synagogue in New York City, sees back of the Ku Klux Klan and all



HARMONY OR BUST
—Morris for George Matthew Adams Service.

other exploitations of race prejudice the feeling of a great number of Americans "that there is no crime quite as grave as that of otherness, or difference." He adds:

"It is not by accident nor by design that the Ku Klux Klanism began as an anti-negro conspiracy, that it subsequently included the Catholic Church as one of the objects of its hatred, later the Jewish people, and that in California it takes the form of an anti-Japanese confederacy. All these things are inevitably sequent. One hatred follows upon another. Ku Klux Klanism could not have thriven as it has had it not been for such furtherance and encouragement as have come from a growing tendency in American life, the tendency by one group or another to appropriate the name 'American,' and to deny the name to others. It is part of a new intolerance and inhospitality of which America must free itself if America is to endure."

The Most Hopeless Thing in the World

"THO thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar, among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

The most hopeless thing in the world seems to us at this precise moment that type of mind that we have come to regard as typically Prussian. Not hopeless in the sense of without hope, but in the sense of impossible, beyond redemption. We have been reading the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, and a few other German papers. They have discovered a new and very wonderful plot. Or,

perhaps, a Dutch paper, the *Hague Post*, first discovered it; but the German papers of the Junker type have made it their own with great enthusiasm.

England, it seems, is now moving heaven and earth to bring on a war between Japan and the United States. Why? Because Downing Street—that is to say, Lloyd George—has become convinced that the real peril to Great Britain is no longer Germany or Russia but the United States. The American ship, the American bank, American coal, are threatening the supremacy of the British Empire. Downing Street trembles because the Yankees seem destined to succeed where the Germans failed. The financial center of the world has already been transferred from Lombard Street to Wall Street, Sheffield gives way to Pittsburgh, Manchester to Fall River, the Mersey to the Hudson and the Delaware.

On this series of facts, or alleged facts, the impossible Junker mind bases its terrible revelation. To that mind there is but one course open to England, but one way to avert "the greatest economic tragedy in human annals." That is a war between Japan and the United States. Downing Street, having, of course, intrigued Germany into war and disaster, is now preparing a similar trap for the United States.

The steps in this diabolical plot, once it has been uncovered, are as clear as crystal to the Prussian mind, tho to less acute minds they are not quite so clear even when pointed out. The first step was Lloyd George's speech in the House of Commons last August, when he expressed hope for a closer cooperation between America, Japan and Great Britain. In this he was very subtle. He knew that America and Japan are inevitably foes. His suggestion of an entente of this kind was spurned at Washington, as he knew it would be. He was not disconcerted. He took the next step. William Randolph Hearst ought to be interested in this. Lloyd George at once organized an anti-Japanese agitation throughout the world. Organs of British propaganda everywhere began to sow seeds of distrust of Japan. What was the great idea? *To mislead us.* The United States would hardly dare to undertake a war single-handed against Japan; but, encouraged to believe that we have England's support, we might start gaily in on such an adventure.

The war will come, we are told, but America will be dumbfounded, when it does come, by England's attitude.

For England, diabolical England, will stand aloof and will see that the war does not terminate until both combatants are too weakened by loss of blood to hurt anybody. The dominion of the world will return to England.

But there is the bare possibility that we may escape the trap. For the French Government—the Quai d'Orsay—being well schooled in the craft of British diplomacy, has seen through the plot, and has taken steps to open the innocent eyes of Americans. Unfortunately she finds the American mind already saturated with British ideas, and she may not be able to save us. England controls cable communications and is using them to "rig up" the Washington Conference in advance. The revelation is a little misty at this point,



UP TOO FAR IN FRONT

—Craig in Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

but what seems to be the course of the British plot is to induce us to proceed with the disarmament idea. The British propaganda has gone so far that any American who opposes disarmament is excluded from the best society. France is endeavoring to disillusion us. Marshal Foch is being sent over to us with the idea that the reception to him by the doughboys and others will develop into an anti-British demonstration. Thus the British scheme may yet be foiled.

It seems incredible that all this far-rago of nonsense could be entertained even for a minute by any sane and mature mind. The fact that it is being seriously presented by influential journals in Germany and seriously received is the most amazing development that has yet emanated from the amazing Prussian psychology. One wonders whether it is a nation or a madhouse that gives credence to such puerile inventions, or expects anybody else to give credence to them.



The Moplah Emerges

WHAT, asks Dr. Frank Crane on another page, in his list of test questions on current events, does the word Moplah mean to you?

To most of us it means nothing; but, in the seething cauldron of the world, the Moplah has emerged to view and demands a moment's attention, for he has become a political issue. The Moplah is an Arab race, a Moslem by religion, a resident of India, a subject of Great Britain. Recently a thousand or so of him went on a rampage in one of the districts of India. They murdered some of the English and a few Hindoos as well, stormed the offices of the government officials and burned their papers. A mob accompanied them, some say to loot and some say to free India.

The military were rushed in pursuit and soon had the Moplals in control.

The Tory press of England, especially the London *Post*, on the strength of this Moplah rampage and some other demonstrations of an insurgent spirit, proclaim that India is boiling with rebellion, that the recent extension of self-government is a failure, and, most of all, that Viscount Reading should be recalled at once. Mahatma Gandhi is represented to have enlisted all India in his campaign of passive resistance (including non-payment of taxes). Bengal has joined a vast conspiracy. There is trouble in Punjab, Burma, Malabar. India, to judge from the *Post*, is a second Ireland, or fast becoming one. The Moplah has become an issue in Parliament. The enemies of Lloyd George have taken him up vociferously.

Those who understand the nature of the long and venomous campaign against Lord Reading, says the Paris *Débats*, are not misled by these sensations. It thinks the reports about India greatly exaggerated. The students who followed Gandhi's crusade in the first frenzy of the movement have returned to their schools. So far from a successful boycott of the elections for members of the Indian legislature and the provisional legislative councils (established under the new system), the natives voted in unexpectedly large numbers. There were spirited contests in nearly every constituency and the popular interest was intense.

Thus the Paris journal. The Rome *Tribuna* takes a similar view of the situation, which is obviously, it says, a phase of the political struggle in London. The world outside of Asia, it thinks, has paid too little attention to the effort to establish in India a type of self-government on parliamentary lines. The scheme may fail, but it ought not to be judged in the light of

Tory misrepresentation of every mob, every agitation, every caste movement. There is a powerful clique in London indignant over the appointment of Lord Reading because he is a Jew. The *Spectator* and the *Post* have voiced this indignation. The whole scheme of self-government, first adumbrated by Lord Morley, then developed by Mr. Montagu, now administered by Lord Reading, is as offensive to the British Tories as Home Rule in Ireland was a few years ago. There is some evidence that the whole British bureaucracy in India is equally hostile to it and longing to see it fail. Every disturbance under the new system is magnified into an evidence of its failure.

Such is the view of the Rome and Paris journals we have named, which are presumably free from the political bias that gives such different colors to the news in different London journals.

The only nation that can lower taxes is indignation.—*Richmond News Leader*.

□ □

The Black Despair in Russia

STILL holding, apparently, what power remains in Russia, Lenin and Trotzky face a growing hostility in the European press as they offer one kind of opposition after another to all measures of famine relief. The situation turns out as black as the gloomiest picture yet painted of it, and the *London Times*, after careful investigation through correspondents on the spot, speaks of a total collapse of civilization, of a reversion to "primitive conditions when human life had no protection against the caprices of Nature." The fullest investigation confirms the original impression that this calamity has arisen out of the so-called "requisitions" of the Bolshevik government. The peasants saw harvest after harvest taken away from them by a violent

soldiery until at last the tillers of the soil refused to cultivate it beyond their own bare necessities. The regions in which the harvest has been good can not begin to supply the deficiency where the famine is real. It is all to the great London daily "an appalling exhibition of the fruits of communism" and a warning of the consequences of any spread of Bolshevism. Neither Lenin nor Trotzky will admit anything of the kind as they issue appeals to the outside world for aid. They ascribe everything to the blockade and to the bourgeois conspiracy against the proletariat. They aim to exploit the generosity of the outside world in an effort to keep their system in being. They are accused of further terrorism, of the perpetration of wholesale raids, of judicial murders. In short, as the *Paris Matin* says, Russia is as red as ever altho hungrier than she has ever been in the long course of her history of blood and famine. For a parallel one must go back to the days of Ivan the terrible.

A courageous attempt to render aid, notwithstanding obstacles, proceeds under the auspices of Herbert Hoover's American Relief Association. Doctor Nansen, acting for the Red Cross Societies and other philanthropic organizations, has concluded with the Soviet officials what to the *London Times* seems "a thoroly unbusinesslike arrangement," involving many failures and misunderstandings. It sees an absence of real guarantees and a situation that results in "a stifling sense of impotence on the part of those who desire to make personal sacrifices in order to help." It is inclined, in spite of the unsatisfactory agreements, to recommend voluntary contributions; yet "there can be no great response to this torturing appeal unless the Bolsheviks themselves clear the way. It is an insult to the pure motive of compassion when, in the midst of this terrible suf-

fering and simultaneously with their own appeals for relief, they pursue their loathsome policy of terror, and, while peasants on the Volga are starving, shoot down in Petrograd and Moscow men and women of the type of those who stand at the head of our own great charitable organizations."

The powers have not departed from the attitude they first assumed in regard to Russian famine relief. The Bolsheviks must give guarantees for proper use of whatever funds are raised in Europe and America. The international conference in Brussels the other day made this clear. The European and American agents of all relief commissions are reported abroad to be incensed at the tone of Moscow notes

with regard to this matter. The powers may yet insist on sending a military escort with a commission of inquiry. The Soviet government affects to deem this intimation a threat.

Meanwhile scores of men and not a few women are being put to death in Moscow, declare the Paris and London papers, for plotting against the Soviet government. The victims include scientists whose careers have been internationally important, as well as military men and journalists. Names and dates and places are supplied in the dispatches which report these "executions." Other stories of wholesale executions are less explicit, but the Soviet commissaries admit that the "revolutionary tribunals" have been unusually active of late.

Significant Sayings

"I believe the future of the world is bound up in the fortunes of France."—*Ambassador Myron T. Herrick.*

"Synthetic psychology will solve all problems of business and domestic life."—*Mrs. Harold McCormick (formerly Miss Edith Rockefeller).*

"Moral supremacy is the only one that leaves monuments and not ruins behind."—*Saying quoted by Secretary Hughes.*

"China will never become a nation that thinks, believes and acts as a unit until the language is reconstructed so that the north can speak to and understand the south."—*Professor Yuen Ren Chao.*

"Labor will never clean house until the soft, flabby public now shedding crocodile tears takes a firm stand and says, 'Labor, we're for you and we like you, but you've got to clean house.'"—*Governor Allen of Kansas.*

"There is nothing in our domestic situation or in the international situation that can sustain a pessimistic outlook or a despondent view that the world has sunk into permanent depression."—*John S. Drum, President American Bankers' Association.*

"I am off the booze forever."—*Fatty Arbuckle.*

"Your efforts contributed more to remedy our unpreparedness for the war than those of any other individual."—*Secretary of War Weeks to General Leonard Wood.*

"No one realizes as clearly as do we makers of war necessities the grave financial dangers of modern conflicts. Even for a company as strong and firmly established as our own, it is a gamble whether it can successfully weather the storm."—*Pierre S. Du Pont, head of the Du Pont de Nemours Company.*

"The French Academy refused to elect Mme. Curie to membership for the sole and only reason that she did not belong to the sex that men delight to honor."—*President Thomas, of Bryn Mawr College.*

"We find there [on the moon] a living world lying at our very doors, where life in some respects resembles that on Mars but is entirely unlike anything on our planet."—*Professor Pickering of Harvard.*

"To-day the white peoples, only one-third of the earth's population, control nine-tenths of the world's territory."—*Rev. Dr. Harry E. Fosdick.*

"If only I could see Charlie Chaplin in 'Shoulder Arms' to-night, I would be absolutely well to-morrow."—*Lloyd George to his physician.*

Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials

Comrade Avroff

SOME time ago the European press reported the death of Comrade Avroff, military commissioner of the city of Petrograd.

He was killed by the workmen in a factory where he was using brutal and autocratic measures to induce them to quit striking and go to work.

His life story is lurid.

His real name was Petrossiantz. He was an Armenian, a native of the Caucasus Mountains.

He was fond of telling how up to the age of thirteen he was nourished by milk from his mother's breast.

While still a boy he joined the social democrat party, which at that time was illegal, and worked in its secret organizations under the name of Comrade Kamo.

As he was wholly illiterate, he took little interest in the ideals and political discussions of the clandestine meetings. His taste and talent ran to rougher work.

The Bolsheviks, who were but a faction in 1906-1910, were directed by a committee of three, whose membership was unknown not only to the police but to the rank and file of the party. This little committee was composed of Lenine, Krassine and a third person, called X, who looked after the finances.

The committee had a very simple method of securing funds. "The Little Trinity," as it was called, recruited a group of young fellows, ignorant but well stuffed with "revolutionary" ideas, who robbed post offices, railway station cash boxes and occasionally trains, which they wrecked.

In 1907 an "expropriation" from the capitalists was made by holding up a wagon which was carrying a large sum of money through the public square of Tiflis. Several persons were killed. The affair made a great stir and the robbers, among whom was Comrade Kamo, fled the country.

He went to Berlin, where he was arrested, on request of the Russian government. A dynamite bomb was found in his valise.

He was lodged in jail. To avoid extradition, which in his case would have meant summary execution, he pretended to be crazy.

In his cell he tore up his clothes, howled like a wild beast, day and night, and as the prison guards passed by his door he would hunt worms in the dirt of the floor and eat them. To this diet he added flies, which he caught on the walls and window.

For half a year he kept this up and finally succeeded in convincing the doctors that he was mad. He was returned to Russia and confined in a madhouse in Tiflis.

He escaped and took up service again as a Bolshevik "collector." He was again arrested, and this time sent to the penitentiary. In the revolution of 1917 he was liberated.

He came out full of fury against his oppressors. He was able, ignorant as he was, to advance himself in Bolshevik circles, and was appointed military commissioner of Petrograd:

He took now a new name, to get away from his past, and called himself Comrade Avroff.

In his new office he found full scope for his natural ferocity. The workers,

whom he treated tyrannically, hated him. And at a meeting of workmen, where he ordered them to submit to the communist power, and threatened them with violence, they broke his head.

Thus ended the heroic career of Comrade Avroff-Kamo-Petrossiantz.



The Plaything of Kings

THERE are all sorts of playthings men and women have had made for their diversion, but the most amazing, colossal, shattering plaything ever I saw, one that has left me dumb with wonder, and one that swept my soul with a storm of chaotic ideas and well-nigh upset my preconceptions of history, of economics, of mankind, of religion, of the past and of the future, is the Château of Chambord, which I saw last summer.

It is out a little way from Orleans in France.

Imagine a structure like the State House at Albany or the National Capitol at Washington, set in the middle of a park as big as the ground covered by the City of Paris, filled with forest and meadows, inhabited only by game and gamekeepers.

A house with over 400 rooms, all empty, vast halls, all swept and silent, and 66 stairways, up and down which go only ghostly memories!

Other houses were put up for some business; Saint Peter's is used for religion, the Woolworth Building for offices and the Pyramids for tombs; but the Château of Chambord was erected as the king's plaything. From the time of Francis the First down to the last Bourbon pretender, it has been a picture of royalty.

For royalty is the pathetic effort of humanity to express that grandeur and largeness of life of which it feels itself to be capable.

For kings and aristocracies are not imposed upon the people; they are supported by the people, they are an outgrowth of the people's belief that a human being ought to be a glorious thing, just as a cathedral is an expression of the inextinguishable belief that a human being ought to be a divine and eternal thing.

The kings and the saints we actually produce are poor specimens, but the conviction that bred them is rich and noble.

Here is this Château and its vast park, utterly useless, desolated, save for its paid keepers.

Here is the end of poor humanity's experiment in glory by way of monarchies.

I wonder what sort of glorious handiwork democracy will produce. Will it be only huge Ford Motor Works and Equitable Insurance Buildings?

Can a Useful Thing be made as beautiful as a plaything?



Exeunt the Landed Lords

THE vast estates of the landed gentry are disappearing rapidly in England.

Without any campaign, vote of parliament, law, revolution or uprising, even without any agitation or "movement," a tremendous change is taking place in England, which we were wont to think never changes.

In this is illustrated the characteristic of the English folk. They have the ability to reform profoundly without violence.

France slaughtered and smashed wholesale to get over from the ancient régime to the republic. Yet there is really more change in conditions from

the time of the Georges till now than in France from the time of Louis the Fourteenth.

English aristocracy rested on land. And now the great landed estates are quietly but rapidly breaking up.

Most of these have belonged for time well-nigh immemorial to the dukes, marquises, counts and barons, the peers of the realm.

Hardly a day passes that the press does not announce the sale of some ancient domain.

The other day it was the Duke of Leeds who auctioned off a part of Kiveton Park, 5,000 acres of land, containing 21 farms, 8 tenant buildings, 2 residences, besides wood lands and quarries.

The next day the Marquis of Bath sold to his tenants the properties they occupied in his place known as Minsterley.

These two nobles but followed the example of the Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford, Grafton, Sutherland, Rutland, Westminster and Marlborough, the Marquis of Casteja, the Counts of Beauchamp, Denbigh and Bradford, and many others.

All this is caused by the great war, which has increased the taxes. Very probably the legislators who voted the advance in rates hardly foresaw that their act would so seriously disorganize British society.

From two shillings to the pound, taxes have gone up to twelve. That is, instead of paying a tax of ten per cent., as they did before the war, they now have to pay a tax of 60 per cent., on incomes above 2,000 pounds a year.

The gentry are finding that they cannot afford to keep large estates under this load, especially since the cost of up-keep, including repairs, supplies and labor, has gone up 150 per cent.

They cannot raise the rents, because acts of Parliament prohibit them from demanding an increase of more than 15

per cent. over pre-war prices, and this extends to 1923.

There is nothing left for them to do, if they would escape bankruptcy, but what they are doing, which is to sell to farmers and small holders these proud properties which have been in families for centuries, and buy with the proceeds 5 and 6 per cent. securities.

Besides, the inheritance taxes have mounted to 40 per cent.

So democracy rolls mercilessly forward.

□ □

The Spiritual Losses of the War

BAD as the material losses of the war unquestionably are, the spiritual losses are vastly greater.

For just as a man's spirit is more than his body, so the things that concern his thinking and feeling are more important than the comforts of his back and belly.

There are those whose pose is to sniff at mere ideals and principles, who call themselves practical, and who regard the center of human life to be of meat and drink and money.

Some of these who hold this view are farm hands that meet behind the barn Sundays to swop unclean stories and chewing tobacco; and some are writers of books and editors of magazines; both are plain mud.

The war was primarily a spiritual calamity.

To be sure, men were mutilated and killed. But death nor disease is necessarily unbeautiful; they may indeed be heroic. To believe a lie, however, and wallow in base passions, this is both tragic and filthy.

Germany's will to war was an outbreak of the most venomous fiend-spirit that homes in human breasts: to wit,

the idea that Might can do more for a man or a nation than Right.

Full of this bloody madness, a whole race of men swept forward, to leave their bodies in the trenches, their country in bankruptcy, their world leadership turned to shame, their proud name a hiss and a by-word.

And the war sowed sepsis to the seven seas.

The long feud between England and France, a moment healed in the comradeship of peril, has been resumed.

The smouldering antagonism between France and Italy has begun to blaze up again.

America tumbles from her high pitch of nobleness and idealism and sulks in her pit of isolation.

Japan polishes her sword.

Ancient quarrels, long since deemed settled, are now flaring up again in South America.

All over the world, cynicism, disbelief, crass materialism.

Russia, lowest of all, writhes in the throes of famine, a small group of madmen playing politics over a people dying of famine like flies of poison.

The lion has been driven back to his jungle, but the jackals everywhere are out.

The conflagration has been extinguished, but the sparks have kindled new fires throughout the habitations of men.

The War is over, but Hate is not over, nor Suspicion, nor ancient Grudges, nor the cheap sneers at Ideals.

The world is still coughing from the lingering poison gases of the great crime.

The world's nerves are still unstrung from the shell-shock.

But the recuperative powers are at work. Time and the resources of health will bring again the slow upward move of progress. We believe this because we believe in God.

Rock of Ages

LAST summer a remarkable demonstration was held in England.

It was in honor, not of a famous victory where ten thousand infuriated men were slaughtered, not of the birthplace of a man who distinguished himself in science, letters or statecraft, not of the founding of a university, a state or a soap factory. It was in honor of a Hymn.

Just a plain, ordinary Hymn to be sung in meetings.

The Hymn was not wonderful poetry, contained no wizardry of words, no amazing flight of fancy, and was of such kind as is not collected in anthologies or crowned by academies.

It was not a battle hymn, nor an appeal to patriotism, neither was it of young love nor of home and mother.

It was a Hymn expressing pure religious emotion.

It was "THE ROCK OF AGES."

This hymn and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," have probably given vent to more spiritual aspiration among English-speaking people than any other set of words.

Both of them are an expression of the universal desire of the human soul to find refuge in the Infinite. They are the Christian form of a sentiment which is present in all religions, of whatever clime, time or creed.

The celebration referred to was held at Barrington Coombe, a picturesque gorge in the Mendip Hills.

Thousands of Christians of all denominations took part in the memorable pilgrimage to this place.

They visited the High Cleft Rock in the Coombe, which, according to tradition, inspired the Reverend Augustus Montague Toplady to write

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

The Vicar of Barrington conducted

religious services from the actual rock, and many clergymen of all denominations were present. Several thousand people gathered in the natural amphitheater facing the Rock, and their singing was a magnetic and stirring part of the ceremonies.

Many were moved to tears as the vast chorus of voices sang

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

The Bishop of Michigan made an address, in which he said: "The world today is being steadily, inevitably, tho often unconsciously, driven to the love of Christ as its only possible refuge. Christ is the only security for the world. We want a League of Nations, and I am ashamed of my own country for staying out. We want a generation of great statesmen, and that means statesmen who are not simply absorbed in their own petty national interests, but have the world-wide view of Christ himself."

□ □

The Greatest Iron Deposit in the World

THE news has recently come through that Hugo Stinnes has obtained another "concession" to add to his already enormous list of monopolies.

This last one is a tribute of communism to capitalistic initiative, for it is a grant from the central government of the Soviets.

Doubtless the Soviets do not dispose of sufficient labor or technical ability to undertake the development of the Stinnes concession.

It is an enormous iron-ore deposit in the Government of Kursk, and

amounts, in total area, to about the size of Maryland or of Belgium. When it is developed it will be by far the richest source of iron-supply so far worked.

Yet at the present time it is more ghostly than real, in a sense. For the very existence of this deposit was long in doubt; and it is not certain that Stinnes would have laid out his money on it, even now, if two similar mines had not been discovered and successfully worked in Sweden.

Nobody until very recently had ever seen any evidence of iron-deposits in the Kursk territory. And perhaps but two or three people have yet had a look at the ore. But it is there. This is how they found out about it.

About 1870 a Russian scholar was prowling about in the region to the south of Kursk. All at once he became aware of a very strange fact: his compass would not point in the right direction. Something was interfering with the magnetic waves. But nobody went over the ground carefully enough to come to a definite conclusion.

Twenty years later a French scientist who had given particular study to problems of magnetism came to Kursk, checked up the notes of his Russian predecessor, and concluded that in the Government of Kursk there must be deposits of magnetic ore. And magnetic ore is the richest of all iron ores.

The state zemstvo of Kursk entrusted Professor Leist, of Moscow, with the task of exploring this supposed ore-bearing region.

In 1900, a congress of mineralogists in Paris gave warning to the world that the supply of good iron was not to outlast the century. They did not take into consideration the mines of Kursk.

They did not need to. The revolution of 1917 found Professor Leist still hunting for his iron-ore; it left him stranded, an exile in Germany. He had plenty of maps and charts of mag-

netic currents. But he had no iron ore.

But he became well known in Germany, and the pan-Germanist Rohrbach proposed the advantages of getting this concession for Germany, to make up for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. Stinnes came forward as we have seen. But perhaps even he has not yet seen the ore.

The fact is that it lies from 400 to 1,200 feet below the surface of the earth, and Leist's borings had not attained those depths. They will doubtless be reached soon.

In the meantime, the Swedish mines of Svappovara and Kuruna, which were likewise discovered by the use of the compass, are now being worked, and are considered the richest in the world.

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An Examination on Current Events

WHEN high-school and college students think that Geneva is in Italy, that Sinn Fein is a lawless mob in Russia, that the Knox Peace Resolution is a plan for reducing armaments, that Lloyd George is King of Ireland, that Samuel Gompers is a poet and that Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is an advocate of spiritualism, is there not plenty of room for educational advancement? asks Director William H. Allen, of the Institute of Public Service. Mr. Allen says that the public has the most to fear from schools not teaching current events.

This statement is used to introduce the results of a survey on 200,000 high-school and college students by the *Review of Reviews* on straight questions not requiring trick memories and on which the average rating was only 44 per cent. In one State college three seniors were unable to identify a cartoon of Uncle Sam.

Gompers was variously designated as a poet, Labor Representative in Congress and Minister to France, England and Japan. Lloyd George was credited as being King of England, King of Ireland, British Ambassador to England, and an English speechmaker.

In one New England high school fourteen seniors declared they had never heard of Lloyd George. Secretary of State Hughes was described as ex-President Wilson's private secretary and the man who desired to conquer Russia.

Senator Borah was defined as a Socialist, and many students knew nothing of the 18th and 19th amendments to the Constitution.

Now, just for fun, and just to test your own and your neighbor's knowledge of Current Events and People you ought to know, try the following "examination."

There are no catch questions here. Every subject mentioned is one upon which every person of average intelligence ought to have some information.

In answering the questions you need not give accurate or extensive details, but just enough to show that you have some idea and that it is reasonably correct.

For instance, you are not expected to know when and where Bernard Shaw was born, nor the names of all his books and plays, nor where he lives; but you are expected to know enough to say that he is a British author, and not to say that he is a prizefighter or prime minister of the Irish Republic.

WHO'S WHO?

Tell what each of the following persons now or recently living is noted for, and to what country each belongs: Millerand, Erzberger, Stinnes, King Victor Emanuel, King Alphonso, Lenine, Marsyak, George Harvey, Edison, Burbank, The Mikado, Briand, Wilson, Wirth, Paderewski, Farar, Curie, Chaplin, De Valera, Shack-

ton, James Bryce, Morgan, Wells, Chester-
 ton, Pershing, Babe Ruth, Frank Bacon,
 Einstein, Governor Small, Gatti Casazza,
 Harding, Cox, Caruso, Ford, Goethals,
 Northcliffe, Dawes, Reading, Smuts,
 Hughes, Trotzky, Obregon, Carpentier,
 King Peter, King George, King Alexander,
 Ishii, Stillman, Hall Caine, d'Annunzio,
 Hoover, Volstead, Dempsey, Watterson,
 Oliver Lodge, H. C. Lodge, Doyle, W. J.
 Burns, Hearst, Pilsudsky, Wrangel, Mel-
 lon, Foch, Ludendorff, Bergdoll.

MISCELLANEOUS

What trouble took place, within the last
 year or so, in or around the following
 places: Melilla, Angora, India, Ireland,
 West Virginia, Silesia, Samara, Armenia?

What great meeting took place in 1921
 in Geneva? Washington? London? Ed-
 inburgh? Paris?

Name one person well known in Base-
 ball, in Polo, in Yachting, in Tennis, in
 Prize Fighting, in Chess, in Horse Racing,
 in Aeronautics.

State in a general way the gist of the
 dispute between Ireland and England.

What is the substance of the last two
 amendments to the Constitution?

What meeting of world-wide importance
 was held at Geneva, Switzerland, in Sep-
 tember, 1921?

What does the word Moplah suggest to
 you?

What great calamity has befallen Russia
 in 1921?

What were the Greeks and Turks fight-
 ing about in 1921?

What form of government has Turkey?
 Palestine? Egypt? Germany? Japan?
 China? Armenia?

What is the difference of opinion be-
 tween the United States and Japan over
 the island of Yap, and where is Yap?
 About how big is it, and why has it any
 importance?

Name three new plays produced in 1921.

What famous woman scientist visited
 the United States in 1921?

Who is postmaster general of the United
 States?

Why is there an anti-Japanese sentiment
 in California?

Which is larger in territory, the United
 States or Australia?

What trouble in 1921 did Spain have in
 Morocco?

Name four South American countries
 and three Central American.

What is gasoline made of?

State in what country each of the fol-
 lowing cities is located: Helsingfors,
 Archangel, Melbourne, Rome, Buenos
 Aires, San Juan, San Diego, Orizaba,
 Fez, Cape Town, Hong Kong, Calcutta,
 Alexandria, Angora, Seville, Christiania,
 Warsaw, Munich, Palermo, Vera Cruz,
 Palatka, Boise City, Newark, Kalamazoo.

Name two great accidents of 1921; two
 great crimes; two great international
 meetings; two popular books; two great
 men who died; two great scientific achieve-
 ments.

Give two reasons you have heard or
 read why the United States should join
 the League of Nations, and two why it
 should not join.

Name five well-known singers, five
 musicians, five writers, five actors, five
 actresses, five politicians, five business
 men and five army men, all of whom had
 a considerable reputation in 1921.

Name one poet, one novelist, one labor
 leader, one scientist, one clergyman and
 one medical man of reputation in 1921.

What is a helicopter, Lewisite gas,
 gyroscope, vacuum cleaner, callophone,
 carburetor, sectional bookcase, kodak, vic-
 trola, safety match, wireless, stop-watch,
 searchlight, police-dog, motor-cycle, volt,
 watt, horse-power? An accurate definition
 is not necessary, but tell enough about each
 term to show that you know something
 about it, and would not make a serious
 blunder in using it.

This, of course, is by no means a
 thoro "examination." On the contrary,
 it is intended to be hit and miss, since
 most of our knowledge is discursive,
 and in conversation you are expected
 to know "a little of everything."

You might try these questions - in
 your schoolroom, or in the family, or
 at a social gathering.

You will have no difficulty in finding
 the answers to all your questions in the
 public library. Ask the librarian.

PUBLICITY AS THE HOPE OF THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

By Arthur Bullard

IT was probably a long time after the first wise man enunciated the theory that "Honesty is the best policy," before any practical politician had the nerve to try it. And even to-day this adage is by no means a general rule of action. Theoretical arguments have little weight in such matters and experience has shown that it is true only when applied to men of honest intent.

So it is with the discussion of the relative merits of secrecy and openness in the conduct of public affairs. It depends on what you are trying to do and there are strong arguments on either side according to circumstances. If "secrecy" is on the whole losing favor, it is because of the change in circumstances, implied in the spread of democratic institutions.

The great war threw much light on this vexed subject. The experience of the British Admiralty is instructive. The sailor men, even more than their colleagues of the army, were traditionally keen for censorship. It was easier to hide the movement of ships at sea than of large bodies of troops, traveling by rail through the centers of population. In the first months of the war you could glean very little in the British press about the fleet. The army was frankly jealous of the navy's success in keeping out of print.

Not many months had passed, how-

Mr. Bullard, as a foreign correspondent for important magazines and newspapers in the Balkan wars, the Great War and at the Peace Conference, has had many opportunities to see the results of the two divergent policies of Secrecy and Publicity in the settlement of international issues. The only hope for the Conference for the Limitation of Armament, as he sees it, lies in the active support of public opinion and in the publicity which alone can insure such support.

ever, before the Admiralty found trouble in recruiting. Nobody heard enough about the navy to want to enlist. All the excitement and glory seemed to be on land. It was even difficult to keep mechanics in the shipyards; there was more prestige in working for the

army. So the Admiralty gave up the policy of silence—converted not by argument but by conditions—and began to hire men like Kipling to write glory-stories about the fleet.

Gradually, under the imperative necessity of keeping the democracy at home keyed up to the highest enthusiasm, the British Government, which had always preferred a dignified reticence, developed into the greatest advertising concern the world has ever seen.

Democracy has its limitations as well as its conquering qualities. The kind of policy which can be worked out by one great mind or by a small group of experts undisturbed by the noise of ill-informed public opinion—the ideal of good government under the old régime—is no longer possible. Such a policy, however enlightened it may be, lacks the necessary driving power to put it across. The success of a politician in a modern democracy depends on his ability to pick issues well within the understanding of his constituents, issues about which he can talk to them

and make them feel to be their own, issues which they will support with sustained intensity.

Roosevelt was the preeminent example in our public life of the politician who realized this implication of democracy, and, instead of fearing publicity, courted it and made it a weapon for his own use. Whatever one may think of his policies, it is necessary to admire the consummate skill with which he drew added power from the press. He worried very little about hostile comment,—that was inevitable and it is much better to be attacked than ignored. He arranged his flamboyant enmities so that even the most unfriendly newspaper had to give space to his ideas. The people knew what he was fighting about. His personality, his quarrels, his policies, were ever a matter of current discussion. Already he is a legendary hero—because he understood the uses of advertizement.

The advantages of publicity in domestic politics is generally admitted, altho few politicians share Roosevelt's knack at it. It was demonstrated in the face of tradition and prejudices in regard to military matters during the war. The advantage is just as real, if less obvious, in diplomacy. John Hay, with more quiet dignity than Roosevelt, knew the value of keeping the people interested in what he was doing. A minister of foreign affairs needs, in times of crisis, the support of public opinion just as much as a general in the field needs a united nation behind the lines. The only way to get it is publicity.

The negotiations at Paris were a strange mixture of traditional "secret diplomacy" and modern press-agent methods; but the combination did not work very well. It had the disadvantages of both extremes. All the delegations recognized the need of support from their home parliaments and in

"playing to the gallery" committed endless "indiscretions." News of what was going on "leaked" out, and generally in a perverted form. What secrecy there was worked to the advantage of the least scrupulous. Those who punctiliously observed the pledges of confidence had no redress when their less honest colleags gave out distorted information.

The fun of poker consists in not knowing what your opponent holds. It gives the player with a weak hand a sporting chance of getting away with more than his cards deserve. There are some who regard diplomacy as a game of wits; but, if the conduct of international relations is considered a serious business, those whose cause is just and whose position is inherently strong have everything to gain by openness, while those who have no sound foundation for their claims, who wish to shuffle through some shabby trick, quite naturally argue for "secrecy."

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It is not only the wicked—those who think that public opinion would condemn their projects—who love darkness. There is another and more avowable argument for holding the discussions behind closed doors. The "experts" also are reluctant to let the public watch them at work. They would state the case somewhat in this manner. The questions involved in the limitation of armaments and the Far Eastern problems are exceedingly complex. There are only a very few people who, having spent their whole lives in study, can have a really intelligent opinion in regard to them. The man in the street has no idea—can not be expected to have any idea—of the importance of a naval base at Pearl Harbor as compared to an army corps, a fleet of submarines or a squadron of aircraft. What does the public know about the mess of China's finance?

The Liken and Salt Tax, the variety of currencies and the different debts? No one but a specialist can assess the value of the different railroad projects and determine which are strategic and pernicious and which are bona fide commercial enterprises. You can not get any further light on such subjects by ill-informed newspaper discussion. If the press should take an interest in them, there is danger that the people might get excited over the wrong issues. It is an exceedingly delicate task to separate the incidental from the fundamental in such matters. Acrimonious public disputes are more than likely to increase the difficulties.

Democracy, these experts say, is all right when dealing with large issues, but it is not wise to unload on it responsibilities for technical details which lie outside of its horizon of daily experience. The American people want a world at peace, a world of stability and prosperity. They regard this competition on armaments as an absurd nuisance and want it stopped. That is a general order, a clear mandate. That is what the machinery of democracy is planned to do; but it is best to leave the execution of such orders to the experts.

* * *

The opponents of "secret diplomacy" laugh at this statement of the case. This way of trying to get results, they say, always fails because it lacks motive power. No matter how well a car is designed, it will not go unless there is gas in the engine to explode. There will not be any progress towards the reduction of armaments, in spite of the sincere desire of the experts to obey orders, unless the folks at home quarrel over which member of the family has the first chance at the paper to read the news of the Conference. That is the way the Liberty Loans were put across and the Red Cross drives. That was

the basis of the success of the Food Administration. Publicity won the war and we need it to win a decent peace.

The experts, they say, get so tangled up over punctuation marks that they lose sight of the essentials. It is true that not many voters—and not all newspaper editors—know whether "Anfu" is the name of an ambassador, or a Chinese breakfast food, or a city in Japan; but, if it is necessary, they could be taught, and really it is only a detail. The important thing is that such mystifying words shall not be used as an alibi. In diplomacy, quite as much as in other activities, where there's a will there's a way. If the people really insist on a reduction of armaments, the diplomats will be able to work out the details. If the people are indifferent, the experts are likely to get stuck over some such words.

This, of course, applies not only to America but to all the countries which participate in the Conference. If public opinion the world around is so insistent that the delegates are afraid to come home without some real accomplishment, there will be noticeable progress towards disarmament. But if nobody cares, the Conference will not amount to much.

* * *

In this Conference on the Limitation of Armament it is difficult to see any gain which our delegation can expect from secrecy. They are not after anything which they need to hide, and popular support, both at home and abroad, can only strengthen their position. If they could formulate the conditions under which this government would agree to limit its armament in language so simple and direct that it cannot be misunderstood, in terms which will appeal to all the world as just and reasonable, the battle would be already half won. Such a clear statement of our case would force all

the other governments out into the open. And it is only under the veil of secrecy that any delegation would dare to make difficulties which would not have the support of public opinion.

However, the traditions in favor of at least a semblance of secrecy are strong. The experts are reluctant to admit the public into their confidence. The course finally decided upon will be determined not by theoretical argu-

ments or general principles, but by expediency. The experts will not have it all their own way, nor will the advocates of open diplomacy get all the publicity they expect. The degree to which the American people will be informed of developments will depend on how much the Department of State feels the need of popular support. The only way they can get it is to tell us what it is all about.

AMERICA: THE DR. JEKYLL OR MR. HYDE OF WORLD POLITICS?

By Sir John Foster Fraser, F.R.G.S.

"THE best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley." And the talk of three years ago, following the jangling of the peace bells, has left little but an echo of tawdry platitude.

We really did mean, even if it was a little too optimistic to expect war to be eliminated from man's affairs, that there would be better comradeship amongst the nations. We were to live and let live. Just now we are mainly conscious of each other's shortcomings and more than suspicious about what the others are up to.

The Governments of Paris, of London, of Tokio and of Washington make amiable grimaces toward each other; but there are frequent whispered snarls which everybody can hear.

An American friend was bemoaning to me the other night that in his travels about Europe he found that the old affection for the United States had evaporated and in its place had come

This is a bit of plain but kindly speaking that ought to be wholesome reading for all Americans. We need this sort of straightforward criticism, without any amalgam of bunk in it, and, if we are not mistaken, most Americans will welcome it, and think all the more of the man who gives it to us with such directness.

criticism and resentment. He wondered why? I replied:

"My dear fellow, can you tell me of any country that is not disliked. Read the French papers denouncing the British for not sup-

porting France, even deserting France and showing a disposition to hob-nob with the Germans. The Italians are sure we British are an ungrateful lot after all Italy did to win the war. Have a look at some of your own American journals and you will find that we British are the territorial profiteers of the war, that we are spending your money to build ships so that, as allies of Japan, we may one of these days attack the United States; that we are brutal and hypocritical and the Lord knows what. It is the same everywhere."

Yet my friend's observation was but a reflex of what I often heard during my recent visit to the United States. Americans are conscious that they are not beloved in the world, and being a

sensitive people, they are first mystified and then grieved, with some indignation tacked on to the grief.

I found Americans divided in opinion as to the cause. Some said it is America's own fault. Others were sure that the real cause is jealousy in the hearts of other nations at the premier position taken by the United States in world affairs.

Since my return to Europe I have become acquainted in a marked way with the popular and even diplomatic sentiment of this side of the world toward the United States. As a man who has spent considerable time during the past few years in America, who has a warm affection for America and who has found a pleasurable duty in wiping away one or two of the little cobwebs of misunderstanding which have been blurring the vision of many Europeans in regard to America, I have recently been pained to find in many European circles not that hatred of America which many Americans think their country is subjected to but an attitude of contempt and, more frequently, a feeling of bewilderment, astonishment and regret at the course being pursued by the United States—a course which cannot be understood by the ordinary European mind, and which raises the question on this side of the Atlantic whether the United States knows its own policy and has any consciousness how it appears in the eyes of other nations.

Is America the Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde of international politics?

I would disillusion those Americans who have an idea that Europe is jealous of the position and power of the United States. Indeed, I would say that those now most confused in mind about the United States are the very people who a year or two back were enthusiastic that the United States should lead the world and whose present complaint is that

it is not occupying the international position which, in admiration, they believed it would hold.

Nor is there any truth in the grumbling I sometimes heard in the United States that Britain, France and Italy grudgingly acknowledge the services of America in the late war. I would say there is full recognition of the sterling and opportune assistance of America, but with the rebound that some Americans forget how long other countries were in the war and how much they suffered. It is not that there is any lack of appreciation of America, but an underlying feeling that Americans claim to have done the whole business and are even scornful of what other nations did till they appeared on the scene. I know that is not the attitude of any cultured American. But mass opinion in Europe and America is not cultured.

Before the war the United States had the admiration of Europe. The entry of the United States into the war at the critical moment was thankfully recognized, for it turned a doubt into a certainty. But if, to-day, America is not in European eyes on the same pedestal it was, the reason is not that the European nations have stoned their benefactors or pulled America down, but that America has stepped down, that she is not living up to her own axioms of international conduct, that what was considered marble has been revealed as ordinary human clay. So there is disappointment, and, as popular opinion always swings like a pendulum, many who formerly regarded America as Dr. Jekyll are screwing their brows and asking whether the real personage is not Mr. Hyde?

Tho it is a good thing to see ourselves as others see us, it is an uncomfortable experience for any national to have candor poured into his ear by frank and therefore brutal folk of other

countries. The British have become used to being damned; indeed, there is an idea abroad that the Englishman rather enjoys being disliked by foreigners. But I find the Americans somewhat touchy in the matter of criticism. Not that he is averse to applying it to himself, but that he is disposed to make an ugly face when the lash is swung by a foreigner.

It must be remembered that until the last seven or eight years the United States was accepted as the nation destined by its situation, its composition, its broadmindedness, its democratic spirit, its loyalty to idealistic principles, to be the leader of the world in all nobility of action. No doubt about that. Generosity of spirit, readiness to champion causes, a tender heart for the unfortunate, an absence of caste, were all exemplifications of the American character. I would say they are still so; but in the hugger-mugger of international depreciation, by which we war-racked people of the earth are all afflicted, one finds Europe dwelling upon things they have heard about but which they have never heretofore reckoned as American until there is wonder whether America is not Dr. Jekyll in the morning and Mr. Hyde in the afternoon.

The readjustment of attitude began during the war. It was not that America was hesitant about coming into the war—Europe understood that there were domestic reasons which made it difficult to come in earlier than it did. What could not be understood was that no protest against inhumanity was made by the United States until it was itself a victim of aggressiveness.

I distinctly recall the difficulty I had in England combating a growing man-in-the-street belief that Uncle Sam was keeping out of the war because he was making money by selling to one belligerent and rather angry that he could not sell to both sides. Many of us knew

how the finer spirits in America twitched with desire that their country should play its part in a great cause. But to the average European the knowledge was that America did nothing until she was insulted, and the talk about saving civilization was all subsequent to America's entering the war.

All that, however, faded to forgetfulness when it was seen that the United States was rising to its higher self in seeking machinery to band the nations together to preserve peace. There would have been no League of Nations if it had not been for the moral force of the United States in favor of such a League. I was in America in 1918 when the whole country, irrespective of party politics, was enthusiastically favorable to a League. When the formation began it was regarded as the glory of America, something that could never have been attempted except by a nation with the lofty principles of the United States.

A man in Manchester or Glasgow, Lyons or Bordeaux, Turin or Genoa, knows nothing about the intricacies of American politics or the personal equation which was so much a factor in the last Presidential election, any more than the average man in Chicago or Kansas City can explain the forces opposing Briand in France or Lloyd George in England. All that the ordinary European knows is that he shouted hurrah! when America took the lead in world coordination, and then he was staggered to see America not only repudiate the covenant of this League but repudiate the principle of a League.

He still searches around for a reason. The reason comes from the United States itself—that America is sufficiently strong to stand alone, that she can insist on her own rights without the help of a democracy of nations. That may be all right; but the poor European

cannot understand Dr. Jekyll preaching universality and Mr. Hyde advocating a materialistic isolation.

Once the wind of criticism begins to blow it is remarkable how swift the bark plunges toward a stormy sea, and it looks as tho every rock contains an evil magnet drawing the ship on to wreckage.

There is something very human in international relationships. We have a sincere admiration for a man. Then he does something which we do not understand and which therefore we dislike. In the wake of that comes a recollection of many things which we have not liked, followed by an angle of vision which reveals traits of character which, on the slightest provocation, we publicly condemn—especially if we realize we are being subjected to the same treatment from him.

Accordingly, while many of us want to keep Dr. Jekyll in view, Mr. Hyde is constantly appearing. For instance, nothing was more deeply embedded in the mind of the public on this side of the Atlantic than that idealism ran through American life like a beautiful and bracing tonic.

Frankly, I now come across little of that belief. America is more generally regarded as the great materialistic nation of the earth—idealistic in word but materialistic in practice. Great charitable services are lost sight of and it is declared that the United States, while giving lip-service to altruism, does not much mind what happens to the world so long as it does not happen to itself; that Uncle Sam, having suddenly become the creditor nation of the world, after having long been a debtor nation, is clamoring for repayment with interest; that he profited out of the war, schemed to nobble the trade of the world, rushed forward a great mercantile marine while the shipping industry of the Allies was paralyzed, stood aside

from the World League, reckoning his absence would cripple it, criticized instead of assisting, yet accentuating a world imperialism of his own, interfering and yet letting it be understood that he will have no meddling with what he considers his affairs!

All this is unfortunate. There are people in every country who, for no special reason but that there is a kink in their nature, reap satisfaction by parading everything that can be brought in testimony against another country. It is going on in Italy against France. It is going on in the United States against Britain. It is lamentably going on in Europe against America. I deliberately call attention to this, for I am convinced that we are doing no good by ignoring the international backbiting that is going on, but that we, recognizing the magnitude of the evil, should take drastic measures to excoriate it.

America in the character of Mr. Hyde is being recognized not because of vile intent but because Europe does not understand America, and the inclination in many quarters is to give a sinister instead of a gracious interpretation. Also, I fancy, as European countries have been journalistically scourged by America there is gratification in the retort, "Heal thyself, physician."

When I was recently in America I sent to an European friend some copies of speeches delivered by President Harding, in which it was declared that European countries could find salvation only by following the example of the United States. The reply I received was scornful with allusion to negro-burning, crime in the United States, open defiance of the law in regard to prohibition, municipal graft, defective education, low standard of morals—a regular diatribe, and written not by a sensationalist, but by a calm and careful student of international questions.

Since my return to Europe, and because I am an admirer of the United States, conversation has usually drifted to American matters. I have discerned a sort of scorn that the United States should have changed its rôle. While the Secretary of State makes formal declaration to the world that America must have equal trading rights, Congress is discussing a tariff bill to hamper the sale of foreign goods in United States markets. There has come to this side the report of a proposal that treaty rights will be abrogated to give United States shipping lower tolls in the Panama Canal, and that there is a move to penalize with a super-tax all imported articles sent to the United States in other than American vessels. Europeans do not understand. Americans want equal rights in the exploitation of Mesopotamia, but exploitation in the Philippines is restricted to citizens of the United States. Europeans fail to follow the reasoning.

All nations have characteristics which jar on the sensibilities of other nations. The British have lots of them. And Europeans more than suspect Americans are not devoid of them. They are sensitive and they sense a certain arrogance on the part of the American people. A gallant French colonel was more than critical last night over the conduct of certain American officers he met during the war. I suggested he must not interpret exuberance of spirit as offensiveness. No, no—and then he narrated experiences which conflicted with his Gallic conception of decorum.

It is more than possible—it is very likely—that many good Americans will object to the tone of this article. There lies the difficulty in endeavoring to put matters straight. Those who know me best know the reasons I have for possessing a very warm affection for the United States, so warm that they, at any rate, are not likely to misinterpret

anything I have written as other than the remarks of a real friend who hates superciliousness shown by an Englishman toward America or crudity of expression by an American toward England.

When I was in the United States I often heard European countries castigated, no doubt with perfect justice. Now that I have crossed the Atlantic I am constantly hearing the United States castigated, sometimes justly and sometimes as a consequence of ignorance. I would say that the best people in Europe have no objection to America's being the boss nation on earth. Indeed big-visioned people welcome the prospect. But there is a prevalent idea in Europe that somehow or other the United States has considerably slumped from its own high standard; that prejudices have taken the place of principles, and that there is a national American selfishness to-day wholly alien to what has been accepted as outstanding American characteristics; that the Philistine is on the platform and that the American people are setting a standard for themselves which savors of arrogance.

All this is to be deplored. It is from such inflammable stuff that enmity is bred and the sparks which cause international conflagration.

We will not solve the difficulty by recrimination. What the statesmen of the world should do, when they meet in conclave at Washington, is to sweep aside the miasma of misunderstanding. If many people have it in their heads that America is the Mr. Hyde it will be no bad thing if, instead of dismissing such criticism, Americans give some heart-searching to discover why in Europe, once so generously appreciative, there has developed a depreciatory attitude which, unless checked by wise counsel, will inevitably produce causes which can end only in tragedy.

PRINCE TOKUGAWA, WHO HEADS THE JAPANESE MISSION

THE self-effacement and the patience which form the foundation of the character of that Prince Iyesato Tokugawa who comes to the Washington conference from Tokyo are illustrated in a famous anecdote of his famous family. It seems, from the *Quarterly Review*, that the nightingale in Japan refused to sing. This was centuries ago, when the lightest word of a Tokugawa in Nippon was an undisputed law. The eccentricity of the nightingale precipitated a national panic. "If you don't sing," roared Nobunaga, hero of the epics, "I will kill you!" "If you don't sing," cried Hideyoshi, incarnation of militarism, "I will make you!" Then spoke up Tokugawa, ancestor of the philanthropist who is soon to be in Washington. "If you don't sing," said he, "I'll wait until you do!"

The essential trait of a Tokugawa since the foundation of the family has been this same poetical and imperturbable patience and in Prince Iyesato—who would be the Shogun (pronounced shong'-uhn) if he had his hereditary rights—this quality finds expression in his countenance. He has a fine large head, the hair cut close and gray, in which melancholy eyes, set well forward, gaze clearly through rimmed glasses. The forehead is unusually ample and the facial angle is classically Greek. The mouth and chin suggest the firmness for which the Prince is so famed. The figure exceeds the Japanese average in size and few would suspect from his age or appearance—for the Prince is now elderly—that he is or at any rate was a past master in the subtleties of ju-jutsu or, in its esoteric form, judo, the art of pliancy in its gymnastic application. The innermost secrets of this art are entrusted, it is said, to the elect only, since knowledge so dangerous must be withheld from the unscrupulous; but this man has it all.

Prince Tokugawa came into the world in the darkest hour of the long family history, which is the history of his country for glorious centuries. His father, the last of the Shoguns, was destroyed politi-

cally by the dramatic overthrow of the Tokugawa dictatorship and the assumption by Mutsuhito of the royal power in its plenitude. Our Prince Tokugawa was a babe in arms. His uncle, the Shogun Iyemochi, had recently died, like so many of the Tokugawas in those days, mysteriously and suspiciously. Thus it happened that the political catastrophe was darkened by domestic tragedy and, to make matters worse, all portable assets in the family wealth disappeared as infuriated Satsuma and Choshu clansmen burst into the palaces immemorably occupied by one Tokugawa shogun after another ever since Iyeyasu founded this strange dynasty some 265 years before. There is a dramatic tale of the escape of our Prince Tokugawa from a flaming palace by night escorted by his flying aunts.

He early evinced, records the London *Telegraph*, that love of literature and the arts which confers such renown upon his ancestor, one Mitsukuni, Prince of Mito, who founded the first definitely Japanese school of poetry and who did so much for the native religion of Shinto. The Tokugawas are associated with the movement to emancipate the Japanese from purely Chinese culture and, as the mind of Prince Iyesato began to expand, he took up the study of English. His education was in many respects English, and his travels in youth (unusually extensive for a Japanese aristocrat then) enabled him to acquire his first-hand familiarity with England and his extensive acquaintance with English literature. There is an impression that the Prince is ignorant of English, but that idea arises from his instinctive reserve and even timidity. He is especially well read in the literature of Victorian England, including the writings of Spencer and Huxley and Darwin. He has walked jauntily along the Thames Embankment in long frock coat and high hat, carrying a cane, looking like an Englishman. He can plunge into the crowd at a "tube" station and take good care of himself. Few living Japanese are

so completely at home in the etiquette, the houses and the mechanical accessories of the western world. He confided to a London journalist not long ago his conviction that the twin drawbacks to western civilization are noise and gas, largely the results of such contrivances as motor cars, engines, derricks and trains. "I have walked for an hour through your great city," he said, "without once seeing a flower in the hand of a human being."

At home in Japan, in which, by the way, he is land-poor, Prince Tokugawa, beyond presiding over the house of peers, has never made the slightest effort to recover the lost power of his illustrious house. He makes pious pilgrimages to the scenes of the departed glory of his ancestors now and then, records the *Temps*, but in this he must be discreet lest he inspire suspicion of his motive. He went unostentatiously on one occasion to Shizuoka, where his father lived in retirement after the supreme catastrophe and where the great Tokugawa (Ieyasu) spent his last years setting up a printery. The ancient castle of the family here is in ruins and the Prince lacks the funds essential for its restoration. Neither can he do anything to restore the glories of the Shiba mausoleums, enshrining the remains of his ancestors, looking so faded and forlorn in the big park at Tokyo. Discretion suggests that his visits here, if made at all, be for the most part private, if not incognito. He has, in effect, been observed in pensive contemplation of the temples here. In days now past, his father had the right of access to the innermost sanctuary, still haunted by the shades of departed Tokugawas. The Prince is now scrupulous in avoiding even the appearance of a revival of the past, dead to the clansmen but not, it is hinted in the French paper, to those who dream of the great revival to come. The Prince is actually related by blood to the royal house itself, the Tokugawa being one of the four great historical families of Japan and tracing their origin, through the Minamoto, to the son of an emperor who reigned in the ninth century. A mind must be saturated with these subtleties before it can comprehend the discretion



EVEN HIS COUGH MUST BE DISCREET

Prince Tokugawa, head of the next to the most illustrious family in Japan, must not by so much as a look or a gesture intimate that he regrets the lost glories of his father—the last of the Shoguns. His knowledge of Japanese etiquette is, luckily, adequate to every contingency, and never in his life has he made what some people call a fox pass.

they impose upon the public deportment of the Prince.

Hence his refusal of all purely political

honors. He will not even implicate himself in the deliberations of the Elder Statesmen. His attitude reflects his own well-known reminder to the peers that the Shogunate is extinct. In dealing with these peers, over whom he enjoys a sway scarcely intelligible to a western mind, Prince Tokugawa exploits his inimitable knowledge of Japanese history, Japanese institutions, Japanese etiquette. The more than fifty princes with seats in the upper house belong to families as haughty as they are ancient, each with its claim to antiquity and precedence. These men are intensely aristocratic, we learn from the *Matin*, but not in the least snobbish. They may not be entitled to the mitsuaoi or three-leaved asarum forming the Tokugawa crest, but their ancestors are as worshipful and, in some instances, are the heroes of exploits dating back to the sublime era that preceded the Tokugawa shogunate itself. With every such claim to distinction the Prince must be well acquainted or he would miss the point of whatever etiquette becomes applicable to personages of ancient lineage at divers times and seasons. The Prince understands, besides, the deference due to that primeval infinity out of which the throne itself emerged, not to mention the qualifications of any who aspire to enter the royal presence on ceremonial occasions. There are intricacies of the Japanese language which render a word suitable for use in ordinary conversation with one peer and yet grossly uncivil in the communication of an idea to another. Never in his whole career as presiding officer of the house of Peers has Prince Tokugawa been guilty of a solecism or let slip the wrong word. He knows exactly who is who in this empyrean.

Neither is he at a loss in the world of ordinary mortals. Visitors to Japan notice the freedom with which he moves among the throngs that pour into the streets of Tokyo in times of popular excitement. The Prince is likewise well versed in the complexities of the popular dialect, which some aristocrats disdain. His Tokyo residence, like so many properties belonging to the Tokugawas in different parts of the country, looks somewhat run down, but

within all is exquisite. There are rooms furnished in the European style and inner apartments that seem to take a visitor straight back to the departed glories of the family. Here the spirit of his ancestors survives, "the old Japan," to quote one authority, "of picturesque feudalism, of a society ranged in castes, the old Japan of an ever-increasing skill in lacquer and porcelain, of aristocratic punctilio, of supremely exquisite taste." The house of Tokugawa stands for all that, for under their shoguns the arts became universal in Japan, the color print was in its glory and the ivory carving became one of the national boasts. The Tokugawa temperament is essentially esthetic.

Having this temperament, the Prince is assumed to look a little disdainfully upon the industrial Japan that has come into being with the royal restoration. He is accused by some critics of cultivating popularity by feeding the poor, giving them access to old estates and abandoning hereditary rights in the lands they cultivate. It is certainly true, say the well-informed, that Prince Tokugawa might rival the throne itself in display if he cared to exploit the vested interests of his family in soome important trading centers. The clan is a large one, too, and its members do not agree on the policy that ought to be pursued in these personal matters. The tact of Prince Iye-sato Tokugawa alone enables him to maintain his ascendancy, for the actual head of the family is not necessarily the titular one. The fact that he retains the allegiance of kinsmen so numerous, so ambitious and so widely ramified in the inner aristocracy of the land is a tribute to his personality which few exalted Japanese, says the French daily, have won since the great days of Nobunaga and Hideyoshi.

In days not long past, it was hinted that this Prince was waiting for the nightingale to sing again, in the fashion of his immortal ancestor. That, it is believed, was a misreading of the man's character. He admits, in the intimacies of his immediate circle, that the modern world, in destroying the shogunate, destroyed much of the beauty of old Japan. That is why as a youth he traveled so widely, read so much.

WHEN MRS. WILSON WAS ACTING PRESIDENT IN THE WHITE HOUSE

THE city of Washington is called the greatest whispering gallery in the world. At no time has it lived up to its reputation more sibilantly than during the latter years of the Wilson administration, dating especially from the sudden striking down of Woodrow Wilson and the anxious months that followed. Reciting, in the *Ladies Home Journal*, the part played by Mrs. Wilson in that White House drama, Charles A. Selden reveals her as the buffer between the sick President and Congress and as "the nurse who kept him alive during the world's greatest crisis." On one occasion, we are reminded, when Mexico was under discussion, Senator Fall, storming up and down the room of the Foreign Relations' Committee, stopping at whiles to hammer the table with his fists, exclaimed: "We have no President. Mrs. Wilson is President," and proposed that a committee be sent to the White House to ascertain the facts. He and Senator Hitchcock became the committee and called at the White House. Mrs. Wilson received them and permitted them to go with her into the sick-room, from which Senator Fall emerged admitting his mistakes in declaring that we had a "petticoat government." He stressed the fact that the President had shaken hands with him, using the right hand which had been reported to be paralyzed. It happened to be the left which was affected, but "Fall never thought of that, and, even in those days of anxiety, the White House did not fail to get a little amusement from the way in which the Senator had missed the point of the situation."

Various papers which the President had to sign were sent up to Congress with his signature very badly written. This, we are told, was because he had signed them with a fountain pen while lying down. Critics of the President in Congress, the enemies who were looking for an opportunity to put Vice-President Marshall into executive power, made mountains out of this molehill, which resulted in Mrs. Wil-

son devising a writing board by means of which her husband could make a normal signature without any added effort. This is mentioned as an illustration of the many things she did in the work of saving the life of the President.

The spreading of the "petticoat government" report was due largely to the disgruntlement of men who went to the White House on needless or selfish errands and "were told by Mrs. Wilson that they could not see the President." At the same time, "Mrs. Wilson kept nothing from her husband which the nation's interest required him to see. She might delay a matter for several days, if such delay were essential to his health. She and the doctors were the sole judges of that. She never pretended to judge the importance of a matter of state or to rule upon it blindly, if there were any doubt about it in her own mind. She conferred with senators and others who knew these things." She would say, for example: "Senator Blank, if it is absolutely vital that this paper be shown to the President to-day, it can be done; but it would be better to do it to-morrow."

Her letters to members of Congress and of the Government on whose sympathy and judgment she relied are said to have been numerous. They pertained, admits this friendly biographer, to matters about which, under normal circumstances in the White House, the President or Secretary Tumulty would have written. These letters are said to be models of clearness in stating exactly what information the President required and "yet they were letters which no mere secretary or stenographer could have written, because the President was so ill at the time that the aid which only his wife could give him was indispensable to getting his thoughts conveyed to others."

It is quite likely that a clever but unscrupulous and politically ambitious mistress of the White House could have run the Government for selfish personal ends, with such an opportunity as Mrs. Wood-

row Wilson had in the fall, winter and spring of 1919-20. But, we are assured, she had no personal, political ambition and has none now. When Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State, went to the Democratic National Convention at San Francisco in 1920, he carried implicit, emphatic instructions from Mrs. Wilson to kill the faintest suggestion among the delegates of a third term for her husband. The only criticism of her attitude toward her husband as a man in public life which this writer countenances is that she never could or would help him to attain popularity.

Mrs. Wilson, it is emphasized, has never granted a newspaper interview, never made a statement for publication. She has authorized only one published photograph of herself, the one made when her engagement to the President was announced. The engagement, the marriage and then the entrance of America into the war offered not only daily but hourly opportunities for her to achieve that sort of popularity which comes from endless publicity and from membership in countless organizations. She turned them all aside. She had not spread her name about when she was Edith Bolling, nor when she was Mrs. Galt. In her opinion and in that of her husband, it was not necessary for her to do so when she became Mrs. Wilson.

Her war-work activities included an ingenious plan by which she was enabled to keep the White House grounds in order and to turn over to the Red Cross fund the sum of \$52,828 and a similar amount later to the Salvation Army. As every other household in the country was supposed to do, the White House made its war-time effort to conserve food, and to release labor from unnecessary peace occupations. It was worth while to save the time and labor ordinarily required for keeping the wide areas of White House lawn cut. It was also worth while to make good use of the grass. So Mrs. Wilson borrowed a flock of twenty blooded Shropshire black-faced sheep from the Bel Air Farm, in Maryland, and turned them out to pasture on the lawns. A shelter pen was erected for

them in case of storm, somewhere back of the White House. In a supervisory capacity, at least, the wife of the President was the shepherdess; and the animals thrived so that when shearing time came Will Reeves, of the White House caretaking force, was able to cut ninety-eight pounds of wool. Two pounds were sent to each state to be sold at auction for the benefit of the Red Cross. Kansas bid as high as \$10,000. The total received was \$52,828. The wool of the next shearing was disposed of in similar fashion for the benefit of the Salvation Army's war work. The sheep were kept on the White House grounds until the Wilsons moved on the day of the Harding inauguration last March, when they were returned to Bel Air Farm.

It is of passing interest that Mrs. Wilson "knew the White House from cellar to attic." She knew the kitchen, and what it cost to supply it and run it. She informed herself of all the things the official housekeeper knew. Also, she knew the servants and the members of the White House clerical staff as individual human beings, and was interested in their lives and their troubles outside of their work. If the wife of an employee was ill, she was pretty sure to receive flowers from the White House garden. At least the members of the White House staff were full of regret when moving day came last March. The man who had failed to hold the regard of some senators shared, with his wife, the esteem and affection of all the workers who had been under the same roof with him for eight years. His reputation for austerity did not hold with them. By way of contrast, they tell the story of another retiring president who, outside, had the reputation of being jovial. When the moment arrived for him to leave the White House and the staff and servants were grouped to say good-by, according to custom, this ex-President merely remarked to a member of his family: "I never realized there were so many of them."

One of the very few stories told by Mrs. Wilson on herself illustrates her attitude toward being official.

She was on her way from New York

to Washington, and when the train stopped at Broad Street Station in Philadelphia she went to the rear platform of the President's car for a breath of outside air. A railroad workman who had been testing the car wheels with his hammer recognized her and addressed her: "You are Mrs. Wilson. I saw you and the President once at Hog Island shipyard." Mrs. Wilson replied cheerfully that he was right. He called the atten-

tion of a fellow workman to the woman on the platform and said: "There's the President's wife." The other man was skeptical, and his friend challenged him to ask for himself. He did so with his words and his tone full of doubt: "You're not the President's wife, are you?"

"Yes," she replied with a laugh as the train began to pull out; "and the next time I come through here I'll try to look the part."

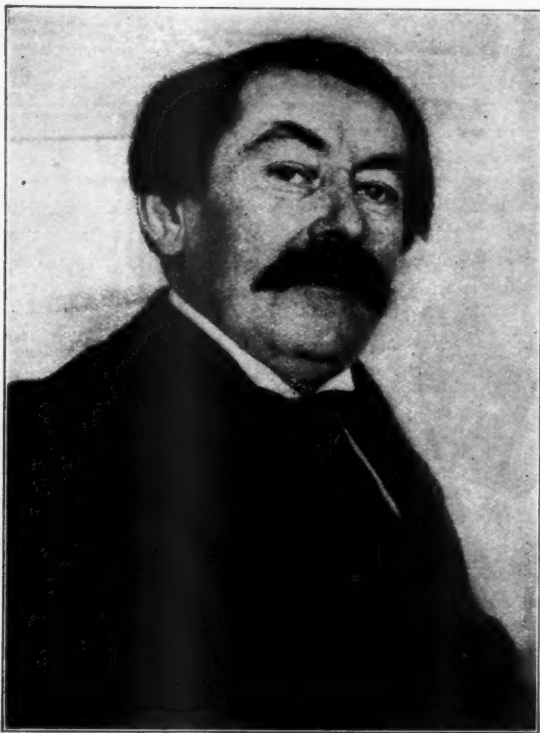
M. BRIAND, THE MOST ELUSIVE PERSONALITY IN WORLD POLITICS

SEATED in the small dining-room of his modest flat on the Avenue Kléber, Aristide Briand, Prime Minister of the French Republic, almost invariably goes to the door himself when the bell rings. Should the visitor chance to be a personal friend, he is sure to be taken into this dining-room, which the Prime Minister prefers to the study, for, while it is a simple dining-room with but three pictures of any size on the walls, the table is convenient for pipe, newspapers and books, to say nothing of a bottle of wine and a glass or two. M. Briand is a lover of the contemporary—to-day's newspapers and the latest novel, especially if it be by Pierre Loti and the still somewhat obscure Raymond Escholier. Paul Bourget he does not fancy, but Victor Hugo he loves. A look over the flat reveals the man of simple tastes and of poverty. The only luxury, according to John Bell (from whose study in the London *Fortnightly* we select these impressions), is the telephone. Having almost reached the age of sixty, M. Briand finds his bachelor flat, his omelet and his slippers much finer as a tonic than the theater, the café and—he has confessed it—the Chamber of Deputies itself.

Irresistible as the temptation is to institute comparisons between the personality of Aristide Briand and that of David Lloyd George, those European journalists who essay the feat concede the misleading nature of the result. These men dominate the international scene between them. Their

encounters make history. Both are Celts. Each has eloquence, imagination, magnetism. Both began life in the humblest circumstances. The success of both Briand and Lloyd George can be traced to the same capacity of each to dominate a situation, to live politically from day to day, from hand to mouth. Comparisons here, then, are not odious; but those who know both men best insist that they are inevitably misleading. They lead the world to infer that these men are alike. They are really as the poles asunder, not to be understood by likenesses that are superficial.

Their eloquence, for example—"what a contrast!" as the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* exclaims. Lloyd George comes down to earth when he makes a speech, but Briand rises to the skies. Refinement of gesture, modulation of tone, distinction of manner, inoffensive dramatization of mood and things like these delight those deputies in the chamber who hear Aristide Briand when he is most himself. No trace of the familiarity of the Lloyd George manner, no loose sentences, no sly jest at the expense of the opposition! Briand on his feet, charming an audience, never condescends, he will not be familiar. He becomes an angel. His pauses are tremendous. His whispers electrify. Briand inspires positive awe when at just the right moment he leans far out over the tribune to hiss an excoriation. Lloyd George cannot be imagined in such purely artistic phases of expression, for he is



HE SPEAKS THE FINEST FRENCH OF ALL

Aristide Briand reveals a mastery of his native tongue so complete that the felicity of his phrasing is surpassed only by the artistry of his accent—into a mere hiss he can inject scorn or admiration, exquisite joy or no less exquisite pain.

what the British call a great talker, glib, plausible, adroit. The voices, again, sound different stops. The Briand baritone has been called cavernous. There are moments when it thunders and it can be pensive, like a flute. He chants statistics until they sound celestial. He works up to a grand climax in a style like Berlioz. The more insular vocal organ of Lloyd George never attains such grand orchestral effects. The British not being a nation of artists, like the French, as the Vienna daily explains, Lloyd George would have no use for the Briand style, anyhow, even if Lloyd George had the voice and the vocabulary. The one point of resemblance between them in debate is a gift for crushing retort.

Intimacy with Briand is attainable only on his little farm at Cocherel in the Eure, where he knocks about for days in a soft

shirt and baggy kneec-breeches and a billy-cock hat. His father kept a little inn, and Briand has retained the absolute simplicity of an early training that left him a rustic long after he had become a Socialist agitator. In essentials, as the *Rome Tribuna* says, Briand is a peasant of Brittany, and he shows this in his somewhat grim thrift, his carelessness in personal attire, his nearness to the soil, at which he labors with spade and rake and hoe. He reveals it, too, in the silent melancholy of his facial expression as he trudges after the cows to the stable at nightfall, carrying a rough stick or perhaps a pitchfork. Dumb indeed was the amazement of the correspondent of the Italian daily when first he encountered Aristide Briand in wooden shoes and torn canvas breeches, tearing distractedly after a cow that would not be milked. Twenty years ago he could milk expertly and to this day he wanders to remote nooks in which vagrant hens may have laid surreptitiously, bringing back the spoil in his hat.

In this rustic Briand, with his mouth full of quaint phrases caught from the native peasantry, anxious on the subject of hay, we have, Italian journalists think, the real man, the essential personality, however elusive. In Paris Briand is the rustic in his Sunday clothes, which he wears awkwardly and does not like. On his little farm, wearing patched leggings and heavy shoes, with a straw in his mouth and the heavy hair falling into his eyes, Briand pores over market lists and worries about the price of pork. These things he must take seriously because neither his journalism nor his somewhat vague connection with the French bar nor his connection with politics can be said to afford him a competence. He can dispose of a pig to advantage and sell a bag of oats after an argument. He has the French peasant's love of a bargain and

his shrewdness and thrift. So far he is intelligible. The political career results from the accident that to the traits of the stock from which he springs is added the gift of eloquence. His phrasing is less beautiful than Viviani's, but Viviani has not his power. Briand is not as sarcastic as Clemenceau, but Clemenceau's manner is without the variety of the other's style.

The chamber must reckon also with Briand's intimate knowledge of French human nature. In the course of a long political career—he heads his seventh ministry—he has visited every part of France and bargained with every imaginable group. His first studies in the book of human nature are said to have been made at his father's inn, a small hostelry in a small town, frequented by small tradesmen, small farmers and the small type generally out of which French life is formed. The elder Briand would note that the lawyers advised the little Aristide to be a lawyer, the actors urged him to become an actor and the artists urged him to become an artist. In those days the little Aristide amused the guests with his caricatures of themselves, done sometimes with top speed through a charcoal medium. To this very day Aristide amuses people with his pencil drawings of their features; but, instead of the local magistrate, it is Loucheur whom he caricatures, instead of an innkeeper he does a Lloyd George. "I declare, Aristide," said his father long, long ago, "I don't know whatever will become of you!" "I do, papa," retorted Aristide, as quoted in the *Action*, "I will go to Paris and become an opera singer!" His wonderful voice in those days, we read, made the prediction seem plausible. Then there was his genius for mimicry, the faculty with which he most exhilarated his father's guests, as he strutted like the commander of the local garrison or fell into the fire at the risk of his life in imitation of the deportment of a celebrated toper who happened to be deputy for the town in the chamber. These gifts, surviving in the parliamentary leader, enable him to retain his title against all aspirants as the greatest master of debate in the world.

No wonder, then, declares the Vienna

daily, if a sudden hush seems to extinguish the chamber at Paris after hours of oratorical tempest as Aristide Briand advances to confront those hundreds of drawn and agitated faces. The doom of his ministry seems all but certain. Already, in the lobbies outside, the cabinet that ought to replace his own is half formed by Poincaré, by Jonnart, by Barthou. It is characteristic of Briand to emerge from nowhere, suddenly, to pace slowly and wearily down the aisle. Time has brought a slight stoop to a figure never tall, never imposing, no adequate pedestal for that heroic head, with its heavy brows, meeting almost above the long, fallow nose, with those fierce mustaches, at which the man bites nervously or strokes quickly. Chin and cheeks are shaven closely, their sallowness brought out by the invariable white choker collar and the expanse of white shirt bosom. The suspense is a natural outcome of the uncertainty regarding the precise nature of the temperamental explosion sure to ensue. Poincaré, they all know, would deliver a finished and correct address, logical, precise. Briand would be most elegant, infinitely polite, a gentleman of culture to the last. Viviani would delight with his epigrams. There is not a deputy in that hostile crowd who can predict which among the inexhaustible varieties of Briand's parliamentary style is to be exploited now. His genius resides wholly in his capacity to create the atmosphere in which the decisive vote must be given. No living politician anywhere in the world has snatched so many victories from so many defeats.

If it be inferred from all this that Aristide Briand lives on the inspiration of the moment, that his triumphs are those of pure genius without work, let them peep into the modest flat in the Avenue Kléber. There until the small hours the Prime Minister can be found in the season, working over sheafs of official documents, memorizing figures, writing out sentences. He will not go to bed until every detail of his speech is in his head, for he does not use notes in the tribune, and the lucidity of exposition with which he means to dumbfound his enemies must be attained beforehand laboriously.

THE URGE

A TALE OF DEFEAT AND VICTORY

By
Maryland Allen

SHE is now a woman ageless because she is famous. She is surrounded by a swarm of lovers and possesses a great many beautiful things. She has more than one Ming jar in the library at her country place; yards upon yards of point de Venise in her top bureau-drawer. She is able to employ a very pleasant, wholesome woman, whose sole duty it is to keep her clothes in order.

She wears superb clothes—the last word in richness and the elegance of perfection—clothes that no man can declaim over, stimulating himself the while with shot after shot of that most insidious of all dope, self-pity. You see, she earns them all herself, along with the Ming jars, the point de Venise, the country place and countless other things. She is the funniest woman in the world—not in her press-agent's imagination, but in cold sober fact. She can make anybody laugh; she does make everybody.

Night after night in the huge public theaters of the common people; in the smaller private ones of the commoner rich; in Greek amphitheaters where the laughter rolls away in thunderous waves to be echoed back by distant blue hills; in institutions for the blind; in convalescent wards; everywhere, every time, she makes them laugh. The day laborer, sodden and desperate from too much class legislation, the ego in his cosmos and the struggle for existence; the statesman, fearful of losing votes, rendered blue and depressed by the unruliness of nations and all the vast multitude of horrors that lie in between—all of these, all of them,

ONE hardly knows whether to weep or laugh over this story. In it we read how a neglected little guttersnipe of a girl rose to fame; but whether her rise was a victory or a defeat must be left to the reader to determine. It is one of the highest marked stories selected by the O. Henry Memorial Committee out of those published in American periodicals during the year. It appeared in EVERYBODY's for September and is here reprinted by permission.

she makes laugh. She is queen of the profession she has chosen—unusual for one of her sex. She is the funniest woman in the world.

When she is at home—which is seldom—she has many visitors and strives, if possible, to see none of them.

"You know, I entertain so much," she pleads in that vivid, whimsical way of hers that holds as

much of sadness as mirth.

But this time, it being so early in the afternoon, she was caught unawares.

The girls—they were nothing but girls, three of them—found her out upon the lawn, sitting on a seat where the velvety green turf fell away in a steep hillside, and far beneath them they could see the river moving whitely beyond the trees. They halted there before her, happy but trembling, giggling but grave. They were gasping and incoherent. It had taken their combined week's savings to bribe the gardener. And they only wanted to know one thing: How had she achieved all this fame and splendor, by what magic process had she become that rarest of all living creatures, the funniest woman in the world?

It was an easy enough question to ask and, to them, hovering twittering upon high heels a trifle worn to one side, a simple one for her to answer. She looked at them in that humorous, kindly way of hers, looked at their silly, excited, made-up faces with noses sticking out stark, like handles, from a too heavy application of purplish-white powder. Then her glance traveled down the velvety green slope to the bright river glancing and leaping beyond the shady trees.

Did she think of that other girl? Sitting there with that strange smile upon her face, the smile that is neither mirth nor sadness, but a poignant, haunting compound of both, did she remember her and the Urge that had always been upon her, racking her like actual pain, driving her with a whip of scorpions, flaying her on and on with a far more vivid sense of suffering than the actual beatings laid on by her mother's heavy hand—the thing that found articulation in the words, "I must be famous, I must"?

SHE belonged in the rear of a batch of a dozen, and had never been properly named. The wind was blowing from the stockyards on the dark hour when she arrived. It penetrated even to the small airless chamber where she struggled for her first breath—one of a "flat" in the poorest tenement in the worst slum in Chicago. Huddled in smelly rags by a hastily summoned neighbor from the floor above, the newcomer raised her untried voice in a frail, reedy cry. Perhaps she did not like the smell that oozed in around the tightly closed window to combat the foul odors of the airless room. Whatever it was, this protest availed her nothing, for the neighbor hurriedly departed, having been unwilling from the first, and the mother turned away and lay close against the stained, discolored wall, too apathetic, too utterly resigned to the fate life had meted out to her, to accord this most unwelcome baby further attention. This first moment of her life might easily serve as the history of her babyhood.

Her father was also indifferent. He brought home his money and gave it to his wife—children were strictly none of his business. Her brothers and sisters, each one busily and fiercely fending for himself, gave no attention to her small affairs.

Tossed by the careless hand of Fate into the dark sea of life to swim or perish, she awoke to consciousness with but one thought—food; one ruling passion—to get enough. And since, in her habitual half-starved state, all food looked superlatively good to her, cake was the first word she learned to speak. It formed her whole vocabulary for a surprisingly long time, and Cake was the only name she was ever known by in her family circle and on the street that to her ran on and on and on as narrow and dirty, as crowded and as cruel, as where it passed the great dilapidated old rookery that held the four dark rooms that she called home.

Up to the age of ten her life was sketchy. A passionate scramble for food, beatings,

tears, slumber, a swift transition from one childish ailment to another that kept her forever out of reach of the truant officer.

She lay upon the floor in a little dark room, and through the window in the airless air-shaft, high up in one corner, she could see a three-cornered spot of light. At first she wondered what it was, since she lived in a tenement, not under the sky. Then it resolved itself into a ball, white and luminous, that floated remote in that high place and seemed to draw her, and was somehow akin to the queer, gnawing pain that developed about that time beneath her breastbone. It was all inarticulate, queer and confused. She did not think, she did not know how. She only felt that queer gnawing beneath her breastbone, distinct from all her other pains, and which she ascribed to hunger, and saw the lovely, trembling globe of light. At first she felt it only when she was ill and lay on the tumbled floor bed and looked up through the dark window; afterward always in her dreams.

After she passed her tenth birthday the confusion within her seemed to settle as the queer pain increased, and she began to think, to wonder what it could be.

A year or two later her father died, and as she was the only child over whom her mother could exercise any control, the report of her death was successfully impressed upon the truant officer, so that she might be put to work un hindered to help the family in its desperate scramble for food, a scramble in which she took part with vivid earnestness. She was hired to Maverick's to wash dishes.

Maverick was a Greek and kept an open-all-night chop-house, a mean hole in the wall two doors from the corner, where Cake's surpassing thinness made her invaluable at the sink. Also the scraps she carried home in her red, water-puckered hands helped out materially. Then her mother took a boarder and rested in her endeavors, feeling she had performed all things well.

This boarder was a man with a past. And he had left it pretty far behind, else he had never rented a room and meals from the mother of Cake. In this boarder drink and debauchery had completely beaten out of shape what had once been a very noble figure of a man. His body was shrunken and trembling, the old, ragged clothes he wore flapped about him like the vestments of a scarecrow. His cheeks had the bruised congested look of the habitual drinker, his nose seemed a toadstool on his face and his red eyes were almost vanished behind puffy, purple, pillow-like lids. His voice was husky and whisper-

ing, except when he raised it. Then it was surprisingly resonant and mellow, with something haunting in it like the echo of an echo of a very moving sweetness.

One night Cake, returning all weary and played-out from dish-washing at Maverick's, heard him speaking in this loud voice of his, pushed the door open a crack and peeked in. He was standing in the middle of the floor evidently speaking what the child called to herself "a piece." Her big mouth crooked derisively in the beginning of what is now her famous smile. The lodger went on speaking, being fairly well stimulated at the time, and presently Cake pushed the door wider and crept in to the dry-goods box, where her mother always kept a candle, and sat down.

The lodger talked on and on while Cake sat rapt, the flickering candle in her hands throwing strange lights and shadows upon her gaunt face. How was she to know she was the last audience of one of the greatest Shakespearian actors the world had ever seen?

It was a grave and wondering Cake that crept to her place to sleep that night between her two older sisters. And while they ramped against her and chewed and snorted in her ears, she listened all over again to that wonderful voice and was awed by the color and beauty of the words that it had spoken. She slept, and saw before her the globe of light, trembling and luminous, the one bright thing of beauty her life had ever known, that seemed to draw her up from darkness slowly and with great suffering. Trembling and weeping she awoke in the dawn, and the strange pain that had tortured her so much and that she had called hunger and sought to assuage with scraps from the plates that came to the sink at Maverick's, became articulate at last. With her hands clasped hard against her breast she found relief in words.

"I gotta be somebody," sobbed the child. "I mus' be famous, I mus'!"

She arose to find life no longer a confused struggle for food, but a battle and a march; a battle to get through one day to march on to the next, and so on and on until, in that long line of days that stretched out ahead of her like chambers waiting to be visited, she reached the one where rested Fame, that trembling, luminous globe of beauty it was so vitally necessary for her to achieve. "How come he c'n talk like that?" she demanded of herself, musing on the lodger's wonderful exhibition over the greasy dish-water at Maverick's.

AND that night she asked him, prefacing her question with the offering of an almost perfect lamb-chop. Only one piece had been cut from it since the purchaser, at that moment apprised by Maverick himself that the arrival of the police was imminent, had taken a hasty departure.

"Who learned you to talk that-a-way?" demanded Cake, licking a faint, far-away flavor of the chop from her long, thin fingers.

The lodger, for a moment, had changed places with the candle. That is to say, he sat upon the dry-goods box, the candle burned upon the floor. And, having been most unfortunate that day, the lodger was tragically sober. He bit into the chop, voraciously, like a dog, with his broken discolored teeth.

"A book 'learned' me," he said, "and practise and experience—and something else." He broke off short. "They called it genius then," he said bitterly.

Cake took a short step forward. That thing beneath her prominent breastbone pained her violently, forced her on to speak.

"You learn me," she said.

The lodger ceased to chew and stared, the chop bone uplifted in his dirty hand. A pupil for him!

"You want to do this perhaps," he began. "Pray do not mock me; I am a very foolish, fond old man—"

The reputable, swollen-faced lodger with a nose like a poisoned toadstool vanished. Cake saw an old, white-haired man, crazy and pitiful, yet bearing himself grandly. She gasped, the tears flew to her eyes, blinding her. The lodger laughed disagreeably, he was gnawing on the chop bone again.

"I suppose you think because you've found me here it is likely I'll teach you—you! You starved alley cat!" he snarled.

Cake did not even blink. It is repetition that dulls, and she was utterly familiar with abuse.

"And suppose I did—'learn' you," he sneered, "what would you do with it?"

"I would be famous," cried Cake.

Then the lodger did laugh, looking at her with his head hanging down, his swollen face all creased and purple, his hair sticking up rough and unkempt. He laughed, sitting there a degraded, debauched ruin, looking down from the height of his memories upon the gaunt, unlovely child of the slums who was rendered even more unlovely by the very courage that kept her waiting beside the broken door.

"So you think I could learn you to be famous, hey?" Even the words of this gutter

filth he sought to construe into something flattering to himself.

Cake nodded. Really she had not thought of it that way at all. There was no thinking connected with her decision. The dumb hours she had spent staring up the air-shaft had resolved themselves with the passing years into a strange, numb will to do. There was the light and she must reach it. Indeed the Thing there behind the narrow walls of her chest gave her no alternative. She did not think she wanted to be an actress. It was a long time after that before she knew even what an actress was. She did not know what the lodger had been. No. Instinctively, groping and inarticulate, she recognized in him the rags and shreds of greatness, knew him to be a one-time dweller in that temple whither, willing or not, she was bound, to reach it or to die.

The lodger looked down at the naked chop bone in his hand. The juicy, broiled meat was comforting to his outraged stomach. Meat. The word stood out in his mind to be instantly followed by that other word that, for him, had spelled ruin, made him a ragged panhandler, reduced him to living among the poorest and most hopeless. Drink! He raised his head and eyed Cake with crafty calculation.

"What will you pay me for such teaching?" he demanded, and looked down again at the bone.

What he did in the end, Cake herself was satisfied came to him afterward. At first he was actuated only by the desire to procure food and drink—more especially the drink—at the cost of the least possible effort to himself.

Cake saw the look, and she knew. She even smiled a little in the greatness of her relief. She saw she had been right to bring the chop, and appreciated that her progress along the road to fame would be as slow or fast as she could procure food for him in lesser or larger quantities.

"I'll bring you eats," she said cunningly. "From Maverick's," she added. By which she meant the eats would be "has-beens"—distinctly second-class, quite possibly third.

The lodger nodded. "And booze," he put in, watching her face.

"And booze," Cake assented.

So the bargain was struck in a way that worked the most cruel hardship on the girl. Food she could steal and did, blithely enough, since she had no monitor but the lure of brightness and that Thing within her breast that hotly justified the theft and only urged her on. But booze was a very different

proposition. It was impossible to steal booze—even a little. To secure booze she was forced to offer money. Now what money Cake earned at Maverick's her mother snatched from her hand before she was well within the door. If she held out even a dime, she got a beating. And Cake's mother, in the later years of her life, besides being a clever evader of the police and the truant officer, developed into a beater of parts. Broken food the child offered in abundance and piteous hope. But the lodger was brutally indifferent.

"Food," he scoffed. "Why, it says in the Bible—you never heard of the Bible, hey?" Cake shook her tangled head.

"No? Well, it's quite a Book," commented the lodger. He had been fortunate that day and was, for him, fairly intoxicated. "And it says right in there—and some consider that Book an authority—man can not live by food alone. Drink—I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion— Don't you know what drink is, alley-cat? Very well, then, wine is wont to show the mind of man and you won't see mine until you bring me booze. Get out!"

And Cake got out. Also, being well versed in a very horrid wisdom, she took the food with her. This was hardly what the lodger had expected, and I think what respect he was capable of sprouted for her then.

Behind a screen of barrels in the corner of the alley, Cake ate the broken meats herself, taking what comfort she could, and pondering the while the awful problem of securing the booze, since she must be taught and since the lodger moved in her sphere as the only available teacher.

There was a rush up the alley past her hiding-place, a shout and the savage thud of blows: Very cautiously, as became one wise in the ways of life in that place, Cake peered around a barrel. She saw Red Dan, who sold papers in front of Jere Dooley's place, thoroly punishing another and much larger boy. The bigger boy was crying.

"Anybody c'n sell pi'pers," shouted Red Dan, pounding the information home bloodily. "You hear me?—anybody!"

Cake crept out of her hiding-place on the opposite side. She did not care what happened to the bigger boy, tho she respected Red Dan the more. She knew where the money was going to come from to buy the lodger's booze. It meant longer hours for her; it meant care to work only out of school hours; it meant harder knocks than even she had experienced; it meant a fatigue there were no words to describe even among

the beautiful, wonderful, colorful ones the lodger taught her. But she sold the papers and she purchased the booze.

Her mother did not know where she spent this extra time. She did not care since the money came in from Maverick's steadily each week. Neither did the lodger care how the booze was procured; the big thing to him was that it came.

At first these lessons were fun for him; the big, gawky, half-starved, overworked child seeing so vividly in pictures all that he told her in words. Full-fed on the scraps from Maverick's—he was no longer fastidious—well stimulated by the drink she brought, he took an ugly sort of degraded pleasure in posturing before her, acting as he alone could act those most wonderful of all plays, watching with hateful, sardonic amusement the light and shadow of emotion upon her dirty face. Oh, he was a magician, no doubt at all of that! Past master in the rare art of a true genius, that of producing illusion.

Then he would make Cake try, rave at her, curse her, strike her, kill himself laughing, drink some more and put her at it again.

Night after night, almost comatose from the fatigue of a day that began while it was still dark, she carried a heaped-up plate and a full bottle to the lodger's room and sat down upon the dry-goods box with the candle beside her on the floor. And, having thus secured her welcome, night after night she walked with him among that greatest of all throngs of soldiers and lovers, kings and cardinals, queens, prostitutes and thieves.

If the liquor was short in the bottle a dime's worth, the lesson was curtailed. At first Cake tried to coax him. "Aw, c'mon, yuh Romeo on th' street in Mantua."

But the lodger was never so drunk that he made the slightest concession.

"Yes, I'm Romeo all right—the lad's there, never fear, gutter-snipe. But—the bottle is not full."

After that she never attempted to change his ruling. She was letter perfect in the bitter lesson, and if the sale of papers did not bring in enough to fill the bottle, she accepted the hard fact with the calm of great determination and did not go near the lodger's room, but went to bed instead.

Perhaps it was these rare occasions of rest that kept her alive.

AFTER the lodger had been teaching her for several years her mother died and was buried in the potters' field. Cake managed to keep two rooms of the wretched flat, and no word of his landlady's demise reached

the lodger's drink-dulled ears. Otherwise Cake feared he might depart, taking with him her one big chance to reach the light. You see, she did not know the lodger. Things might have been different if she had. But he was never a human being to her, even after she knew the truth; only a symbol, a means to the great end.

Her brothers went away—to the penitentiary and other places. One by one the flood of life caught her sisters and swept them out, she did not know to what. She never even wondered. She had not been taught to care. She had never been taught anything. The knowledge that she must be famous danced through her dreams like a will-o'-the-wisp; had grown within her in the shape of a great pain that never ceased; only eased a little as she strove mightily toward the goal.

So she still sold papers, a homely, gawky, long-legged girl in ragged clothes much too small for her, and slaved at Maverick's for the lodger's nightly dole that he might teach her and she be famous.

At first he was keen on the meat and drink—more especially the drink. Later, gradually, a change came over him. Only Cake did not notice this change. She was too set on being taught so she could become famous. At first the lodger was all oaths and blows with shouts of fierce, derisive laughter intermingled.

"My God!" he would cry. "If Noyes could only see this—if he only could!"

This Noyes, it appeared, was a man he furiously despised. When he was in the third stage of drunkenness he would never teach Cake, but would only abuse his enemies, and this Noyes invariably came in for a fearful shower of epithets. It was he, as Cake heard it, sitting huddled on the old dry-goods box, the candle casting strange shadows into her gaunt, unchildlike face, who was the cause of the lodger's downfall. But for Noyes—with a blasting array of curses before the name—he would now have what Cake so ardently strove for: Fame. But for Noyes he would be acting in his own theater, riding in his own limousine, wearing his own diamonds, entertaining his own friends upon his own gold plate.

When he was still too sober to take a really vital interest in the teaching, he was a misanthrope, bitter and brutal, with an astonishing command of the most terrible words. At these times he made the gravest charges against Noyes; charges for which the man should be made accountable, even to such a one as the lodger. One evening Cake sat



Illustration by C. Clyde Squires

ONE NIGHT WHEN SHE FELT HERSELF *JULIET*, SOFT, PASSIONATE AND BEAUTIFUL, SHE HEARD THE LODGER CRYING: "STOP—MY GOD, STOP! HOW DO YOU GET THAT WAY?"

watching him, waiting for this mood to pass so that the teaching might begin.

"If I was youse," she said at last, "and hated a guy like youse do this Noyes, I'd fetch 'im a insult that'd get under his skin right. I'd make evens wit' 'im, I would, not jes' talk about it."

"Oh, you would!" remarked the lodger. He took a long pull at the bottle. "You be *Queen Katherine*, you alley-cat."

So the nightly teaching began with the usual accompaniment of curses, blows and shouts of brutal laughter. But when it was over and the lodger was sinking to the third stage that came inevitably with the bottom of the bottle, he kept looking at his pupil queerly.

"Oh, you would! Oh, you would, would you?" He said it over and over again. "Oh, you would, would you?"

And after that he was changed by the leaven of hate her suggestion had started working in him. For one thing, he took a far greater interest in the teaching for its own sake. Of that much the girl herself was thankfully aware. And she thought, Cake did, that the dull husk of self was wearing away from that part of her destined to be

famous, wearing away at last. The lodger's curses changed in tone as the nights filed past, the blows diminished, the laughter became far more frequent.

CAKE, as rapidly reaching the end of her girlhood as the lodger was nearing the limits of his drink-sapped strength, redoubled her efforts. It was very plain to her that he could not live much longer; death in delirium tremens was inevitable. After that, she decided, school would not keep, and she must try her fortune.

Then one night in the midst of the potion scene when she felt herself *Juliet*, soft, passionate and beautiful, far away in the land of tragic romance, she heard the lodger crying:

"Stop—my God, stop! How do you get that way? Don't you know there's a limit to human endurance, alley-cat?"

He was fairly toppling from the dry-goods box. His eyes were popping from his head, and in the flickering candlelight his face looked strained and queer. In after life she became very familiar with that expression; she saw it on all types of faces. In fact, she came to expect to see it there. But she did

not know how to analyze it then. She glimpsed it only as a tribute to her performance, so immense that she had to be halted in the middle, and felt correspondingly elated. She was exactly right in her deduction. But Cake and the lodger advanced along very different lines of thought.

The next night he was shaky, came all too quickly to the teaching period and left it as speedily. Then he retired to the flock mattress in the corner of the room and called Cake to bring the candle.

"I've an idea I'm going to leave you, gutter-snipe," he said, "and I doubt if I ever see you again. The end of life cancels all bands. And the one that bound you to me, alley-cat, was very material, very material indeed. The kind that runs easily in and out of a black bottle." He laughed.

"You Shakespearian actress!" He laughed again, longer this time. "But I have not forgotten you," he resumed. "In addition to all that I have taught you, I am going to leave you something. Here," he fumbled out a square envelope and Cake took it between her hands. "Take that to the address written on it," said the lodger, "and see what the gentleman does." He began to laugh again.

"Noyes—" he cried and broke off to curse feebly but volubly. Cake did not even glance in his direction. She went away out of the room too utterly stunned with fatigue to look at the letter in her dingy hand.

The next morning the lodger was dead. He was buried in the potters' field quite near his old landlady.

This second funeral, such as it was, closed the shelter that Cake, for want of a more fitting name, had called home. She decided to put all her years of bitterly acquired learning to the test. And as she best knew what she had bought and paid for it, she felt she could not fail. She unfolded from a scrap of newspaper the envelope presented her by the lodger and carefully studied the address.

Cake could both read and write, having acquired these arts from a waiter at Maverick's, who also helped her steal the broken meats with which she secured her artistic education. And, watching the steady disappearance of the food, this waiter marveled that she got no fatter as she grew upward, hovering about in hope of becoming her lover if she ever did. But even if that miracle had ever been accomplished, the helpful waiter would still have waited. Cake's conception of a real lady was *Queen Katherine*, *Cleopatra* her dream of a dangerous, fascinating one. And what chance in the world for either with a waiter?

Cake read the name and address upon the envelope freely as the hopeful broadcaster had taught her: Arthur Payson Noyes, National Theater. With the simplicity and dispatch that characterized her, she went to that place. To the man reposing somnolently in the broken old chair beside the door she said she had a letter for Mr. Noyes. The doorkeeper saw it was a large, swanking envelope with very polite writing. He straightened up in the chair long enough to pass her in, and then slumped down again.

CAKE found herself in a queer, barnlike place, half room and half hallway, feebly illumined by a single electric bulb suspended above the door. Very composedly she looked about her. If Mr. Arthur Noyes lived in this place, he was one of her own kind and there was no need for any palpitation on her part. Anyway she was looking solely for her chance to become famous and she brought to this second stage of her search the same indifference to externals, the same calm, unfaltering courage as she had to the first.

"Now then," said a voice briskly. "Say what you want. We have not advertized for any extra people. At least—not this year."

A short, stout man emerged from the shadows. He was very blond, with his hair cut snapper, and his pale eyes popped perpetual astonishment. She returned his look steadily and well. She knew she was born to be famous, and fame has a certain beauty of dignity utterly lacking in mere success.

"I am not an extra person," she replied. "I have come to see Mr. Noyes," and she displayed once more the large, square envelope, her legacy from the lodger, the knife with which she proposed to shuck from its rough shell that oyster, the world.

The man looked even more astonished, if the thing could have been accomplished, and regarded her keenly—stared.

"Come this way," he said.

Cake followed him along a narrow passage that turned off to the right, down five steps, across a narrow entry, up three more steps—although it seems quite silly, she never in her life forgot the odd number of those worn steps—and halted before a closed door. On this the fat man knocked once and opened immediately without waiting.

"Some one I think you'll see," he said, standing between Cake and the interior. There came to her a murmur over his chunky shoulder.

"She has a letter from —" The fat man dropped his voice and mumbled. "Posi-

tive," he said, aloud, after a pause broken only by the vague murmur within the room. "I'd know his fist anywhere. Yes." Then he pushed the door open wide, stood aside and looked at Cake. "Walk in," he said.

She did so. Beautifully. Poems have been written about her walk. Two kinds.

The room she entered was square, with concrete floor and rough walls. But Cake did not notice the room for three reasons: The rug on the floor, four pictures on the walls and the man who looked at her as she entered.

They gazed at each other, Cake and this man, with sudden, intense concentration. He was a genius in his line, she as surely one in hers. And, instinctively, to that strange, bright flame each rendered instant homage. What he saw he described long afterward when a million voices were vociferously raised in a million different descriptions. What she saw she likened in her mind to a dark sheath from which a sword flashed gloriously. That sword was his soul.

"He says your name is Plain Cake—is that true?" He referred to the lodger's letter held open in his hand, and by that she knew he was Arthur Noyes. And great. That last she had not needed any telling.

"Yes," she replied.

"He says you are the right Shakespearean actress for me," Noyes referred to the letter again. "Do you know Shakespeare?"

"All the way," said Cake. It was not quite the answer *Queen Katherine* might have made, perhaps, but her manner was perfect.

"Come here"—he pointed to the center of the rapturous rug—"and do the potion scene for me." Cake stepped forward.

Perhaps you have been so fortunate as to see her. If so you know that to step forward is her only preparation. She was poised, she was gone. Then suddenly she heard the lodger's voice crying:

"Stop—my God, stop! How do you get that way? Don't you know there's a limit to human endurance, alley-cat?"

She broke off, staring confusedly into space just the height of his debauched old figure crouching on the dry-goods box. Then with swift realization of her surroundings, her vision cleared. It was the fat man in the checked suit she saw leaning helplessly against the closed door. His jaw sagged, his eyes were frightfully popped, his face wore the same strained, queer look she had come to see so often on the lodger's, and he made weak little flapping gestures with his hands.

Cake looked then at Arthur Noyes. His face was white as the letter in his hand, his

dark eyes were dilated with a look of dreadful suffering, the numb, unconscious reaction of one who has received a mortal blow.

"Come here, Crum," he cried as if there was no one else in the room. And Crum fairly tottered forward.

"What do you make of this?" asked Noyes, while Cake stood and listened.

"I—I—" stammered Crum exhaustedly. "My God," he groaned, "it's too much for me. And training!"

"Oh, trained," Cake heard Noyes say. "Such training as only he could give. Years of it, that's plain. And then to send her to me. A Shakespearean actress for me! To insult me like that—"

"It's too much for me, Boss," said Crum again. "Still— Oh—oh my!" His back was turned, but Cake saw his whole body shake.

"Telephone Meier," exclaimed Noyes suddenly.

"Meier?" Crum became immediately composed, and Cake saw that he was tremendously surprised. "You don't mean that you're going to— After this? Why, she's in the know. Look at her. It's perfect!"

And they both turned and looked at Cake standing unconscious and serene on the other side of the room. You who have seen her know just how perfect the pose was.

"It is perfect," Noyes said. "I'd be a pretty poor sport if I did not acknowledge that." Then his voice dropped and Cake only caught snatches here and there. "... such genius . . . once in a century . . . get even with him in a way he least expects . . . wipe off the slate entirely . . . no comeback to my play . . . let him see that for himself. Call Meier." Then he turned to Cake.

"Sit down, please," he said courteously. "I have sent for a man who may give you an engagement."

She returned his gaze so quietly that he was puzzled. About her was neither nervous anticipation nor flighty vivacity. The actions of her audience of two left her incurious and calm. You see, she was used to the lodger. Also she had worked to be famous so long that all the flowery borders of self were worn down to the keen edge of doing. Of Plain Cake she thought not at all. But then, she never had. Only of the light at the end of the passage that now loomed so bright to her watching eyes.

IT SEEMED only a minute before Noyes spoke again. "This is Mr. Meier." He regarded her shrewdly all the time.

Cake bowed to Mr. Meier, a fat, gaudy

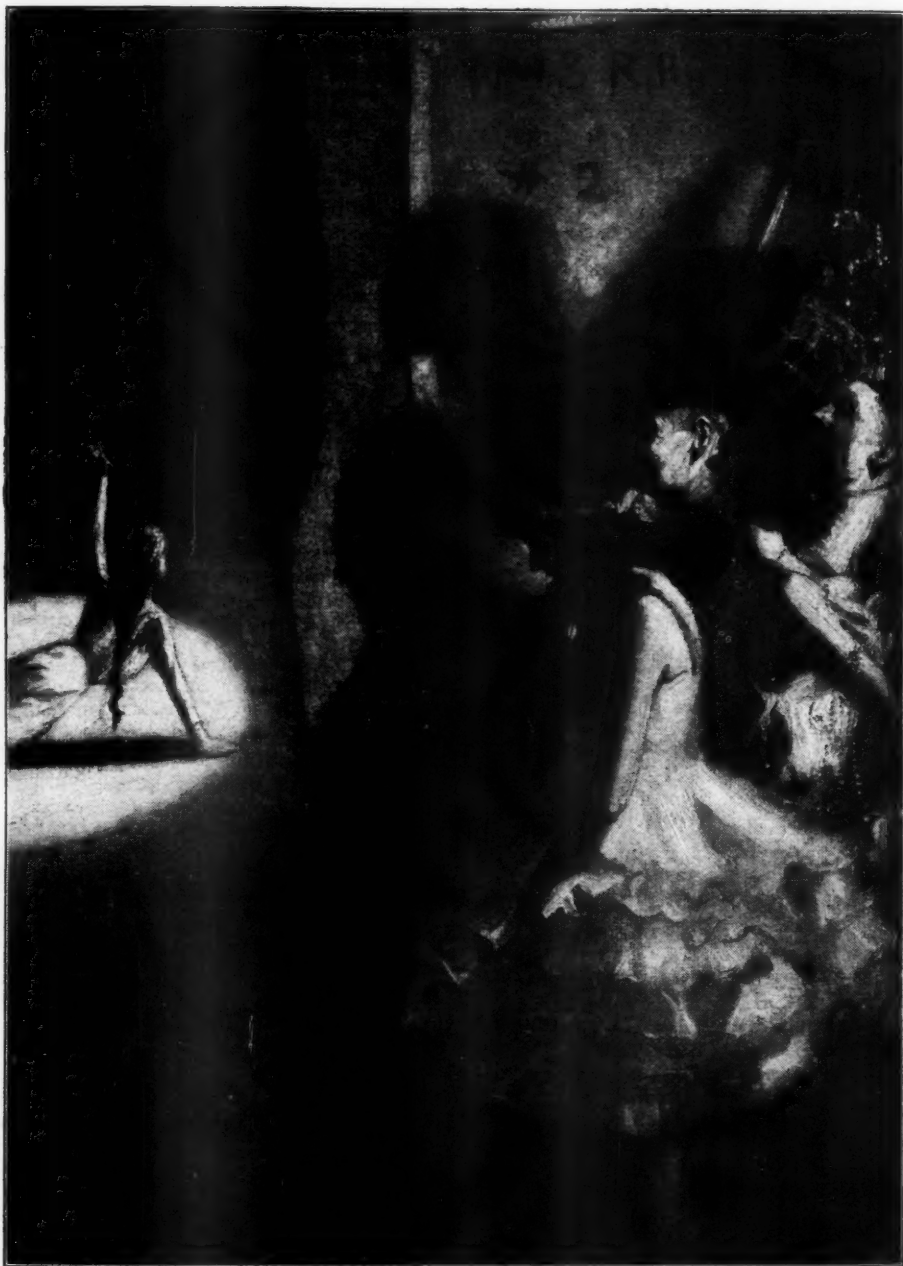


Illustration by C. Clyde Squires

ONLY WHEN JULIET SANK DOWN POISONED DID SHE BECOME AWARE OF THE UPROAR ABOUT HER. THE SHOUTS OF THE LODGER, "STOP—MY GOD, STOP! HOW DID YOU GET THAT WAY?" AUGMENTED A MILLION TIMES.

gentleman with thick, hairy hands. And Mr. Meier looked at Noyes and shook his head. She realized they had already been talking together.

"Never before," Mr. Meier said.

"If you will repeat the potion scene," Arthur Noyes suggested. "This time, I trust, you will not be interrupted."

And Cake stepped once more into that rich orgy of emotion. This time, tho dimly aware of noise and a confusion of shouting, she carried the scene through to the end. "Romeo, I come! This do I drink to thee." She lay for a moment where she had fallen close to the heavenly colors of the rug.

"Goo-hood Gaw-hud!" gasped Mr. Meier, and Cake sat up.

She saw he was rather collapsed upon a chair near which he had been standing up when she began. His fat face was purple, and tears stood in his eyes. But Arthur Noyes had not changed. White, with that look of mortal hurt, he still stood straight and slim against the table.

"You can not offer her less than two hundred a week to begin," he said with the same air of being alone with Mr. Meier.

"No, oh no, no, no, no!" sighed Mr. Meier, wiping his eyes.

He rose and bowed to Cake with the queerest respect, still wiping his eyes with the back of his thick, hairy hands. It was a striking commentary upon her years of training that both of these men, successful from long and hard experience, paid her the compliment of thinking her an old hand at the game.

"Mine is the Imperial Theater, Miss," said Meier. "You should be there to-night by seven o'clock. It ain't necessary we should rehearse. No, oh no, no, no, no! And now, perhaps—" he looked her up and down, oddly—"perhaps I can take you to your—hotel?"

Cake looked him back serene in her belief in what the lodger had taught her.

"I'll be there at seven," she said. "No, thank you." She walked out and into a small park where she sat until the appointed time.

THEN she went to the stage entrance of the Imperial Theater, presented the card Mr. Meier had given her and entered. Once inside she was taken to a dressing-room by a fat, comfortable, middle-aged woman who seemed to be waiting for her. After a very short and, to Cake, tranquil period, Mr. Meier bustled in.

"Of course, Miss, you know this is a Revue," he explained, rubbing his hands with a deference that Cake shed utterly, because she did not know it was there.

She nodded, accepting his statement. "We make 'em laugh here," said Mr. Meier. Again Cake nodded; she knew exactly as much about the show as she did before. "You close the second act; it's the best place for you. Leafy, here, will help you dress."

Cake sat still while Leafy dressed her, very hushed and still. The light blazed so near after all these hard, lean years of pursuit, years in which the little affairs of life, like the business of growing from a child to a woman, had simply passed her by. Of that Urge to be famous she was even more burningly aware, herself she did not know at all.

Mr. Meier came and took her by the hand. His fat face was pale and sweating, he seemed almost awestruck by Cake's calm. He drew her out of the dressing-room and through a crowd of people, men and women with painted faces, some beautifully, some extravagantly dressed. They all stared. One woman shook her head. A man said: "Search me! I never saw her before."

Then Mr. Meier thrust her out in the face of a bright light. "Begin," he said hoarsely. "Walk over there and begin."

Quietly Cake obeyed. She had walked right into the bright light that had drawn her so hard and so long. Of course it was time for her to begin. And with this bright light in her face, which soon became to her the candle in that dark room left so far behind, she fared away to the magic land of make-believe.

And only when *Juliet*, that precocious child, sank down poisoned did she become aware of the uproar about her. The shouts of the lodger, "Stop—my God, stop! How do you get that way?" augmented a million times. It was this she heard.

Slowly Cake lifted herself on her hands, dazedly she peered through the heart of the great light that had caused her such suffering and that she had followed faithfully so bitterly long. On the other side she saw faces, rows and rows of them mounting up to the very roof. Faces laughing; faces convulsed, streaming with tears; faces with eyes fixed and wearing that same queer, strained look she had noticed before; hundreds of faces topping each other in semi-circular rows, all different but all alike in that they were all laughing.

She rose to her knees and rested there on all fours—staring.

Laughter! A great clapping of hands rolled about her like thunder, dying down and rising again to even greater volume. Cries of "Go on," assailed her ears, mingled with, "Stop, stop! I can't bear it!"

The curtain fell before her, blotting out

the vision of those faces, making the uproar slightly dimmer. Mr. Meier advanced and lifted her to her feet. He moved weakly, exhausted with mirth.

"Even Noyes," he gasped. "He—he can't help it. Oh, my goo-hood Gaw-hud!"

Cake looked away from him to the men and women that thronged about her. The same faces that had turned to her such a short while ago; but now, how different!

"Oh, don't criticize," one woman cried. "Hand it to her! She can't be beat. She's the one that comes once in a century to show the rest of us what really can be done."

"Meier," shouted a man. "Meier—she'll have to go back; she's stopped the show."

Quiet and very still Cake drew away.

IT SEEMED to her only a moment later that Leafy touched her arm.

"Mr. Meier has taken a suite for you here in this hotel," she said. "Can't you eat a little, Miss?"

Eat? She had never had enough to eat in her life. Her life? She had spent her life securing food for the lodger that he might teach her to be famous. Leafy lifted the spoon of hot soup to her lips and immediately she drank—she who had never had enough to eat in her life. Morsel by morsel from the bountifully filled table the kindly dresser fed her. Obediently she ate, and the hot, rich food stimulated her to swifter, more agonizing thought.

Then, for the first time, she saw Arthur Noyes standing with his back against a closed door. She read pity in his eyes, comprehension, great wonder and what she did not know then was the love that came to a rare perfection between them and has never faded. And has no place in this story.

"Will you tell me," he said, "what your name is, where your home is, and who are those that love you there?"

Then he broke off and shrank a little against the door. "Oh, don't," he protested.

Yet she had only looked at him and smiled. But it came to her keenly in her new awareness that his questions covered the whole of a woman's life: Her name, her home and the ones that loved her there. While she—she had no name, she did not even know the lodger's name. She looked down with strange astonishment at her grown-up figure, her woman's hands. She saw herself a ragged, gaunt, bushy-headed child moving on a tight rope above a dark abyss, intent only upon a luminous globe floating just out of reach ahead of her, that

she stretched out for eagerly with both her hands. Suddenly the lovely bubble burst and the child was a woman falling and falling among rows of convulsed, shining white faces to the sound of Gargantuan laughter.

"You tell me," Arthur Noyes pleaded.

And she did so very simply and beautifully. She did know Shakespeare; it was the only English that she had ever been taught. So Noyes heard how she became an instrument in the hands of the man who hated him mortally, and owed her début and her terrible awakening to what he considered the only sporting answer to that insult. While he listened he pondered, awestruck, upon the fact that out of all this muck and blackness, the degradation of hate by the lodger, the refinement of hate by himself, had flowered that rarest of all human creatures—one that could make the whole world laugh.

"He always hated me," he said. "I told him he had traded his genius for drink, and he never forgave me. Where is he now?"

"Now?" Cake looked up at him in startled wonder. It came over her suddenly that he counted upon the lodger's being in the Imperial Theater that night.

"Now?" she repeated. "Why, he is dead."

It took Noyes a minute to recover. "What will you do?" he asked her. "Will you go on from this start, continue this—this sort of success?" He felt it the basest cruelty, in the face of her story, to say it was the only kind she was ever destined to make. He waited for her answer, wondering, and a little awestruck. It seemed to him they had come to the supreme test of her genius.

And she looked up at him with such sadness and such mirth—such tragic, humorous appreciation of the darkness in which she had been born, the toilsome way she had traveled to the Great Light and what it actually revealed when she arrived.

"I will go on, from this success," she said. Involuntarily she raised her hand to her breast. "I must, since it is the only way for me. You see," with a humor far more touching than tears, "I must be famous."

And she smiled that smile that hurt him, the smile the world loves.

THE most famous funmaker of her time looked away from the bright river fleeting beyond the trees to her giggling, half-terrified visitors.

"Fame," she said, "is a secret that can not be told. It must be discovered by the seeker. Let me offer you tea as a substitute."

The Detour

A DRAMATIC CROSS SECTION OF TRULY RURAL LIFE

By Owen Davis

IF such a play as "Lightnin'" can enjoy a record run on Broadway, why shouldn't such another straightaway character play as "The Detour" repeat the performance? The answer is on the knees of the gods, but the critics are a unit in applauding this Shubert production, written by Owen Davis and brilliantly enacted by Augustin Duncan, Effie Shannon, Willard Robertson and company. It is a very plain tale and, as O. W. Firkins observes in the *Weekly Review*, it takes

more courage to be plain than to be either brilliant or ugly. The average playwright would laugh at a story in which the heroine is a woman of forty, without personal attraction or prospects, unbetrays and unbetraying in her prosaic wifehood to a stolid, land-loving farmer. The laugh would have its point, for, as the same critic points out, the core of the play is not strikingly dramatic; yet Mr. Davis has shown a rare

skill in availing himself of all the secondary dramatic values which cluster round its half-dramatic core, and the amount of nutriment that he has managed to extract from these unpromising materials would surprise even the believer in sensation.

Helen Hardy (Effie Shannon), the drudging farmer's wife, is resolved that her daughter Kate (Angela McCahill) shall be a painter. The crisis arrives when the farmer (Augustin Duncan) in-

sists on buying land with the thousand dollars which she has patiently and painfully hoarded for the girl's art schooling. But all the butter - and - egg money in the world could not transform Kate into a great painter, as Dana Lamont, an artist of note, somewhat brutally informs her after appraising one of her daubs. In an anguish of disillusion, the girl consents to marry Tom Lane (Willard Robertson), whose garage business is



ONCE A MELODRAMATIST, NOW A FULL-FLEDGED DRAMATIST

Owen Davis has achieved an artistic, if not a popular success with "The Detour," a serio-comedy of Long Island, New York, farm life.

threatened with ruin by the closing of the highway on which it is located, and the mother, shorn of her savings, begins to save again for the unborn grandchild whose birth is prophesied. The play gets its title from the detour sign which threatens disaster to the garage business. The end unites the young and reunites the old, in spite of which it is a bitter end. The curtain rises on the kitchen of the Hardy farmhouse near Northport, Long Island. Helen and Kate are counting their hoard, which is kept in a flower-pot, and the mother, reviewing her twenty years of farmwife drudgery, declared:

HELEN. Life ought to be bigger than, than this kitchen. It ought to be brighter than I have been able to keep those old pots and pans. I knew that when I was your age, but somehow I forgot it for a while. I'd always meant to get away and go to New York, or somewhere's where bein' born an' bein' dead wasn't the only things that ever happened. I'd made my mind to go. I'd saved for it harder even than we've been savin'; one more term of winter school teachin' an' I figured I'd have enough.

KATE. But you didn't go!

HELEN. No, I took my money and bought my weddin' things. It was awful lonesome around here winters, and your father's got a way of gettin' what he wants.

KATE. Mother! You're not *sorry*?

HELEN. I tell you it ain't enough. (*She looks out the window at the vista of truck gardens, then half turns toward Kate.*) At first when we were married I thought it was. Then it got to be just drudgery, just work, nothing else. Every other part of me just shrivelled up. (*She walks slowly to table.*) When I was a girl I used to watch married folks and I thought it was like that, but somehow I got to lovin' him before I knew it. I didn't have any talent like you have; I just had the hunger to do things.

KATE. But if we're wrong? If I haven't really a talent?

HELEN. No, there's more justice than that in the world. You've got what I didn't have.

KATE. We can't be sure.

HELEN. You'll be a great artist.

KATE. Mother!

HELEN. You will! I've known it ever since I got you that first box of water colors when you were a little girl. You're more like his people in looks, but the rest of you is *me*! The thing I wanted to do you're going to do!

KATE. Yes, mother.

HELEN. As soon as I saw you favored me in spirit, only you had the talent I didn't have, I knew just what we had to do, and I started over again savin' for it. Your life isn't going to be like this, not even with a good man like your father!

KATE. He is good, but he's hard.

HELEN. He's had to be, to live!

KATE. But he never thinks of anything but land, then more and more.

HELEN. There's no money in garden truck unless you have a lot of land.

KATE. But he keeps us so poor buying it, and he's always so worried about the taxes and the mortgages—and before he's paid for the last piece he's always buying another.

HELEN. He loves it. Just land!

Stephen Hardy, who is ignorant of their conspiracy, enters and announces that Tom Lane is opening a garage on the main road and might be induced to sell a twenty-acre field adjoining the Hardy farm. Tom follows him in and confirms the announcement. A picture of the coveted field, recently painted by Kate, is shown to the men. Hardy is skeptical. Tom pronounces it "great."

KATE. Don't say so if you don't mean it!

TOM. It's great. That's the fence between your place and mine, and that's my twenty-acre lot! Any fool knows that's a good picture!

KATE. I think it's good. I'm almost sure of it! I've worked so hard, Tom, without anybody much to help me—sometimes I'm not sure, and that's awful—it would break mother's heart, and mine, of course!

TOM. It's a nice way to spend your time, when you ain't workin'. Doing anything to-night? I might come over.

KATE. The movie theater's opening to-night for the summer. I sort of thought I might walk down there with—with one of the girls.

TOM. (*Reluctantly.*) I—I'll take you, if you want to go.

KATE. Don't you?

TOM. They bother me, movin' pictures, all about other folks' wives and murders and poor girls gettin' married to rich men, an' young fellers making a million dollars in a couple of days, when everybody knows they can't. It wastes your time, and I don't know as it's right, puttin' ideas into people's heads.

HELEN. What would you put there?

TOM. It's hard enough to keep on your job without thinking about things.

KATE. But you can't just work!

TOM. Why?

KATE. I think the pictures are fun, and they're a change from reading.

TOM. Book reading? Books are just as bad! Seems like every liar took to writin' books! I gave 'em all up but one.

KATE. What one?

HELEN. (*Dryly.*) His account book.

TOM. (*Grins at her.*) That's right.

HELEN. Maybe it ain't right, but it's true.

TOM. Laugh all you please, and, of course, I know you're laughing. I ain't mean, anyhow I ain't dog mean—but what I want is money. When I get enough of that I guess folks will forgive me if I don't know Charlie Chaplin from Douglas Fairbanks, an' even if I ain't a fancy dancer.

HELEN. There's more folks know how to save money than there is that know how to spend it.

TOM. By the time a feller learns enough to save it he's got too much sense to spend it. I'm going back to the garage and sit and wait for trade. That's got the pictures beat, I guess! (*He goes out. Kate looks after him a little wistfully.*)

Presently Tom returns and dolefully informs the women that the road on which his garage is located has been closed for repair.

HELEN. The road needed it bad enough; it's sort of a bother. But why should you—

KATE. (*Breaks in.*) Tom! Your garage! (*She is dismayed.*)

TOM. Yes—they got me shut up like I had the smallpox!

HELEN. (*Shocked.*) I'm stupid! I didn't think!

TOM. I guess I'm the stupid one! Anybody that buys gas of me now would have to come for it in an airship.

HELEN. I'm sorry.

KATE. It's a shame!

TOM. (*Bitterly.*) I didn't plant much more than half a crop, countin' on this garage! Thought I was too smart to be a farmer!

KATE. It wasn't your fault! It was a good idea!

TOM. That's it—damn ideas! (*He crosses up and looks out window.*)

HELEN. Swearin' won't help!

KATE. Don't, mother.

HELEN. It's hard, nobody can deny that, Tom, especially when you was countin' on it so much. (*She exits. Kate crosses to Tom, who stands with back toward her.*)

KATE. You'd put more money into it than you could afford?

TOM. (*Without turning.*) Yes.

KATE. What will you do?

TOM. What can I do? (*He turns on her.*) All the cash I had, and I owe most a thousand that's past due. I tried to save money by doin' the concrete work myself, and I lost a month, my stock's been here five weeks and I have it on thirty-day notes. They've been waitin' for me to open; nobody's going to wait now!

KATE. You'll find a way out of it!

TOM. No, I'm licked!

KATE. I know better!

TOM. Oh, I'm no milksop, but I *can* be licked. I was half licked even before this, by you!

KATE. How silly!

TOM. I was—I wasn't gettin' anywhere with you, you and your mother planning something together all the time—figuring on something that I didn't know about, that I don't suppose I'd have known about if you'd told me!

KATE. Just what we've always been planning, that I should go away!

TOM. I wasn't going to let you go! Now I can't help myself!

KATE. I hate to say it, but you couldn't have helped it, anyway.

They are interrupted by a second-hand furniture dealer, Weinstein (James R. Waters), who has heard of a set of curly-maple furniture in the house, that Mrs. Hardy might be persuaded to sell at a price. Mrs. Hardy reenters and reluctantly takes him upstairs to see the furniture. They return.

WEINSTEIN. It's a good offer!

HELEN. Oh, yes, but I couldn't! That set was mother's wedding present! It's fifty years old! It seems as if it was one of the first things I can remember! Mostly when I think of her it's the way she looked lying there so long.

WEINSTEIN. Vell, I gif you a new bed for it that nobody effer died on.

HELEN. No.

WEINSTEIN. And maybe a hundred dollars!

HELEN. I couldn't.

WEINSTEIN. Even a hundred and fifty!

HELEN. No, I won't. I don't care what you offer. I wouldn't sell it for— (*She stops and turns on him suddenly.*) You wouldn't give me three hundred dollars for it, would you?



ONE OF THEM OWNS AND THE OTHER COVETS A TWENTY-ACRE FIELD

The owner is Tom Lane (Willard Robertson) and the other is Stephen Hardy (Augustin Duncan) whose character portrayals are outstanding features of "The Detour."

WEINSTEIN. (*Steps back in alarm.*) Three hundred dollars!

HELEN. I'm glad of it! I'd been sorry, I know.

WEINSTEIN. A hundred and seventy-five.

HELEN. No.

WEINSTEIN. Vell, it's too bad. (*He crosses but stops in the door and turns.*) Effen two hundred?

HELEN. No.

WEINSTEIN. Vell— (*He hesitates.*) Good-by!

HELEN. Good-by. (*He exits, shutting the outside door.*) That shows you what a person will do for money! I'd have been ashamed always!

TOM. (*Faces her angrily.*) Kate was tellin' me that she's going to New York as soon as she can.

HELEN. Yes, she is.

TOM. (*Bitterly.*) And I was tellin' her if it wasn't for you she wouldn't ever go.

HELEN. Maybe, but you see there is me!

TOM. And there's me! She can't go till she gets the money, and money's scarce around here!

HELEN. Yes.

TOM. Maybe I'll have something to say before that time comes!

HELEN. Say it now?

TOM. I can't! You know that!

HELEN. Now's the time! You want to go, don't you, Kate?

KATE. I told him I did.

TOM. I got a year, anyhow! I won't let her go! (*There is a knock on the door.*)

HELEN. Wait a minute. (*She crosses and opens the door. Weinstein is in doorway with Jake, his helper, who has several old quilts in his arms. Helen looks at him coldly.*) What do you want now?

WEINSTEIN. The curly-maple.

HELEN. I thought you didn't want to pay me three hundred dollars for it?

WEINSTEIN. I don't, but I got to. Come in, Jake. (*He enters.*)

JAKE. All right, popper. (*Jake enters—a Jewish boy with a comic likeness to Weinstein.*)

HELEN. (*Looking at Tom.*) You've got a year, you said, Tom!

WEINSTEIN. (*Counting money from pocket-book on table.*) Three hundred dollars!

KATE. You're not going to sell it!

HELEN. Yes—I am! I'll move your bed into my room; there's that old cot you can sleep on to-night— You're going to New York to-morrow!

In the second act Steve Hardy and Tom Lane, on the Hardy front porch, are dickering over the twenty-acre field which

Lane is willing to sell for \$5,000. Steve goes into the house to telephone for financial assistance. His wife comes to the door. It is in the afternoon of the same day.

HELEN. What's he calling Ben Glenny for on the telephone?

TOM. He didn't say. (*Helen opens the screen door and steps out on porch.*)

HELEN. Nothin's upset me mor'n his law business with Ben Glenny. Ben's all right as a man, but a body can't seem to think of him like he was a human—to me he always seems sort of a walking calamity!

TOM. Ben ain't got no law business! He never was admitted to the bar!

HELEN. He's county clerk, notary public and most everything, especially tax collector. Last time he was here I told him as long as he was tax collector I didn't know but that it would be more convenient if I was to arrange to board him.

TOM. That's like the sort of things you're always sayin'! Things you don't mean, and you know folks know you don't mean. You say 'em just because they seem kind of funny to you.

HELEN. I s'pose so—

TOM. It's sort of an aggravatin' habit.

HELEN. So he's told me, often!

TOM. Excuse me for speakin' of it.

HELEN. Oh, I don't mind! It's just my way of being impolite, like you smokin' your pipe on my porch without askin' me if you could.

TOM. Oh! (*He knocks the ashes out of his pipe hastily and drops it in his pocket.*)

HELEN. You didn't have to stop. I ain't goin' to.

TOM. I guess you couldn't.

HELEN. I guess not—I get so tired of sayin' nothin' but just exactly what's so, and listen to folks that don't ever mean the least mite mor'n they say, or the least mite less! What's the use of your imagination?

TOM. Mine? I ain't got any, have I?

HELEN. Oh, I guess so—but it's like a muscle: it gets awful puny if you don't use it.

TOM. I'd rather have one real dollar than dream I was a millionaire!

HELEN. I s'pose so—I'd rather have one real dream than be a millionaire!

Steve returns and confesses his need of money to buy the adjoining field. Kate, who has spent the morning in a neighboring town, appears carrying a long card-

board box, a hat box and several small packages. Questioned by her father, she confesses that she is going to New York. He is further informed by his wife that she and Kate have saved up enough money to pay the expenses.

STEVE. Seems like I was the only one around this place that couldn't save nothin'. Seems like what happened to a girl like that was more important than what happened to me! We'll talk about this again after I see Ben Glenny, but I don't want you to think I'm going to stand for any nonsense. (*He exits around the house.*)

TOM. (*With rather malicious pleasure.*) He's mad!

HELEN. He'll get over it.

TOM. (*Doubtfully.*) I don't know!

HELEN. You've never been married; if you had you'd know there ain't anything else for married folks to do.

TOM. I don't blame him none for bein' mad!

HELEN. It's natural. He thinks he ought to be let to say what Kate does with her life.

TOM. Of course.

HELEN. Because it's right that every man should be the master, and decide things that really matter. Women ought to just cook, and clean, and sew, and maybe chop a little wood, and have the babies.

TOM. That's how God meant it to be.

HELEN. And if a woman sometimes gets to thinkin' it ain't quite fair; if she sets herself to sort of change things a little, she's flyin' in the face of Providence!

TOM. I look at it like this—a feller ought not to be hard on a woman if she kinder fusses once in a while.

HELEN. So long as she ain't let to do anything?

TOM. That's it!

HELEN. That idea ain't original, is it?

TOM. (*Suspiciously.*) Whatter you mean?

HELEN. You borrowed it!

TOM. Who from?

HELEN. Adam!

She flounces out. There is an extended argument between Kate and her bucolic suitor and then between Steve Hardy and the man Glenny. Eventually Hardy, left alone on the porch, is joined by his wife who, being questioned, admits that she has the \$300 obtained from the sale of her mother's furniture.

STEVE. And I've got five hundred in the bank. I'm going to ask Tom if he'll take eight hundred and my note for the balance.

HELEN. You're goin' to give Tom Lane my three hundred dollars?

STEVE. If he'll take it.

HELEN. No.

STEVE. He's *got* to take it! He would, I know, if we was to get Kate to ask him.

HELEN. You don't mean that!

STEVE. Yes.

HELEN. You'd do a thing like that just for more land?

STEVE. For *that* land!

HELEN. I've been a slave to land ever since I married you. I'm tired of it!

STEVE. You ain't been any more of a slave than I've been! You're a good worker, but you ain't worked like I do! There ain't a foot of this land here I ain't watered with my sweat!

HELEN. And you want more, and it's all you do want! More work for you and for me, more taxes and mortgages hangin' over us.

STEVE. I want a *farm*! I'm bound to get it! I'm no damned Japanese! I tell you this is my chance!

HELEN. It's Kate's chance, too, Steve. You're forgettin' that! You wouldn't take her chance away from her?

STEVE. Yes—I would. I'm goin' to!

HELEN. I won't let you—that's all—I just won't! *(He rises without a word and goes into the house. She looks distressed and anxious. In a moment he returns; in his hand the jug in which is the money and the dusty bunch of artificial flowers. As she sees this in his hand, she steps back almost in terror.)* Stephen!

STEVE. There's money here. I always



THE ODDS ARE TWO TO ONE IN THE HARDY HOUSEHOLD
Helen (Effie Shannon) is ambitious for their daughter Kate (Angela McCahill) to be an artist, but Steve (Augustin Duncan) is obdurate to their cajolery.

knew you kept somethin' in here, but it was no business of mine! That three hundred dollars is here?

HELEN. *(Nervously.)* Yes.

STEVE. There's more, too; it's heavy! *(He shakes the jar and the sound of silver is heard.)*

HELEN. All that's there is mine and Kate's.

STEVE. How much?

HELEN. You said just now that what I kept in there wasn't any business of yours, and it ain't!

STEVE. How much?

HELEN. If I've got any rights at all; if you've got any bit of feelin' left for me, or for what I ask of you, I want you to put that down!

(By way of answer, he throws the artificial flowers contemptuously aside, and turning

the jug up he pours the contents out on the table.)

STEVE. By God!

HELEN. It's just like you struck me in the face. *(She drops into a chair, hiding her eyes with her fingers. He counts the money eagerly and with growing joy and excitement.)*

STEVE. Over a thousand dollars!

HELEN. Mor'n ten years I done without—I made her do without! Many a time I took her teachin' money when she wanted a pretty dress—an' I cried myself to sleep that night—but I took it!

STEVE. With my five hundred it'll be enough! Tom's in the parlor, you say? *(He goes to door and calls.)* Tom! Tom! I want you! *(As he turns back, Helen springs between him and the table.)*

HELEN. Don't shame me before Steve, don't.

STEVE. *(Sternly.)* I want you not to make a fuss now, Helen.

HELEN. I tried to be a good wife to you all these hard, hard years. Once before I had money—I'd saved it, just like I saved this—'twas like a key—a key to the door that was shuttin' me out from life—and I gave it up, for you—because you made me love you—when I didn't want to. Now, when I ain't got anything but that, too—don't make me hate you!

(Tom and Kate enter from the kitchen. Kate looks at her father and mother with dismay.)

KATE. What is it?

STEVE. I'll take that offer of yours, Tom. We'll get Ben Glenny to draw up a bill of sale. Fifteen hundred cash and a mortgage for the balance!

HELEN. *(Steps in front of him.)* You're a thief, Steve Hardy!

STEVE. *(He draws back, horrified.)* Helen!

HELEN. Just a thief! A common thief! Ain't you robbed me always—of my youth—of my life—of my looks—I ain't forty—and look at me—look what you've done to me! You thief—and now it's her!

STEVE. Nobody ever called me a name like that! Nobody ever dared!

HELEN. Why should I be afraid? What more could you do to me!

STEVE. You can't call me a thief! This is my house; what's in it is mine, all of it!

HELEN. My mother's furniture wasn't yours!

STEVE. It's been part of the furnishin' of my house for twenty years. Of course, it's mine! So's the rest of this money!

HELEN. The savings out of her salary teachin' school and tendin' store!

STEVE. She's my daughter, and she ain't of age!

HELEN. And ten years of savin' dime by dime out of my egg and chicken money!

STEVE. That's the thanks I get fer lettin' you call 'em yours—the hens was mine!

HELEN. Everything is yours!

STEVE. Of course, it is!

HELEN. And I get my keep! I haven't had a dress in two years, and then one I made myself. I get my food, but I have to cook it first. Where else would you get a cook who'd work like I work and only get her keep? They ain't but one way to get a girl as cheap as that, and that's to marry her!

Hardy finally surrenders the money but with the injunction that if she keeps it she shall leave the house forever. She and Kate decide to go. In the kitchen a little later (third act) Steve and Tom are discussing the situation.

TOM. It's a serious thing when a man's wife leaves him!

STEVE. Yes.

TOM. It's awful when she takes a thousand dollars with her!

STEVE. Yes. *(He smokes in silence. Tom sits moodily in chair.)*

TOM. If they was mine, they wouldn't go!

STEVE. *(Coldly.)* Well—they ain't.

TOM. *(A little resentful.)* I got to give you credit for one thing: everything you say is always true, even if it ain't very interestin'.

STEVE. *(Thoughtfully.)* It takes a lot of patience to get along with any woman.

TOM. Seems so.

STEVE. She had her faults.

TOM. I know it.

STEVE. In most ways she's been a good wife to me.

TOM. She ought to be.

STEVE. I ain't defendin' her.

TOM. She was the kind I couldn't a got along with.

STEVE. Why couldn't you? You wanted to marry Kate!

TOM. She ain't like her mother; she's the "spit and image" of you.

STEVE. Kate?

TOM. *(Losing confidence.)* Leastways I always thought so.

STEVE. If you don't know no more about an automobile than you do about a woman, I guess it's just as well they closed the road.

Presently Helen and Kate appear and,

ignoring the men, begin to pack a trunk. Steve and Tom find occasion to leave. In rearrangnig her effects Helen comes across some faded letters written to her by Steve during their courtship and honeymoon twenty years previously. She opens one of the letters and reads aloud:

HELEN. "January tenth, nineteen hundred." That's a long time ago!

KATE. You can't make me believe it's a love letter!

HELEN. Well, it is! "My dear Helen!" *(She reads.)* "I can remember how happy I was the day I got this. Just as if it was yesterday! I got to New York all right, about six o'clock, and went to the Bartholdi

Hotel and got a room. It was most eight before I got through supper, so I went right to bed."

KATE. Go on!

HELEN. That's all. He didn't write long letters.

KATE. Let's see how he ended it!

HELEN. *(Reads.)* "Yours truly, Stephen Hardy."

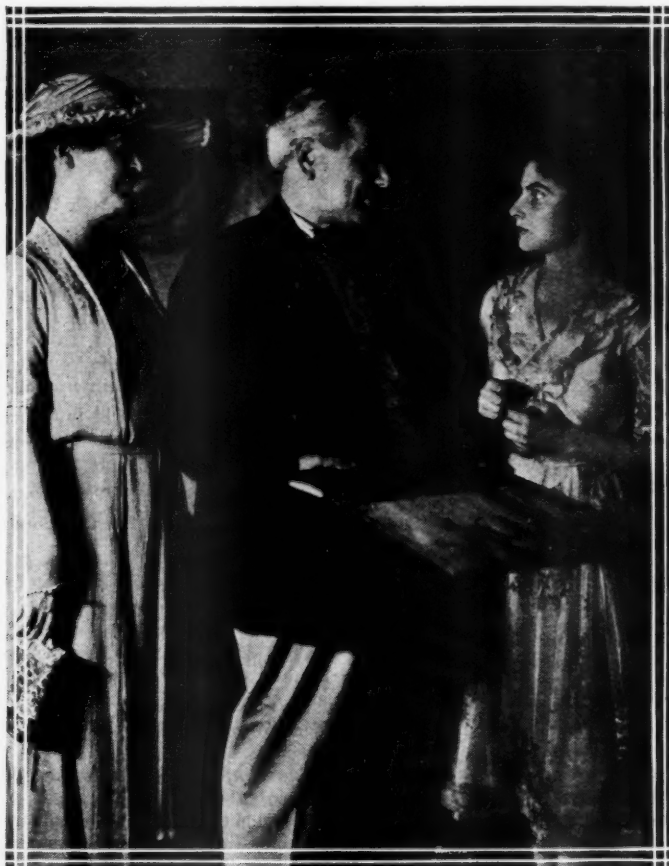
KATE. *(Laughs.)* He would.

HELEN. That was just before we was married! *(She opens another one.)* Oh, yes! *(As she looks at it.)* This was the year you was born—I was waitin' for you, an' he went to New York to raise the first mortgage we ever had on the farm.

KATE. Regular pleasure trip for him!

HELEN. *(Looking at letter.)* It's funny,

my forgettin' so much! I was happy sometimes! Look where I cried right on that letter! *(She points to stain on the old paper.)* "My dear wife." *(She reads.)* "I don't like it here, and I wish I was back with you." *(She sighs.)* "The food here don't agree with me, and eating costs so much you've either got to starve, or eat and suffer! I've been thinking about you a lot, and about the hard time that's coming to you—you're a brave girl and a good wife—I know you're going to be a good mother! If the calf won't eat you'll have to give him a little warm milk morning and night. Remember, you've got to take good care of yourself until the baby comes. The rubbage from the garden will do for the pigs 'til I get home. Your loving husband—Steve!" *(She sits in the chair and for a moment hides her face in her hands.)*



THE BLASTING OF HER DREAM IS A TRAGEDY
Dana Lamont (Harry Andrews) tells Kate Hardy (Angela McCahill) that she can never be a great painter. It is a highly dramatic moment in "The Detour."

Observing that they are being covertly watched through the window, mother and daughter go out of the kitchen, Hardy and Lane reentering. The former decides to cook supper and succeeds in making a sorry mess of flapjacks. There follows some excellent character acting in which Helen comes to the rescue of the inefficient cook, and generously prepares supper for him. They become reminiscent over a twenty-year-old dress she is wearing, but the impending reconciliation misses fire. Helen goes out. Presently Dana Lamont, a celebrated artist residing in the neighborhood, and his wife, Dora, appear at the door. They have come to buy butter and eggs. The transaction negotiated, Hardy asks the artist for his expert opinion of Kate's painting. Unseen by the others, Kate has entered the room and is standing in the back-ground. Steve confesses to the artist that his knowledge of art is nil but that "it happens to be a bit of land around here she's painted, and I know land."

DANA. Your opinion should be of as much value then as my own—what do you think of it yourself?

STEVE. (*Slowly.*) Somehow it seems to me it don't look like it ought—not just like—I don't know—it's Tom Lane's twenty acres all right— But it don't look just like it was alive somehow, does it?

DANA. (*Gravely.*) No.

STEVE. It's grass, but it ain't growing grass; there's the spring wheat, but you can't somehow think of it's ever ripening—like wheat does.

DANA. No.

STEVE. Do you mean she can't paint?

DANA. I am afraid— (*Kate gives a moan of anguish, and Dora turns and sees her.*)

DORA. (*Sharply.*) Dana! (*The two men look around, and see her; there is a pause. Kate comes forward, trembling, looking from one to another, they all are distressed and uneasy.*)

STEVE. I—I was speakin' to this gentleman here about your picture. He was sayin' it was pretty good, real good he seemed to think it was, for—for a girl that hadn't had much teachin'—I—I got to see if my stock's all fixed for the night. (*He crosses toward door.*) He liked the picture real well; he'll tell you so himself, if you ask him. (*He exits. Kate comes slowly down and looks at her painting.*)

DORA. My husband will tell you how very nice—

KATE. Please! (*She puts out her hand sharply, and Dora stops. Kate bends over picture.*) It doesn't look—alive—he said—that's grass, but it doesn't seem to grow! I wonder! . . . (*She looks at Dana.*) Was he right? I want to know the truth. Can't I paint?

DANA. That might mean so many things.

KATE. No, there's only one thing it can mean! Have I a talent, a real talent, like my mother's always told me?

DANA. I am sorry; I am afraid you haven't.

KATE. If I worked hard, and I would if I had good teachers, couldn't they teach me to be an artist?

DANA. That is something that can't be taught, one is, or isn't.

KATE. And I'm—I'm—not!

DANA. I see nothing here but the conventional schoolgirl water color. Your color and drawing you could improve, but there is nothing here to justify the effort.

The Lamonts take their leave; and Tom Lane, whose garage has been attached for debt, enters with Ben Glenny, the sheriff.

STEVE. Seems like they'd might have given the boy a chance.

BEN. Eight hundred dollars is a lot of money!

TOM. I can't pay it, not now. Mebby I could if they'd give me time.

BEN. The writ of attachment don't say nothin' about givin' any time! I'll have to ask your fer the keys to your garage, Tom. I take formal possession accordin' to the law. Here's the writ.

TOM. It's the damned detour that done it! If they hadn't known about that they'd have waited till cash was comin' in!

BEN. An' the aggravatin' part of it is they ain't goin' to be no detour!

TOM. What?

BEN. I just got word the road's open again. They decided not to fix it till next fall. Seems the summer folks have been objectin'!

TOM. The road's open!

BEN. Yes.

TOM. And you're attachin' my garage!

BEN. 'Less you can pay me eight hundred dollars.

TOM. Damned if I ain't disgusted! Talk about luck! Lost my garage! Lost everything! Just by a day!

Kate, entering, takes in the situation and announces, to the astonishment of her mother who does not know of the Lamont episode:

KATE. I'll pay it.

HELEN. What are you talkin' about?

KATE. You said it was my money! (*She shows the roll of bills.*) I'm going to pay it.

HELEN. You can't!

KATE. I'm going to! That's all! (*She starts to count money.*)

HELEN. But that only leaves us two hundred dollars!

KATE. You can have that! I don't want it. Here's the eight hundred, Mr. Glenn! (*Ben takes the money and starts to count it.*)

HELEN. But how can we live till you get so's you can sell your paintings!

KATE. Sell my paintings! Ha! ha! ha! Sell my grass that doesn't grow, and my wheat that will never ripen! Mr. Glenn here said they were all fools in New York. They'd have to be to buy any picture I ever painted!

HELEN. Do you know what you're sayin'?

KATE. Mr. Lamont was here! Father made him look at that! (*She points to the painting on table.*) At that awful, awful thing!

HELEN. He saw it?

KATE. And he said it was bad! He said it was hopeless. No talent! Nothing! Never—never in all my life will I paint again! Never! Never!

TOM. (*Sincerely touched.*) He told you that! The damned brute! He hurt you like that! Oh, my poor little girl—I'm sorry! (*He holds out his arms to her, and she runs into them clinging to him.*)

KATE. Be good to me, Tom! Comfort me! Help me!

Helen's obduracy to Kate's giving the money directly to Tom is overcome by the \$800 going to him via Steve as a payment on the twenty-acre field. And the play ends as Helen drops some coins in the empty flower pot against the coming of a possible grandchild.

BROADWAY TO HAVE A NEW "THEATER OF COLOR"

OUT of Italy, in the person of Achille Ricciardi, who plans to inaugurate a "theater of color" in this country next fall, has come an artist of the theater who has contributed something concrete and tangible to dramatic production. He purposes a transformation of the static scenic settings by the plastic use of illumination in providing a vivid and living background to emphasize the content of plays already written and suited to such interpretation. In realizing his effects, Ricciardi has developed several interesting devices. He projects his light on the stage from the sides, from above and also from concealed sources in the floor, whereby a figure walking above is suddenly and unexpectedly cast into strong illumination. Most of his side-lights, explains Oliver M. Sayler, in the *Boston Transcript*, are passed through water contained in glass boxes and chemically colored. The effect of changing and rippling light is also obtained through this device. For his

entire production he arranges a color score, a notation of the chromatic action which follows the play with fidelity and which sets in action what might be called the orchestra and scenic operators. The chief medium of this color score, which demands a constantly changing play of light upon the scene and characters, is a specially prepared strip of gelatine colored throughout in accurately determined sequence and passed across each of the batteries of overhead lights after the manner of the perforated record of a piano-player.

Ricciardi, in an introductory address delivered in connection with a series of performances given at the Teatro Argentina in Rome last year, sets forth the relationship of the Theater of Color to the general movement of which it is a phase:

"The appearance and development of colors constitute the essence of my theater. Among our predecessors color belonged to the technic of the stage rather than that of the

drama. Under their sway we remained in the field of painting, not of poetry. They aimed to create a new stagecraft; we, a new drama. Logically, they called on the great scenic artists; we appeal to the authors. We aim to make of the stage not a cornice, but a part of the drama, its visible element, not merely its exterior. We should remember that the stage has a dual structure; architectural, which limits the space of the action, and spiritual, which fuses the psychological motives with the surroundings. Moving color modifies forms without disfiguring them. In an atmosphere of successive colors the emotional intensity of the drama reaches its proper pitch without alteration of the phonetic value or the style of the dialog, as in opera. This development of form under changing color was unknown to Fuchs, Reinhardt, Craig and Stanislavsky, all of whom remain primarily scenic artists. . . . In considering color as psychological background, we must remember that music gives the sensation of tempo and painting the impression of space, and that the only element which can arouse the sensations of tempo and space at the same time is the magic element of color freed from form. In answer to the objection that the same color will not suggest the same emotional reactions to different people, I reply that we are all children as regards our color sensibilities, which are simple and primitive and therefore more likely to be similar than different. Red is cheerful and white is pure; these conceptions are found in all languages and prove the universal intellectual nature of the sense of color. I believe that a deep blue with a sickle of green will give the impression of a landscape more successfully than painted cardboard and bad white lead."

The technic of this new interpretation cannot be reduced to a formula, but, discussing its fundamentals, we are told that red and white and a touch of yellow are most characteristic of Shakespeare. "Through Marlowé and Poe, who preferred black and yellow, we come to d'Annunzio, whose predilections are for azure, violet and red. A taste for red is almost always associated with passion and the sensual pleasures of life. In de Musset's 'October Night' I distinguish three fundamental motives: the red of the embers, the azure violet of the night, and the muse appearing in the distance of a dream. The poet is immersed in shadow; scarcely

does his image emerge from the indefinite background and acquire form and outlines. Likewise, the muse, which is simultaneously inspiration and memory, torment and hope, and which is latent in the mind of the poet, scarcely acquires form and reality when it appears in a field of yellow light. A glow of gold in warm tones proceeds through orange to purple while the mind of the poet is exalted. The accentuated hopefulness of the final scenes of the drama transfigures the blue of the night into celestial dawn. Of the apparition I shall illuminate first the face of the woman because in an evocation or a dream it is principally the features which appear while the rest of the figure is lost in shadow. On the first plane the spoken drama develops; on the second, the motives of the dance; in the background, the apparitions of pure color. This, of course, is a transposition in depth of the planes of Greek tragedy, where the dance and choral motives appeared in front of the speaking actors."

The Italian press has been full of controversies over the Ricciardi innovation, one reviewer likening the trial season at the Argentina to Santos-Dumont's experiments in flying and forecasting a similar development of the Theater of Color. Like other revolts against realism, comments the *Transcript* critic, it has inherent in it the danger of vagueness and incomprehensibility "until the audience approaches it with open mind, regardless of preconceived habit." It also faces the obstacles of so many experiments and projects of new stagecraft—unruly mechanism.

In the repertoire of the new Theater of Color we find Clemenceau's "The Veil of Happiness," d'Annunzio's "La Pisanella" and "Ditirambo III"; Maeterlinck's "Ariane et Barbebleu"; Wilde's "Salome" and "A Florentine Tragedy"; a Buddhist drama, "The Joy of the Serpents"; Claudel's "Tête d'Or"; Aristophanes' "The Clouds"; Yeats' "Cathleen ni Houlihan"; "The Blue Death," from the Chinese; "The Mystery of Life," from a twelfth-century chronicle; Baudelaire's "Le Masque"; and Rimbaud's "Le Bateau Ivre."

WHERE TO LISTEN FOR THE AMERICAN NOTE IN MUSIC

IS THERE a 100 per cent. American music? There is, asserts Carl Engel, the distinguished young American composer, but it is not to be found in the symphonies and grand operas made in America via Europe, nor does it bear any relation to darky plantation ditties or Indian folk-chants "from which the unoriginality of so much American music has sprung." This writer finds it humiliating, as an American, to have the musical "borrowings" from the black man and the red confused as simon-pure American, and he is ashamed to see musicians "applying the curling-iron or the war-paint to their tunes, by which process they pretend to give us American music which, in reality, but apes the merely tolerated negro or the ruthlessly exterminated Indian who, each in his own manner, did that sort of thing a great deal better than the white man can ever hope to do." As a matter of fact, he shrewdly observes, a great many so-called negro plantation songs have been nothing but Africanized English melodies and "no matter what insistent advocates may say, the rich store of peculiar tribal melodies of the Indian cannot be regarded or used as a foundation for true American music." Declaring that in compositions of popular contemporary origin, as distinguished from ancient folk-song, is rooted the real American note in music, Carl Engel declares in the *Chesterian* (London), that it is George M. Cohan, Irving Berlin, Louis M. Hirsch and Jerome Kern, aided and abetted by sundry bands of lusty jazzers, who are today making musical history in this country.

Our music, we are told, commands attention, not because it happens to be American-made, but because it is fine music. Nevertheless, it is almost entirely unmarked by national or racial traits. The work of American composers has, these many years, ignored the inventiveness and daring so splendidly exemplified in nearly everything else that American force and ingenuity have created or reshaped. Orig-

inality, in the sense in which Whitman, Poe and Whistler possessed it; boldness, such as American architects have shown, not to mention industrial and scientific pioneers.

The development of popular music in America during the last fifteen years is characterized as astounding. While, we are told, Vienna, Paris and London have succeeded only in repeating over and over again the formulas of Johann Strauss, Offenbach and Sullivan, New York has set the pace with tunes that have captivated the world. Why not, demands this composer-critic, in the English musical monthly, acknowledge that "the war has produced in music nothing more typical of the spirit that won it than the extraordinary Mr. Cohan's superbly confident 'Over There'?" Compare with it the senile war-ditties of Messrs. Saint-Saëns and Widor, well-intentioned, but inadequate, with the pathetically impotent 'Berceuse Héroïque' of the dying Debussy, or the spineless 'Madelon.' There was the American-made 'Tipperary' and the British admonition to 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.' But nothing really expressed the Allies' final go-to-it-iveness as did 'Over There.'"

Carl Engel concludes that the key-note of American popular music is optimism, or punch. He defines the nation as a mixture, a hybrid, in whose so-called street tunes are in consequence to be found traces of Russian lugubriousness, German sentimentality, Italian syrupiness, and French vulgarity. But he insists, the true American note is that happy affirmation of the joy of living, the delight in bold and sensuous harmonies, the predilection for snappy and suggestive rhythms. In other words, it is the healthy negation of misery, murder and metaphysics. Therefore it is not unessential to the white race, which is clearly put on its defense. History being dotted all over with *dal segno* marks, we see Europe seeking oblivion and relief in the panacea of the dance; this time the piper is American.

OUT OF RUSSIA COMES A STRANGE NEW ENTERTAINMENT

A STRANGE new entertainment out of Russia that has taken Paris by storm and that is promised America next season is from the Chauve-Souris Theater of Moscow, and is described, in *Comædia Illustra*, as a dramatic cabaret set and dressed by Soudekine, an innovator of the Russian theater. "Les Tabatières des Grands Seigneurs Russes" opens the program with what is described as four enchanting pictures, the scenic effects evoking memories of the Tuileries of 1814 and of the seventeenth century. An effective chorus of beautiful slaves and a solo voice accompany the "Houzards Noirs" which is mimed against a gorgeous Slavic background. An even more distinguished feature is entitled "The Fountain of Bakhteisarai," based upon a dramatic poem by the Russian poet Pushkin, in the production of which "are united the decorative arts, the art of the mime, of the dancer and an impeccable stage setting executed by a virtuoso of color, Nikita Balieff [director of the Chauve-Souris Theater], by the simplest of means." The literary quality of the poem, we are told, can hardly be judged by this performance, but the scheme of the drama is revealed in the "expressive miming and acting of Madam Dey Karkhanova as Zarema, the favorite; by Karabanova as Maria, the captive, and of Gilinski, the Khan, and Vermeil, the curiously silhouetted eunuch. The play of the sorrowful favorite and of the beautiful Polonaise captive upon one another are

so descriptive of the plot that none of its shadings are concealed from the audience. Arkhangelsky's music for this Oriental poem underlines curiously the color of the different phases of the action; the lamentations of the women of the khan rhythm happily with the swaying of the weepers, recalling the funeral chants of Corsican women. The vibrant coloring of this tableau, with its warm and luminous orientalism, enhanced by the costumes of the favorite, the khan and his women cannot be too warmly praised. The atmosphere, created by the Russian artist Soudekine and animated by Balieff, is one of pure beauty, which, while it may not surpass Bakst's 'Scheherezade,' leaves the 'Sumurun' of Reinhardt far behind."

Another novelty in this novel entertainment consists in dramatic illustrations of historic phrases, such as "I am the State" of Louis XIV., other words from Napoleon, Henri IV., Julius Cæsar, with witty decorations and clever miming. A humorous picture, "Late One Night by the Woodside," is a curiously fantastic creation of Soudekine, wherein he employs figures pierced to show only the heads of the actors with comic result. The concluding number of one program, depicting a Moscow restaurant, introduces the melodious mingling of male and soprano voices into which cuts the acid, strident cry of a woman. The sound "amplifies, exasperates and astounds the hearer, as the sound of a siren rending the midnight air."

FASCINATIONS AND DISCOURAGEMENTS OF NEWS REPORTING

THERE are probably a hundred thousand good, bad and indifferent newspaper reporters at work in the United States and as many more young men and women who think of going into the newspaper business. To most of the latter it is a mélange of mystery. What

will happen to them if they do enter it, they ask. What of the experience, of the process of development and promotion, of the rewards? What really goes on inside a newspaper office? Chester S. Lord, for many years managing editor of the New York Sun, in the *Saturday*

Evening Post, draws a picture that is at once fascinating and discouraging. Since the first use of printer's type, we are reminded, the great events of the world have been proclaimed not by clergymen from the pulpit or lecturers from the platform or orators in legislative halls—but in burning type by reporters.

Within the span of his own newspaper experience this dean of Park Row has witnessed reporters giving first information to the world of the discovery and development of electric lighting, heating and propulsion; of Roentgen rays; of the telephone; of the phonograph; of the automobile; the player piano; the type-setting machine; the multiple-page printing press; the shoemaking machine; of breech-loading guns, machine-made cartridges and diabolical explosives; of the airplane and the Zeppelin; of steel construction in big buildings; of the marvels of construction in gigantic locomotives and steamships, in subways and elevated roads, bridges and aqueducts; of bacillus treatment in medicine and the wonders of abdominal surgery; and hundreds of other developments of science. Reporters have announced the discovery or the fact of every one of these things, and such work is fascinating; but, on the other hand, the life of the reporter is far from being a round of joy. For "newspaper making is a continuous performance, especially for reporters. Those employed in it frequently suffer great discomforts through physical fatigue, lack of food and sleep and exposure to weather conditions. In an address to Cambridge students a newspaper writer of wide experience hazarded the opinion that 'the mill which a New York reporter has to grind is such that, I should say, few Harvard men can stand.' But he had not reference to physical effort alone; he had in mind also the nature of the service the reporter sometimes is asked to give."

Mr. Lord recites many typical hardships that have attended the gathering of big news in the last generation. He sympathetically laments that reporters are compelled to invade private homes and to ask agonized parents why a son or daughter has committed suicide or has done a dis-

graceful act; to ask a husband whether it is true that his wife has run away with a neighbor or ask a wife whether her husband is a fugitive from justice. The assignments that take a writer into a family that has been disgraced by one of its members are the most unpleasant, probably, of any that fall to him. Again, "the demoralization of home and social life constitutes a very great objection to entering the newspaper business. It affects nine-tenths of the morning-newspaper staff. If the young journalist chancies to marry it imposes pitiful hardships on the young wife. Usually she begins her married life by loyally and cheerfully trying to sit up until long after midnight to greet him on his return—but not for long. The coming of children and the establishing of a home compel normal rest and other attentions, and she reluctantly ceases her long waiting vigil. Instead of greeting him with a daintily prepared bit of warm food she now puts out a plate of cold stuff left over from the day before, which he mechanically masticates or not as his mood suggests; and a little later on it is decided that he better stop at a night restaurant for a bite if he is hungry. As she cannot go out in the evening unattended she stays at home, and thus she misses the social pleasures to which presumably she had been accustomed and which she had expected in her new life."

Rising in his profession, the reporter may reach the special or traveling correspondent class, and have no real home at all, taking commissions that carry him out of the city or country for the investigation of a subject of wide importance—a rebellion in Mexico, or an uprising in Cuba, a crisis in Canadian politics, a conflict between labor and capital in Colorado, a socialistic struggle in the mill towns of New England. Such assignments call for thoro investigation at first hand on the spot, call for an acquaintance that frequently becomes familiar and lasting with the leaders of the movement, call for practical and intimate study of the convulsion itself. Information thus gained may, after its publication in the newspaper, be used again in magazines, in books of record or in fiction.

OUR GENERATION INDICTED AS LAWLESS AND IRRESPONSIBLE

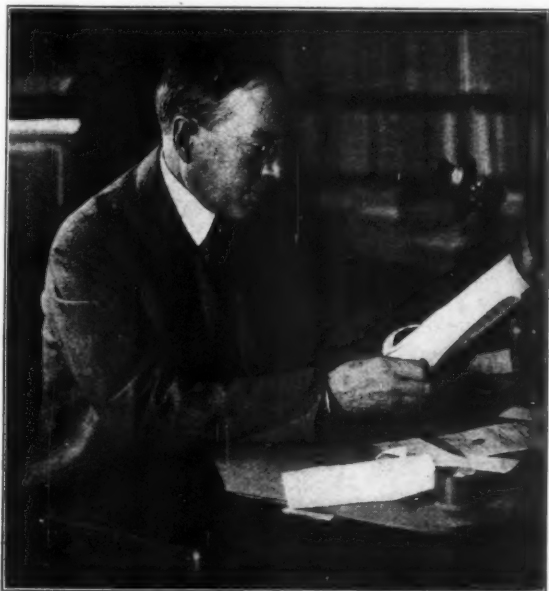
THERE is something almost terrifying in some of the criticisms now being passed on American life by American thinkers. It is plain that the hopeful mood in which we entered the World War has been clouded by one of heart-searching and self-distrust. Not clergymen only, but leaders of public opinion in many fields are sounding the same note. We are "wasters," it seems; we are "lawless," too; we have forfeited our high heritage.

James M. Beck, Solicitor General of the United States, is the most prominent of new prophets who see little hope in the present and warn us against impending disaster. His address on "The Spirit of Lawlessness," delivered before the American Bar Association at Cincinnati, Ohio, has attracted international attention. To the charge of pessimism—or of something closely approaching it—he pleads guilty. There are many who, like Dante, have crossed their fiftieth year and find themselves in a "dark and somber wood." But humanity as a whole, Mr. Beck points out, has never yet found itself in a blind alley of negation. "While the temper of the times seems for the moment pessimistic, it merely marks the recognition by man of an abyss whose existence he barely suspected but over which his indomitable courage will yet carry him."

The prime reason for Mr. Beck's gloomy outlook is found in what he calls "an exceptional revolt against the authority of law." He quotes the statistics of our criminal courts to show how crime has grown in recent years. Thus, in the Federal courts, pending criminal indictments have increased from 9,503 in 1912 to over 70,000 in 1921. It is true that 30,000 of the cases now pending arise under the prohibition statutes; but, even allowing for these, the in-

crease in nine years has been nearly 400 per cent. Then the losses from burglaries which have been repaid by casualty companies have grown in amount from \$886,000 in 1914 to over \$10,000,000 in 1920; and, in a like period, embezzlements have increased fivefold. Mr. Beck goes on to speak of the frequency of railroad "hold-ups." The streets of our cities, once reasonably secure from crimes of violence, have now become the field of operations for the footpad and highwayman. In Chicago alone, it seems, 5,000 automobiles were stolen in a single year. And murder is of almost daily occurrence. In New York, in 1917, there were 236 murders and only 67 convictions; in 1918, 221, and 77 convictions. In Chicago, in 1919, there were 336, and 44 convictions.

Mr. Beck finds evidences of the same sort of demoralization in our music, art, poetry, commerce and social life. There is an "unprecedented aversion to work," he



HE IS FRANKLY PESSIMISTIC

James M. Beck, Solicitor General of the United States, has lately expressed his conviction that "the economic catastrophe of 1921 is far greater than the politico-military catastrophe of 1914."



HE BLAMES PARENTS AND EDUCATORS

If our younger generation is failing to rise to its opportunities, the responsibility, Owen Johnson, author and playwright, says, rests in part on their elders.

says. In support of this charge, he points to the fact that in the State of New York alone for 1920 there was a loss due to strikes of over 10,000,000 working hours.

Accompanying this indisposition to work, Mr. Beck notes an "excessive thirst for pleasure," of which there is no better evidence than that afforded by newspapers. Pages and pages are devoted to sport, while literary, artistic and musical reviews and scientific discussions are either omitted altogether or are grudgingly given a little space once a week.

"What better illustration of this extraordinary revaluation of personalities and incidents than the recent fistic duel between two combatants in Jersey City—a duel which was in marked contrast to another fateful encounter on the heights of Weehawken more than a century ago? Nearly 100,000 men and women of all classes and conditions and from all parts of the world assembled in Jersey City on July 2 last, many of them only to gratify their jaded appetites for a new thrill; and for months and months before and for weeks

thereafter the press devoted not merely columns but many pages to this trial of strength."

An indictment of American morale on similar grounds is made by Owen Johnson in his new novel, "The Wasted Generation" (Little, Brown). It is Mr. Johnson's contention that the old American stock is deteriorating. He says that he discussed the subject in long conversations with Theodore Roosevelt and that the latter agreed with him. The hero of "The Wasted Generation" agonizes over the situation. Lying wounded in a Paris hospital in 1916, this young man writes in his journal: "My father and my grandfather and his father before him were brought up to public service as the result of a system of society and education which demanded service of them. What, all at once, has happened to our generation?" He goes on to record: "We had everything to make us leaders, family traditions, unlimited opportunity and undoubted energy; yet the only result that I can see of our education has been either to divert our unquestioned energy towards a heaping up of material comforts or to make of us triflers and dilettanti; in a word, parasites."

The novel sets in contrast the civilizations of France and America, to the disadvantage of the latter. It shows that in France the spirit of family pride persists, and that young men and women are brought up to think of their country as "something outside of themselves that must go on, that must live—an ideal that is not selfish." In America the individualistic spirit prevails.

One of the vividest characters of the book is a Jewish Socialist and internationalist, who argues his case with rare skill. The old American spirit, he thinks, is antiquated and outgrown. In its place is to come labor solidarity and the breaking down of national barriers.

The challenge is real and it pierces the very souls of the Americans who argue with him. "To my mind," says Owen Johnson, in comment on the story in the *New York Herald*, "the greatest problem which we are facing to-day is whether the future of America is going to be in the hands of the descendants of America or passed on to German-Americans, Russians

and others who have been here but a short time." Mr. Johnson comments further:

"I am not saying that the whole generation is wasted. Of course, that is not true. But the generation of the class that has power and opportunity has failed to carry on. The sons of the men who have accumulated wealth and attained enviable positions of leadership are not assuming their responsibilities.

"The old American strain is gradually losing its heritage and yielding before another that has not been long in this country. The natural process is to have a strong, invigorating strain coming up from the bottom. Certainly the self-made man is the strength of America, but the weakness is that the sons, with all the advantages of wealth, education and friendships, do not utilize their opportunities.

"The problems to-day are so tremendous that they should almost arouse the instinct of self-preservation. If the moneyed classes are going to be turned over to sons who have never known the battle of life, who take no interest in political institutions, then will come radicalism and socialism. If they do not realize that wealth means responsibility, they are going to be swept away."

A third arraignment of the present generation as "wasters" is printed in the *Ladies' Home Journal* from the pen of the novelist, Mary Roberts Rinehart. Mrs. Rinehart calls her article "Freedom and Our Changing Standards" and uses as a kind of text the case of a boy—the last representative of an old American family—who was killed not long ago in England as the result of a fall from a pony while playing polo. "He had nothing to do except to amuse himself, and he killed himself in doing it."

The boy's grandfather had been a clergyman of the Puritan type. His father and mother had fallen away from the ancient faith without being able to substitute new standards of their own. While they had devoted themselves to business and pleasure, the boy had grown up in a kind of moral vacuum.

This is an extreme case, but Mrs. Rinehart uses it to drive home the point that with excessive freedom has come degeneration. She says:

"What is pertinent here is that the boy's father reacted, like many others, away from

the faith of his fathers. And he did not replace it. Almost three centuries of belief were behind him, but he shed it like an outgrown garment and sat spiritually naked among his fellows.

"Perhaps even then the catastrophe could have been averted but for the boy's mother. All through the world the busy male leaves his idealism and to a certain extent his spirituality in the care of his women. It is his cherished belief that women will preserve them for him. He likes to feel that if he lets go, his women at least are holding fast.

"But the boy's mother was having her reaction too. . . . The same immigration which was enabling her husband to employ abundant labor and build a fortune, supplied her home with servants. Things also were being made for her better and cheaper than she could make them herself. She found herself left without an occupation and, as is the way of those with little to do, did nothing. The boy was raised by a trained nurse and later by a governess. He ate different food at different hours, and was put to bed before his father got home to dinner. More or less, his parents



SHE DEPLORES THE HAVOC WROUGHT BY CHANGING STANDARDS

Mary Roberts Rinehart, novelist, sees in the "movement away from the churches" a cause for many of our present troubles.

became magnificent but remote figures whose function was to supply his wants.

"They were always busy. They came rushing in, changed their clothes and went out again, and very early he got the idea that home was a place to get away from. . . .

"He went out then and went about his business, which he found was to amuse himself. He spent a little time each day in his father's office, but the business was built by that time, and he knew he was not necessary to it. So the panderers got in their work, set him dancing to lascivious music, fired him with erotic fashions innocently enough worn, but appealing to the lusty man-urge that was in him; and when they had got in their work and scandal threatened, his parents shipped him to England. . . .

"One thing the boy was spared: He never knew that while he was abroad his father and mother had separated. It was as inevitable as all the rest. The man began to feel that he was paying too high a price for a trifle of companionship and a woman at the foot of his table. Like the rest of the earners, too, he wanted to stop and play; so he chose a shady by-path of life to play in and eventually obtained—observe the word—his freedom. And meantime the boy died.

"They met over the boy's casket. He was free, and she was free. They could go where they wanted, and do as they would. After all, only one was there who had actually achieved freedom, and that was the dead boy."

So much for the disease. Now what of the remedy? Mrs. Rinehart's article suggests that the lack of religion, or the wrong sort of religion, is to blame for the false "freedom" of which she complains. The ancient standards were at least definite. They worked because, for a majority of people, they were felt to have the authority of divine sanction. But now we have passed, or are passing, to new standards which claim superiority to those superseded, but which, as a matter of actual fact, are so indefinite that they are ineffectual. Mrs. Rinehart does not advocate a return to the old; she does not champion the new; what she does is to call attention to the havoc wrought by changing standards.

Owen Johnson's message, as expressed in his novel, is equally vague. The best he can do, in the story, is to leave the hero waiting for the leader who is to harness his flagging energies and revive his hopes.

In the *Herald* interview, however, Mr. Johnson is more definite. He says:

"As I see it, the great defect lies in our educational system. I do think that education falls down if it cannot carry on a developed type. Instead of turning out men inspired to be leaders, our American universities take the sons of successful men and stifle any interest they may have in politics. The universities have become mere social clearing houses. They turn out men who are chiefly concerned with getting the most enjoyment out of life, with no sense of values or responsibilities.

"I began criticizing the colleges with 'Stover at Yale,' questioning their social systems, their secret societies, their spirit of leadership and their lack of interest in the world of affairs. . . .

"There are many bigger things in college than book learning. The college man must be inspired to take up the responsibility of politics. He must be made to realize that it is up to him to go in and make his influence felt and not sit back and let us all wonder where the American leadership is coming from."

James M. Beck is convinced that the cure for our ills is to be found in a recognition of the fact that "work is the greatest moral force in the world." He adds:

"I have faith in the inextinguishable spark of the Divine which is in the human soul and which our complex mechanical civilization has not extinguished. Of this the World War was in itself a proof. All the horrible resources of mechanics and chemistry were utilized to coerce the human-soul, and all proved ineffectual. Never did men rise to greater heights of self-sacrifice. . . .

"I am reminded of a remark that the great Roumanian statesman, Take Jonescu, made during the Peace Conference at Paris. When asked his views as to the future civilization, he replied: 'Judged by the light of reason there is but little hope, but I have faith in man's inextinguishable impulse to live.' Thank God, that can not be affected by any change in man's environment. For even when the caveman retreated from the advance of the polar cap, which once covered Europe with Arctic desolation, he not only defied the elements but showed even then the love of the sublime by beautifying the walls of his icy prison with those mural decorations which were the beginning of art. Assuredly the man of to-day, with the Godly heritage of countless ages, can do no less. He has but to diagnose the evil and he will then, in some way, meet it."

THE NOTE OF MORAL GENIUS IN SHAKESPEARE

THE statement is often heard that Shakespeare was careless of religion and morals. Swinburne called him a Freethinker, and Emerson, in his essay on Shakespeare, declares: "It must even go into the world's history that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement." More recently, in letters addressed to John Jay Chapman and to T. S. Perry, William James has written:

"The trouble with Shakespeare was his intolerable fluency. He improvised so easily that it kept down his level. It is hard to see how the man that wrote his best things could possibly have let himself do ranting bombast and complication on such a large scale elsewhere. 'Tis mighty fun to read him through in order. . . ."

"Shakespeare seems to me to have been a professional *amuser*, in the first instance, with a productivity like that of a Dumas or a Scribe; but possessing what no other *amuser* has possessed, a lyric splendor added to his rhetorical fluency, which has made people take him for a more essentially serious human being than he was. Neurotically and erotically, he was hyperesthetic, with a playful graciousness of character never surpassed. He could be profoundly melancholy; but even then was controlled by the audience's needs. A cork in the rapids, with no ballast of his own, without religious or ethical ideals, accepting uncritically every theatrical and social convention, he was simply an aeolian harp passively resounding to the stage's call."

Against this tendency to treat Shakespeare as a man without religious or ethical ideals, Frank Harris enters a spirited protest in the London *Saturday Review*. Mr. Harris, whose life-long study of Shakespeare is revealed in his books, "The Man Shakespeare" and "The Women of Shakespeare," takes the view that Shakespeare is not only moral, but even conventionally moral. He stands for the rule and not for the exception. "He regards virginity," to follow Mr. Harris' argument, "as the priceless jewel of a girl; intimacy even in those about to be married is a sad

and terrible mistake; lust is 'an expense of spirit in a waste of shame'; seduction is a crime; he is English to the heart." It would be easy to prove, Mr. Harris thinks, that after the catastrophe of his life recounted in the Sonnets, Shakespeare moralizes almost every incident. The argument proceeds:

"Take the scene in 'Twelfth Night,' when the clown has sung his sad song to Death. The Duke evidently hands him his purse:

DUKE. There's for thy pains.

CLOWN. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

DUKE. I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

CLOWN. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

—the moral warning brought in rather cleverly. Or take the famous scene in 'Hamlet,' written a year or two later, in which Prince Hamlet begs the Lord Chamberlain, Polonius, to take good care of the players:

HAM. Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are abstracts and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better to have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

POL. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

HAM. God's bodikins, man, much better; use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity; the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.

"Now it's manifest that here Shakespeare is thinking of himself. Players are not 'abstracts and brief chronicles of the time,' tho playwrights are; but what I want to draw attention to is that Shakespeare will teach a lesson of high courtesy even to the Lord Chamberlain, and immediately afterwards he gives another lesson to the players, knowing their habitual fault, the fault of all inferior castes. Hamlet says to the First Player:

HAM. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. (Exit First Player.)

"Now courtesy may not seem a high virtue to the Jameses; but to Shakespeare in an aristocratic society it was the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace, and he had manifestly studied every phase of it. Consider, too, that these are not chance moralizings; they are preachments having nothing to do with the story, hemming and retarding the action indeed, faults in dramatic

construction which Shakespeare, according to James, was alone interested in."

What Mr. Harris wishes to show is that Shakespeare rises time and again to the height of the argument and that if he seldom justifies the ways of God to men, he is intent on teaching men how to live. Mr. Harris is even willing to argue in behalf of Shakespeare's democracy, despite what Tolstoy and Ernest Crosby have written. He dismisses the passage (in "King Henry the Sixth") in which Jack Cade is held up to scorn as belonging to Shakespeare's earliest work and therefore not characteristic of him. "At least," he says, "it should not be quoted as proving the mature Shakespeare's lack of sympathy with the poor, for in more than one passage he expresses passionate sympathy for their 'loop'd and window'd raggedness.'"

There is something Christlike, Mr. Harris tells us, in the Shakespearean attitude toward the forgiveness of enemies. Robert Burns talked about "nursing one's wrath to keep it warm," but Shakespeare is intent on proving that this is dangerous. "He finds the true reason for loving one's enemies, the all-compelling reason—you must love your enemies for your own health's sake." In this connection Mr. Harris writes further:

"Everyone should remember the great scene in 'Timon of Athens,' in which Alcibiades pleads before the senate:

For pity is the virtue of the law.

and how the First Senator, answering him, falls wholly out of character and takes Shakespeare's own nature in order to demonstrate the worth of the highest teaching of Jesus:

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his
wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, care-
lessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

"It is surely Shakespeare himself and not a Senator who speaks here—Shakespeare, who has complained of calumny bitterly a hundred times and notably in 'Hamlet'; Shakespeare, who asserts that it takes high

courage to support the infamy of the insults that the inferior always lavishes on his betters. But mark the point and weight of the last lines: to nurse anger, Shakespeare tells us, is to 'prefer our injuries to our heart, to bring it into danger.'

"He knew as well as Vauvenargues, and centuries earlier, that 'all great thoughts come from the heart'; that it is by the heart we grow, and whoever nourishes hatred or anger really prefers his injuries to his soul's well-being. This is the one important addition in twenty centuries to our treasury of moral truths."

It is a source of perpetual wonderment to Frank Harris how commentators and critics have missed and misunderstood Shakespeare. He was a moral, as well as a literary, genius. His phrases are worthy to be compared with those of Jesus. And yet a man of William James' learning can speak of him as "a cork in the rapids, with no ballast of his own, without religious or ethical ideals." The article concludes:

"Nearly all great men have had some vague sense of Providence, a guiding impulse in the chaos of accidents; in Jesus it was a faith, as in Mahomet; Napoleon, too, believed in his star; but no one ever found an adequate expression for the belief till Shakespeare came:

There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them as we will.

"Then think of his perpetual questioning of sense and outward things, his doubtings and disbelief:

The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveler returns.

"And the magical word that clothes our thought so imperially:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

"And then the scientific:

... Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. ...

"And finally the pathetic, honest word that to me holds all the sad-sweetness that makes our Shakespeare what he was:

... a man
More sinn'd against than sinning."

HOW FAR THE CHURCH CAN INDORSE PSYCHOANALYSIS

PSYCHOANALYSIS, as expounded by Freud, Jung and a multitude of lesser men, is a sign of the times that cannot be ignored. It aspires not only to revolutionize medical practice, but also to supersede moral philosophy, and, in the new Nancy School of Therapy, is already busy at both these enterprizes. What has the church to say about the new psychology, and how does it propose to meet the challenge?

An answer to both these questions is offered by the London *Guardian*, the leading Church of England paper, in an editorial which reviews the claims of psychoanalysis and endeavors to separate the wheat from the chaff in the new science. "We shall not at the moment essay," the *Guardian* says, "the impossible task of cataloging the data of the new psychology. It must suffice briefly to indicate the direction in which it is extending its province." This direction is indicated in the following lucid manner:

"It demarcates the subliminal mind of the older psychology into two regions—the Fore-conscious and the Unconscious. Of these, the latter is by far the more important for human character and conduct. It is a storehouse into which all experiences tend to pass. In the great majority they are lost to consciousness, and they cannot be recovered except when special stimuli are applied in special conditions. It is the business of a subsidiary art—psychoanalysis—to apply these stimuli in the conditions which are appropriate. Psychoanalysis, we are assured, can become a curative method of unimagined potency, by reason of its access to recesses of the soul which are vastly more capacious and better furnished than any parts of it which are accessible to reason and will. We vainly flatter ourselves when we deem ourselves to be rational beings, in the sense that our conduct and character are capable of being determined in the main by reason. Conduct and character are mainly shaped by the 'complexes' which erupt from the unconscious region of mind. These complexes can be diverted by sublimation. They can even be dissolved; but not by the action of the will, nor by the direct operation of

reason. 'Suggestion,' directed by competent psychoanalysis, is alone competent to transmute them into virtuous agencies, when they are maleficent, as they generally tend to be. Our dead selves are never really dead. They are dormant, and they wake to work evil oftener than good. Psychoanalysis can ensure that they shall wake to beneficent action. Thus and thus only can we count on rising as on stepping stones to higher things. And it is not only our dead selves in the narrower sense that determine us. Our dead forebears, who have left us their fatal bequest of herd and sex instincts, influence us far more than our own rational and conative processes. The past is present in us, tho we know it not, and it holds us in a clutch which only psychoanalysis can effectively loosen. Our unconscious minds are, in fact, laboratories as well as storehouses, and in them are fashioned our temperaments, our health, our diseases, our virtues, and the sin that doth so easily beset us."

There are points at which the *Guardian* finds this teaching in irreconcilable conflict with the Christian Faith. At other points, it says, there is apparent but not real conflict. In the first place, "the Faith cannot admit that conduct and character are mainly determined by inherited instincts, much less that they are irresistibly so determined." Nor can it allow that the unconscious mind has primacy over the conscious in the determination of the moral worth of any one. "The supreme value attaches to consciousness, and it is the task of the will to harness the unconscious to the service of the good." But it must be admitted, the *Guardian* continues, that the element of greatest potency and significance in the formation and potency of character is normally entrusted to the subliminal rather than to the conscious mind. "The grace of God is a latent force in the soul of a Christian, and it, too, can be evoked to activity under appropriate conditions, and by special methods." There is no real conflict between the new knowledge and the old faith at this point.

According to the new psychology most

of the trouble in the soul and much bodily ill-health are caused by rebellious "complexes" which are in a "repressed" state. Man is withheld from the good that he would do by the body of sin which, tho not consciously present to him, is active within him. There is little to distinguish this, the *Guardian* remarks, from the Pauline doctrine. "If the trouble is to be cured, it had better be disclosed to an expert. That is the inference which psycho-therapists draw, and it is in harmony with the Catholic assertion of the healing value of confession. The psycho-therapist, however, has no avowed moral ideal, and on this point he is in a position of inferiority, as compared with the priest whom he is to supersede." The *Guardian* concludes:

"Viewed as science, the new psychology minimizes the value and efficiency of reason. It robs it of any claim to be the power regnant by Divine right in the realm of conduct. It dethrones the will and places instinct in the vacant place. Further investigation is likely to induce it to abate its pretensions in both these regards. Considered as an art associated with a science (psychoanalytic therapy), it has already made good a part of its claim to be a new and revolutionary method of healing—faith-healing with a difference. But it does not seem likely that its full claim will be substantiated. As a method of psychiatry the new psychology cannot be countenanced. A method of soul-cure which discredits the higher energies of the human spirit is *ipso facto* condemned. But its teaching at many points, as in the instances which we have noted, is in curious agreement with the Faith, however different its drift and tendency may prove to be."

AN AMERICAN DOUGHBOY'S PRO-TEST AGAINST MILITARISM

THE Great War has inevitably had its reflection in novels of many countries. Among such novels, Henri Barbusse's "Under Fire" and Andreas Latzko's "Men in War"—fierce anti-militarist documents—stand out preeminent. Now comes the first American anti-militarist novel, "Three Soldiers" (Doran), by John Dos Passos. In its pages may be found something of the anguish of young men who were suddenly torn from their homes to fight against the Germans.

This book is vivid, but not sentimental. It does not contain a description of a single battle. What it does describe is the transformation of minds and bodies under the stress of war.

The hero of the story is John Andrews, a highly sensitive musician from New York. His two chums are Fuselli, a thrifty, normal boy from the streets of San Francisco, and Chrisfield, a simple, good-hearted boy from the farms of Indiana. These are the "three soldiers" of the title. We follow them as they pass from training camps to transports and to French villages and the trenches; and the results are not reassuring. Two of the

three end as deserters, and the third is finally sick with a disease which "some guys say no guy can ever be cured of."

The story is told with extraordinary frankness. Soldiers here talk as they do in real life. There is no effort to hide or disguise the ugly facts of drunkenness and prostitution. The pettiness of men clothed in brief authority is illumined. The total effect of military discipline upon a sensitive mind is revealed as nothing less than appalling.

The ghastliest passage in the book is that which describes how a sick lad in a dormitory is "yanked" from his bed by guards because he refuses to get up, and then falls back dead. In another place we find the following account of how John Andrews himself is tormented when brought to trial because he went on a day's outing to Chartres without obtaining a leave-warrant:

"Handsome sat with his elbows on the table and his chin in his beefy hands. His face was flushed crimson, but the skin was softly molded, like a woman's.

"The light in the room was beginning to grow gray.

"Handsome and Bill Huggis stood up. A young officer, with clearly-marked features and a campaign hat worn a little on one side, came in, stood with his feet wide apart in the middle of the floor.

"Andrews went up to him.

"I'm in the Sorbonne detachment, Lieutenant, stationed in Paris."

"Don't you know enough to salute?" said the officer, looking him up and down. "One of you men teach him to salute," he said slowly.

"Handsome made a step toward Andrews and hit him with his fist between the eyes. There was a flash of light and the room swung round, and there was a splitting crash as his head struck the floor. He got to his feet. The fist hit him in the same place, blinding him, the three figures and the bright oblong of the window swung round. A chair crashed down with him, and a hard rap in the back of his skull brought momentary blackness.

"That's enough, let him be," he heard a voice far away at the end of a black tunnel.

"A great weight seemed to be holding him down as he struggled to get up, blinded by tears and blood. Rending pains darted like arrows through his head. There were handcuffs on his wrists.

"Git up," snarled a voice.

"He got to his feet, faint light came through the streaming tears in his eyes. His forehead flamed as if hot coals were being pressed against it.

"Prisoner, attention!" shouted the officer's voice. "March!"

"Automatically Andrews lifted one foot and then the other. He felt in his face the cool air of the street. On either side of him were the hard steps of the M. P.'s. Within him a nightmare voice was shrieking, shrieking."

Comment on "Three Soldiers" is widespread and ranges all the way from the bitterest denunciation to the most enthusiastic praise. In a leading article in the *New York Times Book Review and Magazine*, entitled "Insulting the Army," Coningsby Dawson declares: "This is the kind of book that anyone would have been arrested for writing while the war was yet in progress." He continues:

"Villainies of the kind depicted may have occurred, as they occur in peace life, and probably did occur in single instances in all



HE STATES THE CASE FOR REBEL-
LIOUS YOUTH

John Dos Passos is accused of "insulting the army" in his new novel, "Three Soldiers," but his aim, it is clear, is to tell the story of youth in bondage.

armies; but the moment they were discovered they were punished. They were emphatically not a part of any army system. Mr. John Dos Passos seems to have either imagined or remembered every exceptional example of abuse of authority on the part of subordinates, and has pasted them together into a moving picture which he labels a novel. Tho the isolated cases quoted in this book may have taken place in scattered instances, the effect of them when joined up into one long film is unspeakably dreary and unconvincing. The spirit of the book is all wrong. It implies that every man in uniform above the rank of private was a bully; that in the army between men and officers there was never any bond of loyalty—only a gulf of hate; that the man in the ranks who went to France to fight, went as a slave, with a dull anger in his heart; that whatever his initial patriotism and idealism, it had all been battered out of him long before he reached the battle-line. Most of this is untrue on

the face of it; for it was the man in the ranks who won the war. Moreover, it is a dastardly denial of the splendid chivalry which carried many a youth to a soldier's death with the sure knowledge in his soul that he was a liberator."

Henry Seidel Canby, in the *New York Evening Post*, also states his conviction that an argument against the American Expeditionary Forces and the conduct of the war built out of such material as that used in "Three Soldiers" is manifestly absurd; but, he adds, "this book is a very engrossing one, a first-hand study, finely imagined and powerfully created." We may dismiss its philosophy as incomplete; we cannot dismiss its conception of the free soul, tortured, deadened, diseased by the circumstances of war. "It is convincing, even tho partial."

Francis Hackett, in the *New Republic*, compares "Three Soldiers" with Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage"; and William Stanley Braithwaite, of the *Boston Transcript*, goes so far as to say:

"It is the novel of a man of genius. The intricate, complex, confused background of the machinery of the war, ceaselessly and

brutally in action, snatching up its human material, grinding them out as so many articles of discipline, is epical in its effect upon the imagination. The sense of human foulness typified in the incessant desire of the men under military domination for drink and sensual excitement, would be unbearably sordid if Mr. Dos Passos' power to balance it with the interweaving of beauty was not so great. There is page after page of exquisite description amidst the excessive vulgarity of human speech and of human action. We get inside of men's souls, no matter what those souls are, whether they are the blunt sensuality of a Crisfield, or the sensitive spiritual dream of an Andrews. The blind forces of passion work toward their own ends in each. Passion is liberally spread all through the novel; beauty, with ineffable countenance, glows upon many a touching episode; and with these, anger burns righteously against all invested shams and false sentiments; and to show that the soldiers were exposed to these as well as to disease and German shells, Mr. Dos Passos sets up the targets of the emissaries sent to the front by the moral and patriotic opinion of the country. This same public opinion will be shocked by 'Three Soldiers,' but the art of fiction in America and the Goddess of Truth have a new and bright and faithful votary in the artistic gift of John Dos Passos."

RENAN AS AN INFLUENCE THAT STILL LEADS US

IT IS nearly thirty years since Ernest Renan died, but he is still, Felix Grendon asserts in the *New York Nation*, "a pioneer on a road along which all striving spirits are nowadays traveling." To most readers Renan is known only as the author of a "Life of Jesus" which in its time created hubbub and scandal. The full scope of his achievement is revealed in a new book, "Ernest Renan" (Appleton), by Lewis Freeman Mott, Professor of English in the College of the City of New York. We may follow here, through its various phases, the intellectual development of a master-mind. He "belonged to no school," and he "formed no school," but his influence is implicit in almost all the liberal religious thinking of our time.

The express purpose of Renan's life was the creation of a new religion in harmony with the modern spirit and with modern needs. His books, "The Future of Science," "Life of Jesus," "Origins of Christianity," "History of the People of Israel"; his essays and addresses; his archeological studies and trips to the Orient, were all steps toward this final goal. He came, at the last, to see that his purpose was incapable of the speedy realization for which he had hoped and worked. He never, however, relinquished the purpose itself.

The central idea of Renan's thought, as Professor Mott defines it, is one of *becoming*. The stars in their courses, land and sea, plants and sentient creatures, man, in whom, so far as we know, the universe

first becomes conscious of itself, are all moving toward some unknown, infinite perfection. This movement is the evolution of God, and the contemplation of it, instinctive in the uncultured, narrowed by dogma in the theological, free and elevated in the devotees of divine philosophy, constitutes the ideal, which is but another term for religion.

There is nothing dogmatic in Renan's religion and much that is vague and undefined. He was not afraid of contradictions. He used to say: "Woe to him who does not contradict himself at least once a day." What he meant was that we never see the entire truth, for truth is infinite and as a whole inexpressible. A man who clings to a dogma simply blinds himself to the contradictions his dogma involves. When he gains wisdom he sees that opposites are necessary and that there must be no exclusion, except for the moment.

For Renan the will of God is replaced by natural law. He leaves no place for the supernatural. Jesus, a son of God, if you choose, becomes a natural human phenomenon, and all sacred books are mere examples of primitive literature. Revelation must yield to investigation, arbitrary tenets to reality. Moral sentiments should replace the sacraments. In contrast with theology, science has no creed, its principles being nothing but a way of looking at things.

History, in this view, is part of the evolution of the consciousness of the universe. It began with the atom and continues until now. Humanity, like matter, was a vast homogeneous mass, containing germs that operated through their own inner forces to bring about diversified results. Some such germs grouped themselves in Greece to give birth to philosophy and art; some in



Courtesy of La France

A CHARMING SKEPTIC

Of all the great skeptics, Ernest Renan, Benjamin de Casseres says, deserves the epithet "charming." He "was a charming skeptic, as Pascal was a tragic skeptic, Montaigne a gay skeptic and Voltaire a militant skeptic."

Rome to develop the idea of law; some in Palestine to foster religion. It was Renan's chosen task to study the obscure beginnings of influences that were destined to shape the entire future of the world.

Renan has been criticized for filling out, by conjecture and divination, blank spaces in history. But the limits of scholarship, Professor Mott points out, have a general resemblance to the limits of logic; there is a region beyond, and this is to be reached only through the poetic faculties.

"The recent science of comparative philology opened such marvelous vistas into untraveled realms and so changed received ideas that Renan was enraptured. He was seized with a passion for the primitive. He knew well enough how small a handful of dry facts he possessed, but they seemed to him sufficient for an artistic reconstruction. At the best, the results must be uncertain, and a critical procedure that takes the middle path between accepting everything and rejecting everything has the chances in its favor. At any rate, it was the method in harmony with Renan's nature, a nature which sought moderation in life and politics, as well as in erudition.

"An intelligent reader who has no special knowledge can readily discount hazardous statements. A fair example from the 'Life of Jesus' is the story of the Samaritan woman

at the well of Jacob. In a note Renan points out that no one, unless it were either Jesus or the woman, could have reported the words there spoken and that the anecdote (John iv. 21-23) is probably (others would say certainly) not historical, tho correctly representing the attitude of Jesus. On the following page he treats the anecdote as a fact. But it really makes no difference. The conclusion drawn, that this is 'absolute religion,' does not depend on the truth of any incidents. Few doubt that Jesus taught his disciples to worship 'in spirit and in truth,' rather than to respect Jerusalem or Samaria as holy places. The general impression stands, even if groups of details may have no basis in fact."

In Renan's thought, the world is a place for serious labor and for serious reflection; it is also a spectacle and we are called upon to enjoy and admire it. Renan was so tolerant that in his writings even a man such as Nero excites curiosity rather than hatred. "It is impossible," Professor Mott says, "to find in his published works a single expression of personal hatred. Even his irony is uttered with a benevolent smile. His superiority he certainly knew, but he never imposes it upon others, his writings being as free from arrogance as his relations with men, both the most exalted and the most humble. Assuredly, the dominant trait of Renan is benevolence."

This benevolence, it seems, enveloped all that he thought:

"It appears in his engaging way of putting things, and especially in his fraternal spirit toward all mankind, his humanity that recognizes an essential likeness under every superficial variation of conditions and appearances. Most people tend to regard an ancient Egyptian, a Chinaman, a Bedouin, as differing in character from themselves. Not so Renan. His sympathies emphasized the fact that his relationship with men of every age, of every land, of every manner of life, was one of kind. The motive of a flattering hieroglyphic inscription is the same as that of a note about the Emperor in the *Moniteur*, the Chinese government is such as would be the rule of the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, the courtesy and taste of an illiterate nomad in his desert tent differs in no respect but fashion from the delicacy and refinement of a Parisian salon. The much abused modern parallels are in truth nothing but a bookish modification of the same tenderness of

heart that found its personal expression in charitable acts, kindly demeanor, and manners of exquisite dignity and charm."

The philosophy of Renan, Professor Mott tells us finally, is not a system but an organic unity. It fits itself into the varying experiences of the hour. There is marked difference between his earlier and later writings. We can see how the eager anticipations of youth have been supplanted by a realistic acknowledgment of facts as they are. But he has not really changed.

"In fact, we find in Renan what Sainte-Beuve was so fond of seeking in the subjects of his studies—the unity of a fine life. If externally this life is especially characterized by benevolence, internally it is characterized by joy, joy of a sort that begets, and is in turn begotten by, benevolence. Of this happy state the gaiety for which Renan has been reproached is but a manifestation. He had joy in his thoughts, joy in his travels, joy in his human relationships, and, above all, joy in his work. He never got far from nature; even in Paris his study, when he chose it, always looked out on trees. A fine view never failed to elicit his enthusiasm. When the contemplation of the universe gives us delight, we should not deprive ourselves of this element of harmless happiness.

"It is not any particular idea, but the unity of a great man's life and the variety and perfection of his expression of it that constitutes the originality of genius. Others perceived the fluidity of existence, others broke through rigid formulas, others substituted thoro learning for superficial declamation; the belief in science as the universal solvent was general about the middle of the century; the intermingling of poetry, erudition and philosophy was no invention of Renan's; an intense concentration on a limited field, together with views into the vague distance, is a method that can, without wide search, be paralleled; but nowhere else can be found the special combination, the resultant of thinking, in short, the personality that we call Renan. He belonged to no school, and he formed no school. In fact, no school was in his case possible. The very idea is self-destructive.

"The general influence of his attitude toward existence, however, is peace of spirit. After being nourished on his works, one is enabled readily to translate into non-theological terms the famous line of Dante:

In la sua voluntade è nostre pace.
(In his will is our peace.)"

WHAT SPECTRA ARE AND HOW THEY ARE OBTAINED

CONSIDER the course of a pencil of light as it traverses the simplest form of spectroscope. After passing through a narrow slit, it diverges until it reaches a lens, which will form an image of the slit on a screen placed at a certain distance, just as a camera lens forms an image on a photographic plate.

If, proceeds Professor E. P. Lewis in *Scientia*, a prism is placed beyond the lens the pencil of light will be refracted towards its base. Different colors will be refracted through different angles and the light will be spread out into a broad band, red at one end and violet at the other, which is called a spectrum.

This is the basic principle of all spectroscopes, but they are usually of less simple construction.

If the source is a gas flame colored with any salt of sodium, the spectrum will consist of two bright yellow lines close together, each an image of the slit. It is evident that there will be as many slit images as there are colors in the incident light. These images are called spectrum lines. The unbroken gradations of colors in the continuous spectrum of a candle show that its light contains practically an infinite number of colors rather than the seven distinct colors specified by Newton. It is well established that light is due to a wave motion and that each color corresponds to a definite wave length of frequency of vibration.

Many years ago Fraunhofer observed that the spectrum of the sun is crossed by many dark lines parallel to the slit. No explanation of these lines was possible at the time. Other observers discovered that flames colored with various metallic salts and the light of the electric arc or spark do not give continuous spectra like that of a candle, or one crossed by dark lines, like that of the sun, but that their spectra consist of different numbers and arrangement

of lines. At last it was established that every luminous gas or vapor has a spectrum consisting of a finite number of lines, the numbers and position of which are characteristic of the substance. In many cases such vapors will absorb light of the same frequencies of vibration coming from a brighter source. The explanation of absorption finally given was based upon acoustical analogy, a resemblance to facts observed in the case of hearing:

"If a tuning fork is set in vibration another fork of the same frequency will absorb some of the energy from the first and will be set into sympathetic vibration, but this will not be the case if the two forks are not of the same pitch. If we assume that light waves are due to atomic vibrations, we may infer that similar atoms placed in their path will absorb a portion of their energy and re-radiate it in all directions, so that there will be less light traveling in the original direction. It thus becomes clear that the dark lines observed by Fraunhofer must be due to absorption of the same colors that they emit by the colder vapors of the outer atmosphere of the sun. A further acoustical analogy may help us to form some idea of how the spectroscope may aid us in obtaining some idea of atomic structure. Sound waves are set up by the vibrations of musical instruments. Similarly, light waves must be due to periodic disturbances in atoms or molecules. A tuning fork emits sound of a definite pitch. This corresponds to an atom which has a spectrum consisting of only one line, but no element gives such a simple spectrum except under special conditions of very feeble excitation. If all the keys of a piano are struck simultaneously a complex sound will be emitted, consisting of a number of fundamental tones and their harmonics. This corresponds to the case of the many-line spectrum of an element, except that in the latter the frequencies have none of the simple harmonic relationships shown by the overtones of the piano. In such spectra as those of iron and uranium there are many thousands

of lines, the frequencies of which have no simple numerical relationship to each other."

We could not from a study of the sounds emitted by a piano arrive at any accurate idea of its mechanical structure, and it may be imagined that the problem must be infinitely more difficult in the case of an atom having a more complex system of waves. While we can not hope to solve the problem completely, the spectroscope, with the aid of suggestion derived from the study of electric discharges through gases and of radioactive phenomena, has given us a fairly definite idea of the general structure of atoms and of the way in which they emit and absorb light.

"It was found that incandescent solids have a continuous spectrum, while the same substances when vaporized have a discontinuous spectrum. There are two kinds of discontinuous spectra, line and band. The former are composed of lines irregularly arranged and at some distance from each other. The latter are likewise composed of lines, but they occur in more or less regular groups in which the lines are very close together.

Band spectra are given by all compound gases which are not dissociated by the electric discharge which makes them luminous, such as carbon dioxide and the halogen compounds of mercury."

These spectra are entirely characteristic of the compound and do not contain any lines of the elements of which they are composed. In such cases the radiating system must be the molecule as a whole.

Under certain conditions some elements likewise give a band spectrum. Such is the case with nitrogen when excited by a feeble electric current, but when the discharge is sufficiently intense to dissociate the molecules an entirely different line spectrum appears. Such facts justify the general conclusion that band spectra are given by both compounds and elements in the molecular state, while line spectra are due to the dissociated atoms or rather ions. (An ion is an electrically charged atom or molecule.) No satisfactory hypothesis as to the origin of band spectra has yet been given.

THE TYPE OF MIND THAT BELIEVES IN LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS

A SCIENTIST'S view of life on other worlds is too likely to be influenced by the nature of his specialty. Thus, the chemist looks at the subject with special reference to his laboratory experience. The biologist thinks in terms of protoplasm. The astronomer deems it a matter of astrophysics. There is no comprehensive verdict upon this most important of all the topics in science because the narrowness of specialism affects every judgment. This point is made among others by Doctor W. D. Matthew of the American Museum of Natural History in the course of a discussion in his capacity as a paleontologist which we find in *Science*. The complex chain of circumstances necessary to bring about the commencement of life, he writes, has occurred upon our earth but once, probably, in

an environment that has apparently been favorable for a thousand million years. The probability of its occurring in a substantially similar environment upon another planet is so slight, Doctor Matthew thinks, as to be practically reducible to a mathematical zero in any particular instance. Let us review first the probabilities.

The number of solar systems being almost infinite, we might regard the number of such possible favorable environments as amounting practically to infinity.

The resultant of these two considerations is that there is a finite and reasonable chance that life has existed or will exist somewhere else in the universe than on this earth alone. The probability that intelligent life exists is vastly less. That anything in the least like our civilization

exists at the present time is so slight as to be negligible. Summing up as a paleontologist, Doctor Matthew says:

"If any life involving the development of self-consciousness, of abstract thought and introspection analogous to the higher intelligence of mankind, or the control of environment and utilization of natural resources that we call civilization, should develop independently upon some other planet out of the pre-existing simpler phases of life, it probably—almost surely—would be so remote in its fundamental character and its external manifestations from our own, that we could not interpret or comprehend the external indications of its existence, nor even probably observe or recognize them.

"In any specific instance, such as other planets of our own system, the probabilities of the existence of any kind of life amount to practically zero. The probabilities of an intelligent life upon Mars or Venus or elsewhere in our system so similar to our own in its character and manifestations as to be indicated by irrigation canals, cities, or other manifestations of human civilization, appears to be zero of the second degree. The most that one can allow as a reasonable possibility is that there may be some form of life existing somewhere else in the universe than upon our planet. That we have or shall ever get evidence of its existence appears to me practically impossible in the light of present knowledge and limitations."

It is noticeable that, as the controversy over life on other worlds develops, the astronomers take the affirmative view while the biologists are on the negative side. Astronomers, physicists, mathematicians are accustomed to hold a more receptive attitude, an open mind, towards hypotheses that cannot be proved or, rather, definitely disproved. This frame of mind is natural and adapted to their work. The biologist deals with a different problem. His evidence is almost always inductive, experimental. His subjects are far too complex, too little understood, to admit of mathematical analysis, save in their simpler aspects. He is compelled to adopt towards the illimitable number of possible explanations a decidedly exclusive attitude and to leave out of consideration all factors that have not something in the way of positive evidence for their existence.

If he fails to do so, he soon finds himself struggling hopelessly in a bog of unprofitable speculations. A critical rather than a receptive frame of mind is the fundamental condition of progress in his work. The astronomer or cosmologist has in mind when he thinks of this problem the physical and chemical conditions that would render life possible. If these be duplicated elsewhere he sees life as possible, and by the laws of chance probable or almost certain, if they be duplicated often enough. Viewing the innumerable multitude of stars, each of them a solar system with possible or probable planets like our own, he sees such multitudinous duplications of the physical conditions that have made life possible on our planet that it appears to him impossible for all to remain empty and lifeless.

The biologist, again, has at the forefront of his mind the history and evolution of life on our earth. He knows that altho these conditions favoring the creation of living matter have existed on the earth for many millions or hundreds of millions of years, yet life has not come into existence on earth save once, or at most half a dozen times, during that period. It must appear to him that the real conditions for the creation of life on earth have involved not merely the favoring physical conditions but some immensely complex chain of circumstances so rare that even on earth it has occurred probably but once during the ages of geological time.

"That the 'man in the street' should be sympathetic with the astronomer's rather than the biologist's conclusion is natural enough. The physical probabilities are obvious enough to all; the complexity of life and its conditions he does not realize; nor does he sense the minute relative proportion of time during which intelligent life has existed upon earth, or the vast and impassable barriers of space that preclude the transfer of organized matter from star to star. Moreover, to admit the probability of extra-mundane life opens the way for all sorts of fascinating speculation in which a man of imaginative temperament may revel free from the checks and barriers of earthly realities."

SUCCESS IN LIFE OF THE WELL-BALANCED MAN

NOT brilliance nor even genius will guarantee success in life. In fact the possession of both genius and brilliance may conceivably lead to failure in life. It is possible to have so many gifts that the task of coordinating them into an efficient personality will prove too severe a tax upon the moral power of the individual. Hence it is possible to be a brilliant failure in life, but still a failure.

Success in life seems on the whole to attend the harmonious temperament, the man who never changes very much throughout his life—the isogenic man, in a word. This is the conclusion of a close student of types of humanity, Professor P. Roualeyn Gordon, who writes in *Chambers's Journal*. People of the harmonious temperament, he reminds us, are often thought neutral in type and so they really are. They are neither too masculine nor too effeminate, neither very positive nor very negative. They are just well balanced.

A person of this type has a much wider sphere of activity and has greater influence than other people. The strongly masculine man is often disliked. He has many enemies. The woman whose disposition is masculine is not usually a favorite with her own sex. She is often domineering and autocratic. The effeminate man is usually more popular with the opposite sex than he is with his own sex. But the well-balanced individual of an "isogenic" constitution is generally popular with all classes of both sexes. An isogenic man may not be a greater individual success but he is a greater relative success—he can do most things equally well. He has a wider sphere of operations than have people of other constitutions.

"Isogenic people are always medium in size, always relatively short, never very tall. They are heavy in build, well proportioned, and well nourished. The average height is about five feet six inches; but isogenic people sometimes measure five feet nine inches, never more. The face is large, long, being especially long from the lips to the eyes;

the cheek-bones are large; the jaw is well developed, and the face is rather lean. In fact, most isogenic people, particularly men, look more lean in face than in body. The isogenic man is usually bald-headed. He loses his hair early in life. The hands are never very long, but are large, square and thick, and well cushioned with flesh. The fingers are evenly developed from the roots of the fingers to the tips. A characteristic feature of isogenic men is their seeming 'bigness' physically. An isogenic man appears to be larger than he really is; that is, he looks large when he is seated, but is short when he stands up. Isogenic men might be called small big men."

People of this constitution are very numerous as compared with people of other constitutions. Thousands of women are of this type. It may be said that men and women both are of this constitution to an almost equal degree. Isogenic people are numerous among the white races but not among the black races. Few men are more sturdy and enduring than the men of this constitution. They are hardly ever ill:

"They are hardy and vigorous up to the age of forty-five. From that time onwards, however, many of them suffer from health disturbances, many of them being predisposed to stomach troubles, liver diseases and very often diabetes. The isogenic man is a half-brother to the atrophic man. He has greater physical strength, greater endurance, greater vitality, and more mental energy than the atrophic man; hence he accomplishes more in his lifetime than the atrophic man.

"Isogenic people appear more sociable than they really are. There is a seeming self-repose and an inherent feeling of strength in them; hence others are attracted to them. Isogenic people seem to have personal magnetism, which in reality they do not have. They are not social magnets, but they appear magnetic and interesting. Indiscriminating people very often misjudge them, thinking they are weak, easy-going and easily imposed upon. They are not so, however. There is something hard, unyielding, steellike in their nature, altho they appear sentimental and phlegmatic."

Storms are slumbering in isogenic people—storms that slumber so long as they are left alone. Isogenic people are not easily roused. Once they are aroused they never forget the mental commotion nor the person who caused it. They may not say anything, for they have great repressive power, but they do not forget. They may forgive, but forget—never! The injustice, the slander, the quarrel or whatever else it may be sinks into their very bones and soul, so that they can never forget. It is wise to let isogenic people sleep their sleep of peace:

"The isogenic man does not change very much in his habits. He is like the atrophic man in this respect. There is continuity and persistence in his very bones, so to speak. He is a brother to eternity and ceaseless action. Once an isogenic man starts on something, he never stops until he has accomplished his object, or until it has proved to be impracticable. The isogenic man is pre-eminently a practical man. He is an experimentalist along practical lines in every instance. He builds his system on results. Results are the only things that count with him. He is neither a materialist nor an idealist, neither a rationalist nor a mystic; he is a combination of everything, but has no specially strong sides, except that he builds everything upon a solid foundation—results. This is his motto, standard, system. The isogenic man often makes great blunders by trusting people; but if he misplaces his confidence once, he never misplaces it in the same quarter again. Altho he appears to believe, he is at heart a skeptic. He believes only when everything has been proved to him.

"This type of man is one of the greatest workers there are. He can work long hours at sedentary brain labor without tiring. He

is a human elephant so far as work is concerned. He believes in work, loves work, hates lazy people."

The isogenic man has no use for dreamers, for unpractical people or for people who fritter away their time and energy in pleasure seeking. If the isogenic man becomes interested in any special movement he remains interested in spite of everything. He is the subject of much criticism as a rule, but he cares nothing for criticism. People may say what they like about him. They may traduce him, vilify him, hate him, flatter him—it is all the same to him. He moves steadily forward, ever striving to reach his goal. He is a strong man in every sense of the word.

"The isogenic man is usually a very honest man, and a man of accomplishment. He is as a rule a self-made man, like the late Andrew Carnegie and all other prominent people of the same constitution. He learns lessons from the past, and applies them to the future. He lives in the past with his thoughts; but he is progressive in action. He is a man of the 'now,' of results, when it is a question of action. The isogenic man is timid, yet enterprising; hesitating, yet bold. Other people talk; he acts. He is a man of action rather than of words.

"The isogenic man goes to extremes in many things. When he buys, for instance, he buys more than he can use. He buys either too much or too little. If he gives a gift, he gives a valuable one. There are no half-measures with him. He is a liberal giver when he does give, which, however, does not happen very often. He is very outspoken as a rule. He fears neither kings, ministers, nor public opinion; nor does he care whether his doctrines are orthodox or not."

IS INSOMNIA REAL?

IT is a fact, according to a medical authority, that all sufferers from insomnia unconsciously exaggerate their trouble. The restless patient will solemnly assure the doctor in the morning that he has not closed an eye all night. The nurse's report records several hours of sleep that may have been quite heavy.

Thus the patient is quite unaware of having slept because his hours of consciousness seem to him to have been consecutive—a trick of consciousness of which the laity are as a rule ignorant. People under an anesthetic sometimes imagine they have retained consciousness all the time. The victim of insomnia could

not, but for that sleep he enjoyed without realizing it, have remained alive at all. His suffering is no less real. To him the effect physically is just as if he had not slept. Fancy, not insomnia, is at work here.

The amount of sleep may have been sufficient to maintain his bodily functions but not enough to harmonize the jangle in his fretted mind. There is no pleasure in a slumber which one can not recall in the waking consciousness as having been actually experienced.

There is no doubt that for some reason the victims of such "insomnia" are on the increase—evidently the age is more exhausting than the one that preceded it. Perhaps the subconsciousness is more stirred because we are more aware of it. This prevalence of insomnia, however unreal the disease, is having important social consequences. The medical expert proceeds in the *Manchester Guardian*:

"The harassed man who cannot sleep soundly awakes more harassed in the morning. He is less competent in his business, whatever it may be, and so his worries increase and he becomes less able to withstand them. Thus his chances of regaining normal sleep become less. This is certainly one factor in producing the terribly common mental and moral condition popularly and wrongly described as 'nerves' or 'neurasthenia.' It probably contributes to that acridity of temper that has manifested itself in our post-war politics and general 'unrest'; it certainly encourages alcoholism and other drug habits."

There is hardly any condition more difficult to treat. No drug produces natural sleep. The intoxication it produces may be "rounded with a sleep" but it is generally agreed that, except in an absolute emergency, soporific drugs produce more harm than good.

To maintain the action of sleeping potions, the dose has always to be increased, a habit is soon established and the remote action of the drug is invariably disastrous to physique as well as to character. Exercise and fresh air act as preventives, but to the true insomniac they are often useless. Even golf may become a snare to such a person. It is in this respect like other remedies for a malady which has,

strange as it must seem to its victim, little reality. Insomnia is not a sickness in the sense that smallpox is or typhoid fever. Drugs do little or nothing in the way of permanent relief, and alcohol, taken to induce sleep, is of all drugs the most pernicious. Its use for this purpose has been the ruin of many.

The despairing physician generally orders change of air and scene in these circumstances. Too often the patient takes his troubles with him and sleeps the worse when deprived of the comfort and of the familiar surroundings of his own bed.

Suggestion in various forms and monotonous mental exercises have been recommended in all ages, but Wordsworth's "flock of sheep that leisurely pass by," his "sound of rain" and his "bees murmuring" are generally of as little help to the ordinary man as they were to the poet.

"And yet it is in some form of mental treatment, of auto-suggestion, that the best hope of overcoming the habit of insomnia lies. The practice of reading in bed, intelligently used, renders many people independent of the horrors of sleeplessness. Careful arrangements, however, should be made. The light should not be bright enough to illuminate the room or cause a glare on the page. Two ordinary candles a foot or two from the book are sufficient. The bed should be arranged so that the book can be held without fatigue. The slight eye-strain involved has itself a hypnotic effect which is most important, but the book should be one in which an intelligent person can be interested, one which, if necessary, he can read all night without boredom. Good fiction that has been read before, in which the *dénouement* is already known, is one of the best forms of literature for the night. But it is important that one should read for the sake of reading. To set out to 'read one's self to sleep' is fatal. Sleep comes when it is not wooed, and with a good book, and the body at rest in bed, one may safely bid sleep keep away. If the book is interesting enough to occupy the mind, you are getting three-quarters of the advantages of sleep, and if you satisfy yourself you can do without sleep and still enjoy your night's rest and reading, sooner or later sleep will visit you, an uninvited but welcome guest."

No mistake of the sufferer from insomnia is so great as that of supposing

a sleep in the daytime to be prejudicial to a night's sleep. Whatever rests the mind will help. Do not seek sleep, but never reject it. People who can not sleep by resting in bed should study the form in which sleep comes to them when it does come. It is possible to do this in that curious state when the "subconscious self" of modern psychology appears to be rising to assume the throne vacated by the conscious self. To many people that moment is associated with definite sensations, often subjective visual sensations. A patch of light that forms and moves before the eyes and contracts to a vanishing point immediately to be succeeded by another that goes the same way may occasion in the end a loss of consciousness and leave sleep supreme. Perhaps it may be faces that come and go and change

their expression rapidly without any seeming response to the patient's will. When sleep does come the sufferer from insomnia should note what form its harbinger assumes. This can be retained in the memory and often later it is possible to conjure it back and thus summon sleep:

"Another method is to remember a dream, to think out the details of it, to get back into it. I have a dream of mysterious black waters, bordered by dark foliage, through which there is no path. I have a boat on the inky waters, and somewhere there is a patch of bright sunlit sand, a spit of color running into the darkness, with Arabs and slow-moving camels on it. I have never landed on that promontory, but I know that if it comes in sight, if my boat approaches it—I shall sleep."

DOES THE EYE EMIT WAVES?

IT begins to look as if an instrument may be set in motion by vision and even by the mere proximity of the human body. Certainly, according to Doctor H. Hartridge, writing in *London Nature*, recent researches have shown that instruments react when the human eye is directed at them. This statement comes as a confirmation of what Doctor C. Russ says in the *London Lancet*, altho something like a controversy has arisen in connection with the topic. One instrument used by Doctor Russ consisted of a solenoid, which may be described very generally as a spiral electro-magnet. The solenoid was suspended by Doctor Russ on a single fiber of unspun silk in such a way that the contents were shielded by air currents.

"Above the solenoid was mounted a small permanent magnet, so that the suspended solenoid set itself in a constant meridian under the earth's magnetic field. In another instrument the solenoid was replaced by a condenser, oppositely charged metal plates being mounted outside the instrument case. With both instruments it was shown that a rotation of the suspended system occurred when the gaze was suitably directed through a slot in the outside casing. As to the pre-

cise details of the rotation, the description is not very clear, but it seems that when the gaze was directed to the center of the suspended system no rotation occurred; when, however, the gaze was directed on either side of the system, then that side rotated away from the eyes, some 10 to 45 degrees, and then again came to rest. If the gaze continued to act, the deflection remained unaltered; but if the eyes were then closed, the index returned to zero."

In earlier experiments the rotation of the instrument was directly observed by the human eye. Later the instruments were fitted with concave mirrors similar to those applied to reflecting galvanometers so that the rotation could be measured in the ordinary way by the movement of a spot of light on a scale. Besides demonstrating that rotation of the instruments occurred under the action of the gaze, Doctor Russ found somewhat similar effects if the fingers were held near the instruments.

Nothing definite is known as yet that would explain these effects, but Doctor Russ suggests that they may be due to changes of temperature or to the electrical changes which accompany vision and muscular action. It is also possible that elec-

trostatic forces are responsible for them. The eye may even emit electro-magnetic waves—visual, infra-red, ultra-violet and X-rays. Doctor Hartridge himself says:

"Temperature changes are not likely to be the cause, for hot objects placed in suitable positions near the instruments produced either no effects or effects very much smaller than those producible by eye or hand. Electric changes produced in muscle or in eye can, I think, be safely ruled out, because of their smallness and because of the closed circuits which the connective tissues, skin, etc., form over them. To demonstrate or to measure these currents, the retinae or muscles must themselves be connected to the leads of the galvanometer. Dr. Russ apparently ruled out the possibility of electrostatic changes being responsible, by finding that the directing of the gaze through a fine metal grid connected to earth (which would screen off electrostatic charges) did not prevent the instruments from reacting to the gaze as usual."

Is this mysterious effect an optical one? Doctor Russ notes that interposing a column of water between the eye and the instrument reduced the effects. The effects

are very much smaller or quite absent in the dark. Again, if a strong beam of light be allowed to fall on the suspended system of the instruments, the gaze has no longer any effect. There are here no final reasons for reaching a conclusion, but Doctor Hartridge is inclined to deem the effect an optical one. Measurements should therefore be made to see what electro-magnetic rays are responsible for the effects. Are they stopped by a thick slab of lead glass? If so, they are probably X-rays. Are they stopped by a properly modified sulphonic acid with other suitable ingredients for a test? If so, they are probably ultra-violet rays. Are they stopped by strong methyl-violet? If so, visual rays may be responsible. There is a suggestion in the London *Lancet* that a series of tests should be made of this mysterious effect with the aid of persons suffering from cataract or from retinas inactive through disease. The theory finding favor with the correspondents of the great London organ of the medical profession is that an important discovery has been made with reference to the possibilities of vision.

HUDSON MAXIM'S ANTICIPATIONS OF EINSTEIN

NOTHING in the history of science is so amazing as the anticipation of a discovery of the first importance by a worker who, for some reason, does not meet with the recognition he seems to deserve. Astronomy affords various instances, especially in regard to previously unknown planets, and so does chemistry. In biology the most famous thing of this sort is the rivalry between Darwin and Wallace, the latter generously yielding the palm to the former in the matter of credit for the original proclamation of the theory of natural selection. The very latest case of the kind is that of Hudson Maxim, who anticipated broadly the main features of Einstein's theory of relativity.

Hudson Maxim published a comprehensive article on the subject in *The Scientific American* about thirty-two years ago,

and to-day we find the editor of *The Scientific American Monthly* saying that Mr. Maxim may be conceded to have been the pioneer here. His article was published when Einstein was but ten years old. Maxim formulated the doctrine and prepared most of the article fourteen years earlier, when he was twenty-two and Einstein was not yet born. Not that Einstein is to be denied his portion of praise. In the words of the scientific periodical first named:

"It is the interpretation of the theory and its unique mathematical formulation that are Einstein's. Nevertheless, we are inclined to regard as novel some of its more startling philosophical aspects. Some of them indeed are novel; the General Theory we believe is so; and even in the Special Theory, the assumption that light displays the same velocity to all observers however conditioned could

not have been thinkable until twentieth-century physics had given a background of experiment and theory leading to the suggestion. But the very charges of plagiarism brought against Einstein, while absurd in principle, indicate that he has been building with old material to a greater extent than may have been realized. This, we reiterate, is the very nature of things. We must admire those who have supplied the material, who have anticipated parts of the structure which Einstein has reared. We must not on this ground condemn Einstein."

The apostles of Einstein have realized that in many respects the relativity of which we have all been talking is but another instance of new wine in old bottles. The very phrase "classical relativity," with which so many of them introduce their subject, indicates that its fundamentals are by no means new. Maxim in his paper used the expression "ultimate atom." He would have been more in harmony with present usage if he had said "ultimate particle." There may be some cavil at Maxim's statement of axioms, but there can be no denial of the axioms themselves. From Hudson Maxim's summary of deduced truth in his original paper the following may be quoted as an indication of the line along which his thought proceeded:

"All events of all history and all phenomena, and all evolutions of organic and inorganic, animate and inanimate nature during all time, have been exactly those which have resulted from the sum of the combined forces of all the atoms in existence acting upon one another.

"Every atom in existence follows a course mathematically exact—that which is determined for it by the combined forces exerted upon it of all the other atoms in existence. And every atom in existence follows a course as mathematically exact under the combined influences exerted upon it as do the heavenly bodies.

"Could all the atoms in existence be instantly placed in exactly the same position relative to one another that they occupied just one thousand years ago, possessing the same acquired momentum they then possessed, every heavenly body would again pass through exactly the same change of position relative to one another that they have passed



ANOTHER PEARY COOKED

Here is Hudson Maxim who beat Einstein to relativity only to have the glory given to another—the controversy over the North Pole being now transferred to another sphere entirely.

through during the last thousand years, and all would again at the end of one thousand years be in exactly the same positions that they now occupy. And the same with every earthly event, everything would reoccur in the history of men exactly the same, and all things reoccur exactly the same and in the same order as they have occurred during the last thousand years, and we should again all be here, the history of all our lives be the same, and we should all again be educated by the same influences which determine us to work our own destiny without changing

the nature of a single atom or swerving one from its destined course."

Hudson Maxim was undoubtedly here a pioneer in the very boldest field of speculation, since developed among others by Hugh Elliot in his study of "Modern Science and Materialism." Light, for example, travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. It follows that at a point distant from the earth 186,000 miles we should see the earth as it was a second before. Plunging still further into space, we should reach points from which the earth would appear as it had been an hour previously, a day previously, a year previously and so on.

"For a knowledge of the condition of the Earth at any special past period, it is only necessary, therefore, to take up our position at a distance from the Earth where the light emitted during that period is just arriving.

The whole history of the Earth is written in expanding spheres of light stretching away to infinite distance. Every event that has occurred upon the Earth is now working its effect upon the ether at some remote region of space; nor is it possible to go back so far in our history that we cannot indicate a part of space where that history is now being recorded in present time, and would leave its impress upon any photographic plate of sufficient delicacy to receive it. It has been suggested, then, that the history of our Earth may be reflected back to us, possibly by intelligent beings in another part of space, possibly by a device of our own to catch it, so to speak, and fetch it back. If this wild speculation could ever be realized, and if our instruments could be refined to an infinite degree, we might yet be able to see for ourselves and to photograph for ourselves the actual event of the Crucifixion of Christ. There is no difficulty whatever in naming the portion of space in which that Crucifixion is now occurring as part of the present, to any beings who may live there."

THE DRAMATIC AND EMOTIONAL STUDY OF LANGUAGES

BECAUSE languages must be acquired in our time with speed rather than with an idea to the formation of culture, the dramatization of the vocabulary has been carried to extreme lengths. This is peculiarly the case with the verb. In the past many linguistic teachers thought they went rather far if they exhibited to their pupils the actual object whenever a noun was in question. The bird was in its cage, the apple was on the table, the fish was in the aquarium, and so on. The classroom became a sort of museum. The idea worked well in some parts of Europe before the war. People going from one country to another in quest of a new home learned much in a short time. The best courses in foreign languages now do without any translation at first. There is less turning out of words from dictionaries.

There are certain limitations here, according to some recent studies of this topic in *School and Society*. One may learn to speak a language fluently for purposes of casual conversation and still be at a loss

when it becomes necessary to deal with a complicated proposition. Hence the speedy acquisition of a language implies that it is not to be used in any profound way or in a manner calculated to impress anyone with the speaker's eloquence or intellectuality. Language teachers have noticed that whenever a man speaks, say French, with ease and distinction—anyone, that is, but a native Frenchman—he always has a thorough literary knowledge of the language. He has read the classical writers, witnessed the immortal plays.

Nevertheless, there is a style of acquiring tongues speedily, and also well. The method is dramatic. There has long been a school of language teachers which laid emphasis upon the spoken word. They took their pupils to the theater. A step beyond this is to compile plays for the express purpose of teaching a language. The actors go through the various conjugations of the verb and enact what they say. Considerable progress had been made in some parts of Russia with this

method before the war, but the vicissitudes of the Moscow government make it impossible to base conclusions upon such evidence of results as is now available. Some German linguists think there is a valuable idea here. It has been utilized in part by François Gouin, an authority on the art of teaching and studying languages. Gouin makes the pupils do the dramatization in the classroom by going through the motions suggested in the verb or the part of the verb in connection with the object indicated by the noun.

What is needed, it seems, according to the experts who write in *School and Society*, is an exploitation of the emotions in speaking a foreign tongue. It is remarkable how one's use of a tongue with which the acquaintance is imperfect is facilitated when the speaker is dominated by anger or love or fear or some kindred emotion. The new school of applied psychology is devoting time and attention to the possibilities, but in the meantime a sample of the Gouin method may suggest the lines along which progress is to be made. The student makes in the beginning a series of statements, acting each out as he makes it.

Logically, says Professor Garry C. Myers, writing in *School and Society*, this method leaves nothing to be desired. It deals with the learners' experience. It involves dramatization, making the meaning inevitable to the learner. It repeats, offering ample drill. With civilian immigrants, with soldiers and with others to whom the rapid acquisition of the English tongue was of importance, this method led to disappointment because it is not sufficiently emotional:

"Incidentally, as adopted by authors of texts for teaching English to foreigners, the Gouin method suggests the mere mechanical. Worst of all it perverts the English language so as to sound foreign. No native American says, naturally, 'I walk to the door' or 'I open the door.' He says, rather, 'I am going to the door' or 'I am walking to the door.'"

"Why does this method not work? It does work for several lessons while the exercise involved is novel. This method also is in the main effective for oral composition; but it does not motivate beyond the mere verbal activity. The chief reason is perhaps that by emphasis upon mere descriptive procedure it makes no emotional appeal."

There is a popular fallacy on this sub-



"I TAKE OFF MY HAT TO THE LADY"

This dramatization of a language for the benefit of the newly-arrived immigrant has proved successful in conveying a knowledge of English in a remarkably short time. The idea is to be extended among the more scholarly portion of our people, but there is some doubt of the sacrifice of culture and of literature involved.

ject of learning a language—the idea that a new tongue is best learned by the child. Experience contradicts this idea because some adults have a natural faculty for languages and many children lack it. Adults, too, apply themselves to the linguistic task whereas to children a language lesson is often hateful. Again, a person may be gifted in the line of acquiring a writing and reading knowledge of a foreign tongue and still remain mediocre as a speaker of it. There are many Americans and Englishmen who write English well but they cannot speak it with distinction, just as there are many who speak brilliantly but they can not write well. Children and waiters may pick up a varied

assortment of polyglot vocabularies but they are often worse linguists than others. Nothing is so amazing to teachers as the facility displayed by quite elderly people in the speedy acquisition of a language with which they were totally unfamiliar during the greater part of their lives. These points seem to vindicate the judgment of those teachers who would make linguistics in general more emotional and more dramatic, less logical and less cloistered. Ollendorf was undoubtedly correct in his assertion that the supreme obstacle to the acquisition of a new tongue by an adult is fear. The emotional impediment must be overcome by an emotional incentive.

INTELLIGENCE OF NEGROES AS COMPARED WITH WHITES

A CAREFUL study of the mentality of the black man in America has been made by Dr. George Oscar Ferguson, Jr., of the University of Virginia. His conclusion, as stated in an article in the *Scientific Monthly*, is that "psychological study of the negro indicates that he will never be the mental equal of the white race."

This conclusion applies to the racial average. So far as individual attainment is concerned, we are told that few whites have greater intelligence than the highest of the negroes, and few negroes have less intelligence than the dullest of the whites. What keeps the racial average of the blacks down is the fact that the proportion of those in the higher grades of intelligence is small in comparison with the proportion of whites. Yet there are some negroes in the highest grades.

There is, in any comparative estimate, we are reminded, great overlapping in intelligence between whites and negroes. There is great variation in ability among the members of any large group of whites. Also, it is probable that there are no two large occupational classes of whites which differ so greatly in ability that there is no overlapping between them when comparative diagrams or statistics are drawn up. It is possible to state the difference

between the average negro and the average white in terms of the difference between the average abilities of a certain occupational group of whites and that of another group. That is to say, the difference in intelligence between the professional class and the clerical class of whites, or between the clerical and the semi-skilled labor classes, is not far from equivalent to the difference between whites and negroes as groups. The intellectual difference between the average policeman or fireman and the average doctor or lawyer, or the difference between the average street-car employee or salesgirl and the average elementary teacher or small business man is not far from equivalent to the difference between the average white and the average black.

It is a common opinion, says Dr. Ferguson, that in the emotional and dynamic sides of life the negro differs from the whites to a greater degree than in intellect proper. His emotions are generally believed to be strong and volatile in their manifestations; instability of character is ascribed to him; it is contended that he lacks foresight and persistence, that he is improvident and content with immediate satisfactions, that he has small power of serious initiative and that he lacks ambition. Along with high emotionality and

instability of character, defective morality is ascribed to him, and the statistical records of crime and sexual immorality are cited in this connection.

Dr. Ferguson does not dispute this common opinion, but he seems to entertain the belief that the emotional and dynamic qualities ascribed to the negro are due to his demonstrable intellectual deficiency rather than to the inherent strength of his active tendencies. Pronounced and changing expressions of emotion, improvidence of character and a tendency to immoral conduct are not unallied. They are all due to uncontrolled impulse. And a deficient development of the more purely intellectual functions may produce all three. "Where the implications of ideas are not apprehended, where thought is not lively and fertile, where meanings and consequences are not grasped, the need for the control of impulse will not be felt. This is strikingly evident in cases of feeble-mindedness."

That mulattoes have greater ability than pure negroes is borne out by the results of mental tests. Skin color is not an accurate index of the amount of white blood in an individual. When, however, considerable numbers of negroes in the schools are classified on the basis of skin color and compared age by age or grade by grade, it is found that those of lighter color obtain higher average scores on intelligence tests than those who are darker. "While mulattoes as a group have greater intellectual capacity than pure negroes, the overlapping in ability between the two classes is very great. It is greater than the overlapping between mulattoes and whites, since the greater number of mulattoes have a preponderance of negro blood and since probably a majority of them are descendants of inferior elements of the general population." According to the relative size of the total groups of mulattoes and pure negroes, there should be three or four times as many persons of marked attainment in the latter as in the former. But there are at least as many mulattoes as pure negroes among the leaders of the race in this country.

The negro, when compared with the white, seems to have relatively greater

capacity to deal with the concrete, the tangible and the practical than with the abstract, the symbolical and the theoretical. He is highly capable in sensory and motor capacities and in native retentiveness. His shortcomings are logical and rational and more purely intellectual. He is well equipped for manual and industrial training and for acquiring the simpler skills. It is a common observation of teachers that colored children excel in handwriting and in rote memory work. The nature of the mental capacity of the negro lends sanction to the movement to render his schools less literary and "cultural" and "more practical" and vocational. "But since very able colored persons are found in every large group of negroes, tho the proportion of such individuals is much smaller than among whites, opportunities for advanced and professional education should be open to them. The widely-held doctrine that the negro's mental growth ceases at adolescence finds no sanction in experimental studies of his ability. And there is no reliable evidence that the variability of negroes above and below their racial type is appreciably less than the variability of white men."

There is a point at which intellect seems to shade off into some other trait, like good taste, or spirituality, or even talent. To what extent the mental traits are indispensable to a display of these qualities remains uncertain. The negro reveals the qualities now and then when his blood is mixed with that of the white man, when he is a mulatto or a quadroon, or whatever one prefers to call the mixture. It is in the display of these traits that the colored man ceases to be merely a mimic of the white man. Perhaps a considerable proportion of the display of the intelligence of the negro is mimicry. He finds himself obliged to copy the white man in many things which, in the opinion of the colored man, ought not to be copied. The negro has to make many adjustments. This must be remembered in any comparative estimate of his intelligence. How many white men would reveal so high an order of talent if they had to act, to dress and to talk like the black man in Africa?

THE FIRST HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN NOVEL

IN a book, "The American Novel" (Macmillan), which evokes the enthusiastic praise of critics as different from each other as Henry L. Mencken and William Lyon Phelps, Carl Van Doren, of the editorial staff of the insurgent *Nation*, undertakes a record of the national imagination as exhibited in the progress of native fiction. His work, within its limits, is very well done and gives so much importance to the esthetic, as distinguished from the social and didactic, emphasis that it leaves almost no basis for a criticism by Conrad Aiken (based confessedly on a review by Mencken, not on a reading of the book) to the effect that it exhibits a kind of diplopia, or double vision, and illustrates how American critics "confuse the social value of the work of art with its esthetic value." Mr. Van Doren's interpretation of the American novel can hardly fail to have upon any reader the effect that it had upon Mr. Mencken. "I can only report," Mr. Mencken says, "that my own respect for that American novel is appreciably greater than it was before I read him." The book excludes Washington Irving and Edgar Allan Poe on the ground that neither wrote novels in the strict sense of the word, and devotes most attention to James Fenimore Cooper, Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Dean Howells, Mark Twain and Henry James. Herman Melville and Francis Marion Crawford may be said to receive honorable mention, which sets them near to the "great Five," if not in their actual company.

One of the most striking analogies of the book is that drawn between Cooper, the pioneer of American fiction, and James, its most sophisticated product. Both took the frontier as a theme. But while Cooper found his inspiration in the primitive forests, the prairies, the Great Lakes and the sea, and in such characters as Daniel Boone, James was the spokesman par excellence of those Americans whose imagination turns to Europe for its most affectionate exercise. "Highly

ironical as it may seem," Mr. Van Doren writes, "it is still not highly fanciful to say that 'The American' (1877), begun in Paris in 1875, at a time when James, tho delighting in the art and companionship of Turgenev, was yet feeling somewhat excluded from French society, sprang from James' conception of a romantic American gesture quaintly like that of Daniel Boone renouncing the settlements, the gesture on which Cooper founded the character of Leather-Stocking." It was, as James subsequently explained, "the situation in another country and an aristocratic society, of some robust but insidiously beguiled, some cruelly wronged, compatriot; the point being in especial that he should suffer at the hands of persons pretending to represent the highest possible civilization and to be of an order in every way superior to his own."

Howells is characterized by Mr. Van Doren as the principal American exponent of realism, mediating between the writers who have worked with native materials in native ways and those who have turned to Europe for their subjects. His "zeal for actuality" makes him exalt the truth, however tedious, over any unreality however agreeable. He dared for the sake of truthfulness to represent human beings in their "habitual moods of vacancy and tiresomeness," and once declared that "[if] a novel flatters the passions and exalts them above the principles, it is poisonous." Critical discussions of Howells always finally arrive at the difficult distinction between perfection and greatness. "With few authors as eminent," Mr. Van Doren remarks, "does it seem so hard to find the master conveniently distilled in a few masterpieces ready for transportation to posterity." The interpretation proceeds:

"His hand, like Andrea del Sarto's, worked flawlessly from first to last, but never quite supremely. 'A Chance Acquaintance,' 'A Modern Instance,' 'The Rise of Silas Lapham,' 'Indian Summer,' 'A Hazard of New

Fortunes,' 'The Kentons,' all admirable, do not stand more than measurably forth from the remainder of his novels. He must be studied rather in his total work, as the intimate historian of his age, who produced the most extended and accurate transcript of American life yet made by one man. Geographically, indeed, he was limited in the main to Ohio, New England and New York, and to those parts of Europe and America in which Ohioans, New Englanders and New Yorkers spend their vacations. He was conditioned, too, by his historical position as editor and arbiter so long in Boston at the declining end of an epoch, when taste ran rather to discipline than to variety or vividness, rather to decorum than to candor, rather to learning than to experience, rather to charm than to passion. Howells, indeed, instead of resting on the palms and laurels he already had, rose to meet the new world, contending as well as he could in his natural silver tone with the alternating tones of gold and iron which have lately dimmed the voice of Boston. But that in his creed and his temperament which had made him amenable to Boston lay deeper than its influences. On every ground he preferred to walk close to the commonplace, believing that the true bulk of life is always to be found there."

Hawthorne appears in this survey as a "clear, profound, original" genius rooted in Puritanism. His significance for Mr. Van Doren lies in the fact that while he inherited the Puritan tradition his answer to the riddle of life was different from, and more modern than, that offered by the Puritans. In a world, he asked himself, where human instincts are continually at war with human laws and where laws, once broken, pursue the offender even more fiercely than they hedged him before, how are any but the most docile spirits to hold their course without calamity? The Puritan fathers could point, in answer, to election and atonement and divine grace. Hawthorne, while he did not free himself from the Puritan mode of believing that to break a law is to commit a sin, considered the sin less as a violation of some supernatural law than of the natural integrity of the soul. The newest schools of psychology are in harmony with a reading of sin which shows, in "The Scarlet Letter," Dimmesdale and Chillingworth as the victims of instincts

and antipathies which fester because unnaturally repressed, while Hester Prynne is cleansed through the discovery of her offense and grows healthier by her confession. To Puritan contemporaries the agreement of Hester and Dimmesdale that "what we did had a consecration of its own" must have seemed a blasphemy worse than adultery. These are Hester's words, and so it was to Hester that eventually "it seemed a fouler offence committed by Roger Chillingworth than any which had since been done him that, in the time when his heart knew no better, he had persuaded her to fancy herself happy by his side." Thus Hester, as Mr. Van Doren puts it, becomes the type—subtly individualized but yet a type—of the moving principle of life which different societies in different ways may constrain but which in itself irresistibly endures. "Her story is an allegory of the passion through which the race continues. She feels the ignominy which attends her own irregular behavior and accepts her fate as the reward of evil, but she does not understand it so far as to wish uncommitted the act which her society calls a sin. A harder woman might have become an active rebel; a softer woman might have sunk passively down into unavailing penitence. Hester stands erect and thinks."

No two men could be more unlike than Nathaniel Hawthorne and Mark Twain, but each produced a masterpiece, and, in discussions of the greatest American novel, choice ordinarily narrows down at last to "The Scarlet Letter" and "Huckleberry Finn." The difference between the two books is well brought out in the following passage:

"Each in its department, these two books do seem to be supreme. 'The Scarlet Letter' offers, by contrast, practically no picture; 'Huckleberry Finn,' no problem. Huck undergoes, it is true, certain naggings from the set of unripe prejudices he calls his conscience; and once he rises to an appealing unselfishness when, in defiance of all the principles he has been taught to value, he makes up his mind that he will assist the runaway slave to freedom. But in the sense that 'The Scarlet Letter' poses problems, 'Huckleberry Finn' poses none at all. Its

criticism of life is of another sort. It does not work at the instigation of any doctrine, moral or artistic, whatever. As Hawthorne, after long gazing into the somber dusk over ancient Salem, had seen the universal drama of Hester and Dimmesdale and Chillingworth being transacted there, and had felt it rising within him to expression, so Mark Twain, in the midst of many vicissitudes remembering the river of his youthful happiness, had seen the panorama of it unrolling before him and also had been

moved to record it out of sheer joy in its old wildness and beauty, assured that merely to have such a story to tell was reason enough for telling it. Having written 'Life on the Mississippi,' he had already reduced the river to his own language; having written 'Tom Sawyer,' he had got his characters in hand. There wanted only the moment when the imagination of Mark Twain should take fire at recollection and rush away on its undogmatic task of reproducing the great days of the valley."

"ERIK DORN" HAILED AS A TRIUMPH OF IRONIC REALISM

THERE is something in Ben Hecht, the author of "Erik Dorn" (Putnam), that suggests to Burton Rascoe the figure of Joris-Karl Huysmans. Mr. Rascoe makes the comparison in the pages of the *Bookman* and uses it as the point of departure for a remarkable tribute to this new novel. The Frenchman and the American are alike, he says, in their contempt for the stupid and mediocre; in their "passion for setting off explosives under dead syntax and desuete word-groupings"; in their delight in the exotic, fantastic and bizar.

The story, which concerns itself with the life of a newspaper man in Chicago and in post-war Germany, has its prototypes in such novels as Theodore Dreiser's "Genius" and James Branch Cabell's "Cords of Vanity." It is the familiar theme of the artist rebelling against the petty demands of ordinary life.

But Dorn is, in the jargon of the psychopathologists, a victim of dementia præcox; "he is incapable," as Mr. Rascoe puts it, "of reacting with the normal human emotion to any common stimulus." He is "an absolute skeptic, utterly without convictions of any sort, a complete sophist, interested in ideas as playthings, fascinated by words, and in love with phrases." Each new experience "means to him only a readjustment of adjectives; life is a series of essays in literary composition; doctrines, creeds and ideals are futile attempts to foist wall-mottos upon life, the essence of which is novelty and change."

"Erik Dorn," under Mr. Rascoe's analysis, is as carefully planned as an orchestral suite:

"The opening is quiet and peaceful, an adagio of prose until the stormy Dorn is introduced. The development is into aspiration, adventure, disillusion, and defeat, with a recapitulation and coda softening into the tranquil mood with which the book began. It has the rhythmic variation of life itself, the cyclic progression from desire to satiety, from storm to quiet, with a thirst for beauty which remains insatiate. The irony is implicit in the suavely contrived recurrence to the identical setting of the original scene, with an indication that summer is gone and winter is come, wars and passion have died—'Outside the window the snow-covered buildings stood in the dark like a skeleton world, like patterns in black and white.'"

Of all the young men of the post-war generation of American novelists, Ben Hecht appeals to Mr. Rascoe as the one with the most opulent equipment in the matter of intelligence, experience and imaginative power. His characterizations are convincing. He not only has the power to see the strings behind life's marionets, but the ability to describe those strings in a few words. "The verbal patterns, the pungently evocative word-combinations, the strange richness of metaphor in 'Erik Dorn' cause it, if for no other reason, to stand out as a distinct new model in the mechanics of expression. Hecht is our first great epithetician."

JACK LONDON AS HIS WIFE CHARMIAN KNEW HIM

"WOMEN have loved Jack London, ay, and died for love of him." So Charmian London, for eleven years his wife, declares in a memorable passage in her new two-volume "Book of Jack London" (Century), in which she tries to interpret his relation to the eternal feminine. There were many women in Jack London's life. One of the first, whom he called the "Queen of the Oyster Pirates," accompanied him when, as a boy of sixteen, he cruised up and down San Francisco Bay, filched oysters at the risk of limb and liberty, and sold them surreptitiously to peddlers and saloon-keepers. One of the dearest was Anna Strunsky, his collaborator in "The Kempton-Wace Letters," who has confessed that when she first met him she felt as tho she were meeting a Lassalle, a Karl Marx or a Byron in their youth. Jack London was married twice and had two girl-children by his first wife, Elizabeth Mad-dern. His marriage with Charmian Kittredge took place in 1905.

It was part of London's youthful philosophy that love is only a trap set by nature for the individual. One must not marry for love, but for certain qualities discerned by the mind. Thus he argued, brilliantly and passionately, in "The Kempton-Wace Letters," and thus, it would seem, he acted in his first marriage. The results were not reassuring, and we find him, a few years later, presenting to his second wife a copy of the "Letters" inscribed: "One hour of love is worth a century of science."

In the mood expressed by this sentiment he visited, with Charmian, some of the show-places of the world. She writes with enthusiasm of their journey, immediately after their marriage, through Jamaica, Cuba and Florida. "Ah, it was so softly exciting, so wondrous, seeing the world together."

Their happiness was heightened when, on returning to California, they took possession of the "Beauty Ranch" at Glen Ellen, Sonoma Valley, which he had

bought a few months previously as his permanent home. The "Valley of the Moon," so-called because it is a crescent and affords enchanting glimpses of the risings of the moon, has a prominent place in Jack's writings and held both for him and for Charmian much of what they had come to identify with the joy of life. There were "three inexpressibly romantic knolls crowned with fir and redwood, rosy-limbed, blossom-perfumed madroño, and scented tapers of the buckeye—wooded islets rising out of a deep, tossing sea of tree tops." There were also forty acres of cleared ground and opportunities for an orchard and vineyard. Jack was writing every day his thousand words, and found the relaxation that he needed in his live stock, his horses, his dogs, and in great agricultural plans.

Jack and Charmian were reading the same books and thinking the same thoughts. When manuscripts had to be typed, she did the work. When Jack was weary, she played for him on the piano. Their more robust occupations included boxing. Charmian testifies that Jack was not as strong as others thought him, and that, "small, tender woman" as she was, she could flex a firmer biceps than his, to his amusement. One of their favorite occupations, apart from boxing, was swimming in a pool which Jack had created and which, on fine summer afternoons, was a rendezvous for all the young people of the neighborhood. Sometimes, after strenuous swimming, Jack would read some of his stories to the assembled company, and often discussions on all kinds of subjects were animated. It had been at one of these talk-fests that Jack had broached to Charmian's uncle the idea of a trip round the world in a forty-five-foot sloop. "This," says Charmian, "was the inception of the *Snark* voyage idea, most wonderful of all our glittering rosary of adventurings."

Even the San Francisco earthquake would not stop, tho it delayed, the building of the *Snark*. The name of course,

was borrowed from Lewis Carroll's preposterous romance, and the voyage itself was preposterous and magnificent. Some who have read Charmian's book, "The Log of the *Snark*," have found in it "a disappointment—nothing but a disappointment." Charmian herself vigorously repudiates this interpretation. "With a firm philosophy that it is the Big Things which count," she says, "and with the memory of my Strong Traveler beside me, I ask that no one shall entertain the opinion that it was not the most wonderful, victorious thing which ever happened to the right man and woman. What we set out to attain—the 'purple passages,' the glamor of Romance, the sheer emancipation from any possible boredom or commonplaceness of memory forever and forever, and, before everything, increased love and com-

raderie between us two—became ours in unstinted measure."

Hawaii, Tahiti and the Solomon Islands were the "high spots" of the voyage. Jack, who was never more at home than on the water, entered into the entire adventure with all the zest and enthusiasm of which his high-strung nature was capable. He found some of his associates unreliable and shipped them home. They were not willing, as he said, to pay the price which adventure exacts. He ran the gasoline engines which propelled the boat; captured dolphins with rod and reel; and wrote his stories at all hours of the day and night. The only real catastrophe came when he was prostrated in Australia by mysterious maladies and spent five months miserably sick in hotels. The *Snark* had to be sold and he and Charmian returned to California by way of Ecuador and Panama.

The return to Glen Ellen was signalized by the birth of a girl-child who lived only thirty-eight hours. Jack and Charmian stifled their grief as best they could, and were soon engrossed in new projects which included the purchase of the yacht *Roamer*, a four-horse driving-trip along the Pacific coast to Medford and Ashland in Oregon, and a voyage around Cape Horn from Baltimore to Seattle.

In intervals between the trips that carried them far from home, Jack and Charmian were constantly entertaining visitors. They entertained, in fact, so many that they had to print a statement telling of the daily habits of the settlement; how to reach Glen Ellen; when to come and when to stay away. Writers, artists and revolutionaries were always welcome. George Sterling, George Wharton James, Cloudesley Johns, Ernest Untermann, Herman Whitaker, Henry Meade Bland, Felix Peano, Xavier Martinez, Mrs. Lucy Parsons and Emma Goldman are a few of those



JACK LONDON'S "MATE"

Who testifies in a new biography that she is "forever enslaved to him for his love, for his teaching, for his infinitely manifested charity and sweetness."

who visited Glen Ellen during this period.

In 1913 Jack London was within measurable distance of the realization of one of the most persistently held of his dreams—a real home, a house beautiful, at Glen Ellen. For until now he had been living in a house adjoining his ranch and had been entertaining his friends in little cabins nearby. He started building, but his dream was defeated by a fire which, one August night, destroyed the half-completed structure.

The burning of this "dream-castle" may be taken as symbolical of Jack London's fading hopes. From then on the shadows in his life deepened, broken only by a new trip to Hawaii. He had never been really strong in a physical sense, and now he was growing perceptibly weaker. What was worse, a kind of spiritual disintegration was setting in. Mrs. London makes much of his study of psychoanalysis during his last summer. His case was one of "conflict," if ever there was one.

From the first his gesture in life and in literature had been that of the primitive, "red-blooded" man. He had seen primitiveness in everything and had brought it under the sway of his thought; but "he did not live primitiveness," his wife tells us, "inasmuch as he was delicate, complex, withal simple in the last analysis of him." His "red-bloodedness," it is clear, was more of a wish than an actuality.

Something of the same contradiction vitiated his religious and sociological views. He started as a materialist, a disciple of Herbert Spencer and of Haeckel, strong in his denial of free will; but we find him, at the end, excited and disturbed by the intimation, in an introduction to Jung's "Psychology of the Unconscious," that man, after all, may become to a



"I THINK OF HIM AS PART OF THE HEROIC YOUTH AND COURAGE OF THE WORLD"

So Edwin Markham wrote of Jack London after the latter's death in 1916.

certain extent a self-creating and self-determining being.

The egoism of his earlier years, influenced by Nietzsche and by other individualistic thinkers, ripened into a crowd-egoism which he identified with the working-class movement. His boyish lawlessness found its corrective in a Socialism which Charmian says was "flatly opposed to Anarchism" and "stood for law, more law, better law and law enforced as it should be." But in taking his later positions he could not totally eradicate the earlier ones, and the conflict within him caused him at times acute suffering. As he grew older he felt less and less comfortable in the Socialist atmosphere, and he finally withdrew from the Socialist

Party on the ground that it was not revolutionary enough—that “the whole trend of Socialism in the United States during recent years has been one of peaceableness and compromise.” He liked to think that his alienation from ideals that had once inspired him was due to his growing radicalism. The facts, however, show that he was becoming more conservative. In articles in *Collier's Weekly* published in 1914 he had expressed his disgust with Mexican revolutionaries and had argued in behalf of American intervention in Mexico. When the World War broke, he found himself in sympathy with the vast majority of his fellow countrymen in his pro-Ally attitude. He supported Theodore Roosevelt for the Presidential nomination in 1916 because Roosevelt stood for a vigorous prosecution of the war.

He said that life was more important than art and that he “detested writing.” He had tried to escape from his insatiable ego by all the ways known to man. And the end was frustration. “He was

doomed,” as Charmian puts it, “to remain unsatisfied, and unsatisfied he remained. The ultimate aim could not be fame nor money, nor anything the world had in its gift. I had almost said that Love itself left him empty; but insofar as he loved Love and could not live without Love and what understanding and ease of spirit Love could vouchsafe in his unguarded moments of despair, Love, I say, given and returned, kept him alive for many a year.”

Jack London died at the age of forty from what his doctors called “a gastrointestinal type of uremia.” He may be said to have burnt himself out by excessive mental labor and by bad habits. There were two funeral services after his death, one religious in which Charmian refused to participate, the other, following his cremation, of a purely secular nature. Jack's ashes were brought in an urn from Oakland by two of his friends. The urn was wreathed with flowers and buried under a red boulder on a hill above his home.

Death, with Jack, his wife concludes,

had not seemed like death. “Nature had slipped the moorings, and he, ‘bold sailor of the gray-green sea,’ had gone out with the tide, gallant, victorious, cruising beyond the outer reef, into the West, to a paradise of green lands with an ocean of sails just over the hill. This rugged monument, by his own wish, could never be a place for mourning, a spot to sadden his sweet and happy mountainside. And, by that wish and whatever gods may be, it never has been. Beautiful, singing with birds, vocal with winds among the tree-tops, Jack's Little Hill appeals only to contemplation and tender melancholy.”



YOU CAN ALMOST SEE THEM MOVE
Kauffer's dynamic art appears at its best in this striking design.

AN AMERICAN POSTER ARTIST "DISCOVERED" IN LONDON

A POSTER revival is taking place at the present time in many countries, and Edward McKnight Kauffer, an American, is one of its prophets. Mr. Kauffer thinks that we do not sufficiently realize the importance of the poster. Hoardings, he says, are the poor man's picture gallery. From them the masses gather ideas and impressions. "As I was going down the street the other day," he continues, "a man called out 'Hey!' and everybody turned round at once. I thought at the time: 'That is the effect that a good poster ought to have.'"

Mr. Kauffer first came into prominence in connection with posters made for the Underground Railway in London. These were followed by equally striking designs used by department stores and by the *Daily Herald*. His work was exhibited in London and in the Congressional Library at Washington before it was generally recognized that he was an American. London art journals began to discuss him. Leading critics, such as Roger Fry, traced in his art Cubistic influence and noted his indebtedness to Cézanne and van Gogh. Then his fellow countrymen took notice. Leila Mechlin, editor of the *American Magazine of Art*, paid a tribute in the *Washington Star*. Robert Allerton Parker, writing from London to *Arts and Decoration*, said: "Here is an advertizing artist, a commercial artist, if you will, who insists first and last upon being an artist." An exhibition of Kauffer's posters is soon to be held in New York under the auspices of *Arts and Decoration*.

Mr. Kauffer, we learn from an article by Colin Hurry in *Pearson's Magazine*, was born at Great Falls, Montana, in December, 1890. When he was still quite young his family moved to Indiana, where he went to school. He was always trying to "make pictures," and when at an early age he was compelled to earn his living he obtained work with a traveling theater company as assistant scenic artist.

His labors in this field carried him over a great part of the United States and



SELF-PORTRAITURE, NEW STYLE

Edward McKnight Kauffer's portrait of himself shows Cubistic inspiration, but is worked out in a spirit all its own.

brought him into touch with Frank Bacon, of "Lightnin'" fame. When Mr. Bacon suggested that Kauffer go to work on his ranch in California, the young artist was glad to seize the opportunity. "Life for a time was wonderful. He steeped himself in sunshine and color, absorbing the light which was later to glow from his pictures."

Restlessness soon drove him back to the city, and we hear of him next in San Francisco, working in the Paul Elder bookshop, studying reproductions of old masters, and painting hard on Sundays and holidays. He joined an Art School, but his experience in its classes made him feel the utter futility of such establishments. "When," he asked, "will these school authorities realize that it is ridiculous to ask a new student, who is anxious to express himself in form and color, whether he desires to be a portrait painter, a landscape painter or an illustrator? What he desires is to express himself, and he may do so through all of these. No distinction should be made between a human being, a landscape or still life."

Kauffer's hope was set on a trip to Europe, and a little later he was able to realize his ambition. That was in 1913.



USED TO MARK A STATION ON AN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

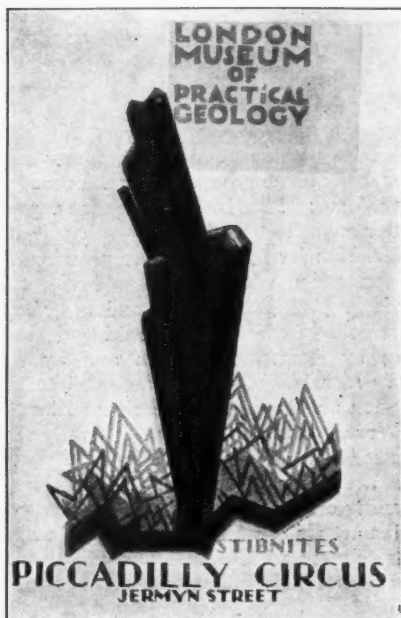
Edward McKnight Kauffer's fame as a poster artist rests on designs made at the beginning of his career for London's subway.

He went by way of Algiers, Naples and Venice, and finally drifted to Paris. "He felt," Mr. Hurry tells us, "that he had not discovered how to work. His trouble was that he was too impressionable. His intensely sensitive nature, while it gave him the feeling for form and color, made him too susceptible to those disturbing emotions that destroy confidence. Now he would be influenced by a friend, now by a book, now by the work of another painter, now by some aspect of nature. It was all perfectly natural. He was finding himself, but he felt he had lost himself."

In 1914 he married and went to London, determined to earn his living by designing posters in a small way. His artistic hopes were long defeated. Day after day he plodded from shop to shop, from office to office, with his designs. "He was told that they were ugly," Mr. Hurry declares; "that people wouldn't pay for stuff like that."

"At last he thought of the Underground Railway and went to see the advertizement manager, who glanced through his sketch-book and at once gave him an order for two posters.

"Then ensued a dreary time. Altho both he and his wife had a certain amount of work, it did not bring in enough money. For awhile he slaved in a canteen for a pound



STIBNITES WORKED INTO A POSTER DESIGN

A Kauffer creation which daily meets the eyes of thousands of Londoners.

a week, painting his posters when he got the chance, but when the rent was paid there was only about a shilling a day left over for food, and the struggle was bitter.

"Gradually, however, he built up a connection. His 'Underground' posters began to attract attention. He secured other orders on the strength of them, and at last drew himself over the poverty line."

If there has been one guiding principle in the career of this unusually gifted creator of posters, Robert Parker says in *Arts and Decoration*, it has been the direct cooperation of the advertizer and the artist. The maker of the advertizing poster, in the opinion of Edward McKnight Kauffer, must remain an artist. He must be

more interested in his art as an art than as a business. He must know the advertiser personally.

"I am convinced that no real industrial art can be attained without a scrupulous discrimination on the part of the designer," he told Mr. Parker. "The designer must have other motives than the making of a fortune. Money can be made, and is being made, as we all know, to the detriment of good work."

Mr. Kauffer has equally definite ideas in regard to the qualities that a poster ought to possess, and has lately described

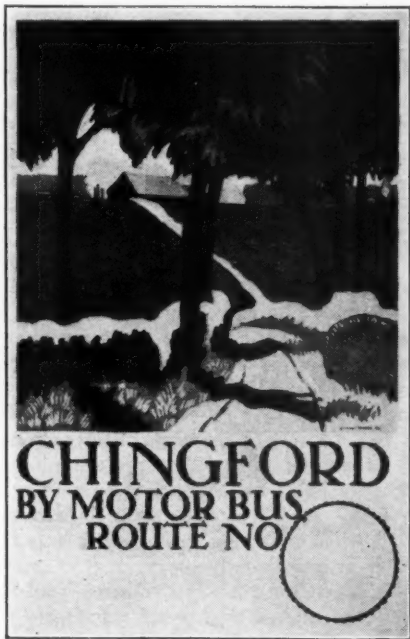
to fix upon the memory of the spectator the name and qualities of the subject advertized.

"5. The arrangement of pattern, the use of color and contrast are necessarily emphasized in the poster, and can be so to the point of peculiarity and eccentricity. A poster is not a photograph. The forces employed to promote in the public a mental disturbance which can be turned into curiosity, reason, appreciation and finally purchase are not mechanical. The poster has an interpretative vision, and is not imitative slavery.

"6. Design in a poster may be of various kinds. An intense realism more real than a photograph because of its power of suggestion. Non-representative and geometrical pattern designs can in effect strike a sledgehammer blow if handled by a sensitive designer possessing a knowledge of the action of color on the average man or woman. Knowledge of a similar nature is involved in the uses made of massed and line movements.

"7. The effectiveness of contrast by means of isolation.

"8. The poster must have a loud and harsh voice—TANG. As long as it occupies a position on the hoardings it must continuously beat—TATTOO."



IT LURES US TO THE COUNTRY

One of Kauffer's most effective "bus" posters.

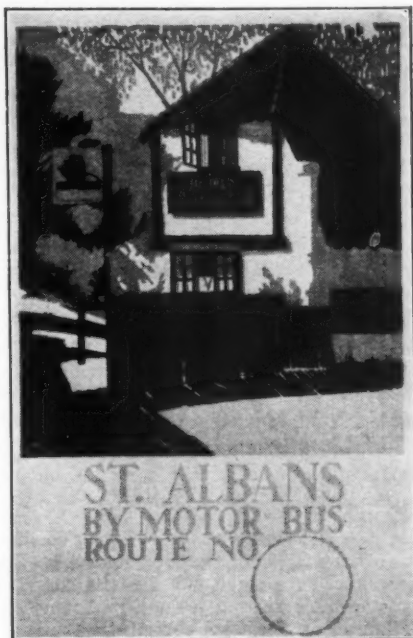
them in an article in *Illustration* (London):

"1. Visibility from a distance.

"2. Power to arrest the attention of the hurrying public.

"3. Point and purpose of the design plus the legibility of the reading matter. These should be so coordinated as to deliver their message simultaneously to the spectator.

"4. Simplified structure and the unique manner of expression should give character to the most commonplace object, in order



ANOTHER SYLVAN BIT

Which loses in reproduction because of the absence of vivid coloring.

ROMAIN ROLLAND'S DREAM OF A NEW "INTERNATIONAL"

IF Romain Rolland had died in the spring of 1913 just after the publication of the third volume of his monumental trilogy, "Jean-Christophe," there would undoubtedly have been little or no division of opinion concerning him. The intellectual world from end to end would have mourned the passing of a very great artist, a disinterested man of genius, the author of the most significant novel issued in France or in any other European country in a decade.

But after 1913 came the War and with it a group of books, essays and plays in which Rolland extolled the pacifist attitude. Venomous tongues were unloosed. Hard blows were given and returned. For a time it seemed as if Rolland were in danger of submergence and as if a sane estimate of his writings were impossible.

Now in a new book, "Clerambault" (Holt), which is neither an autobiography nor, in the strict sense, a novel, but is clearly a spiritual apologia, Rolland utters a protest and preaches a gospel. "This book," he says in an introduction, "is not written about the war, tho the shadow of the war lies over it. My theme is that the individual soul has been swallowed up and submerged in the soul of the multitude; and in my opinion such an event is of far greater importance to the future of the race than the passing supremacy of one nation. . . . I venture to say that he who makes himself the servant of a blind or blinded nation—and most of the states are in this condition at the present day—does not truly serve it, but lowers both it and himself. . . . He who would be useful to others must first be free himself; for love itself has no value coming from a slave." The argument proceeds:

"Independent minds and firm characters are what the world needs most to-day. The deathlike submission of the churches, the stifling intolerance of nations, the stupid unitarianism of Socialists—by all these different roads we are returning to the gregarious life. Man has slowly dragged himself out of the warm slime, but it seems as if the long

effort has exhausted him; he is letting himself slip backward into the collective mind, and the choking breath of the pit already rises about him. You who do not believe that the cycle of man is accomplished, you must rouse yourselves and dare to separate yourselves from the herd in which you are dragged along. Every man worthy of the name should learn to stand alone, and do his own thinking, even in conflict with the whole world. Sincere thought, even if it does run counter to that of others, is still a service to mankind; for humanity demands that those who love her should oppose, or if necessary rebel against her. You will not serve her by flattery, by debasing your conscience and intelligence, but rather by defending their integrity from the abuse of power. For these are some of her voices, and if you betray yourself you betray her also."

Clerambault, the hero of the book, is different from his creator in this—that the War finds him wavering and uncertain in purpose. He is represented as a humanitarian poet of rather shallow emotions who has sought to escape in dreams from the ugly facts of reality. His philosophy is based on faith in "the collective soul." He abandons himself to "the united life" because he is not strong enough to control it. And when the War breaks out he is at first swept ecstatically into the flood of public enthusiasm.

It is not until his son returns from the trenches that a change of mood sets in. The young man, who is later killed, sweeps aside the grandiloquent phrases of Clerambault. Little by little the father's confidence wanes. Each new statement of the justice of his cause rouses a voice in his conscience which says: "Even if you were twenty thousand times more right in this struggle, is your justification worth the disasters it costs? Does justice demand that millions of innocents should fall, a ransom for the sins and the errors of others? Is crime to be washed out by crime? or murder by murder? And must your sons be not only victims but accomplices, assassinated and assassins?"

Clerambault reverses his attitude, and sets his foot on the thorny path that leads to martyrdom. He writes an article, "Forgive Us, Ye Dead!" and publishes it in a Socialist paper. "I for my part can bear it no longer. . . . Each new murder kills my son again." This he follows up by a second article in which he takes leave of patriotism and sets "the august Mother of all living, the universal Country" against the idea of the nation.

Clerambault is now in the paradoxical position of an advocate of universalism who is "one against all" (*l'un contre tous*). Clouds begin to envelop him. His wife and daughter, who have hitherto idolized him, feel themselves the victims of his fanaticism. Shunned by friends, taunted by enemies, placed under suspicion and finally on trial, he incurs the anger of press and mob. It is then that he comes face to face with another father whose only son, like Clerambault's son, has been killed by the enemy, but whose reaction has been only an increase of hatred and bitterness. Clerambault is shot by the outraged father.

Such, in barest outline, is the story which Romain Rolland uses as a vehicle for his new gospel of individualism united with internationalism. His attitude is somewhat pessimistic. "Perhaps," he suggests, "our unhappy nation, the entire West is on the downward path." If disintegration is to be overcome, we must set our faces like flint against the creeds of violence. Rolland seems to agree with the character Froment in "Clerambault."

"Froment thought the greatest height was reached in an individual superiority. Millions of men have lived and died to produce one perfect flower of thought, for such are the superb and prodigal ways of nature. She spends whole peoples to make a Jesus, a Buddha, an Aeschylus, a Vinci, a Newton or a Beethoven; but without these men, what would the people have been? Or humanity



A FRENCHMAN WHO HAS REFUSED TO HATE THE GERMANS

Romain Rolland pleads in his new book, "Clerambault," for an "International" based on the worship of truth and of universal life.

itself? We do not hold with the egotist ideal of the Superman. A man who is great is great for all his fellows; his individuality expresses and often guides millions of others; it is the incarnation of their secret forces, of their highest desires; it concentrates and realizes them. The sole fact that a man was Christ has exalted and lifted generations of humanity, filling them with the divine energy; and the nineteen centuries have since passed, millions have not ceased to aspire to the height of this example, tho none has attained to it.

"Thus understood, the ideal individualist is more productive for human society than the ideal communist, who would lead us to the mechanical perfection of the beehive, and at the very least he is indispensable as corrective and complement."

Romain Rolland's new gospel has led to discussion on both sides of the Atlantic, and raises the vital question: How far has any man the right to set his conscience

against the collective conscience? It is a question as old as the history of thought. To A. G. H. Spiers, who writes in the *Weekly Review* (New York) of Rolland as a "champion of modern individualism," the new attitude is none too alluring. "The four hundred or so pages of 'Clerambault,'" he says, "fail to sustain the reader's interest. M. Rolland has attempted to give us a story; yet he has failed utterly to hold the attention with either character or incident. And he also falls into the error from which he is never entirely free—intemperate language. By frequently enveloping his thought in language of exaggerated and nerve-racking exaltation, he has blurred the presentation of his philosophic theory."

For a somewhat more sympathetic critic in the *North American Review* "Clerambault" holds a real message. In the degree, this writer says, that Rolland's hero succumbed to what was insidious and poisonous in the crowd spirit, it cannot be doubted that the general inference which the author means to have us draw from his plight is correct. "The worship of a community is just a perversion of religion, to which certain minds turn in despair of finding God. . . . But the community . . . is obviously not the final reality, and the final reality is what we must worship if we worship anything." The same writer proceeds:

"But is individualism (on the other hand) anything more than an extreme protest against the herd instinct? Is it not clear that individualism, even the most sincere and disinterested individualism, may be baneful? The way of salvation discovered by Clerambault is the way of individual conscience—the way of the Puritans. But, according to the Puritans, conscience was a sure guide to the will of God, and the sole interpreter of the will of God was the conscientious mind of the individual Puritan. The results were not altogether happy. Clerambault's way is different, inasmuch as in temperament he is by no means Puritanical; but his principle is the same. He finds 'freedom'—that great good—in preaching his courageous, sincere, pathetic pacifism, and he is made a martyr to his convictions.

"May one have the hardihood to question, with Mark Twain, whether what we call conscience is a really comprehensive guide?

What conscience says has to be filtered through the mind, and the mind is fallible. . . . Sincerity does not excuse loose thinking except upon the assumption that a person does not know his thinking to be bad and cannot make it better. Whether this assumption is ever justified is doubtful. . . .

"It seems scarcely credible that M. Rolland's eloquent and searching study of the human heart in war-time is intended as an attack upon so vulnerable an idol as Militarism or Jingoism. If it has any larger significance, it is as a defense of pacifism. In this view, one cannot acquit M. Rolland of overemphasizing half-truths. This does not alter the fact that, as a novelist, he has depicted an individual soul struggle with a sympathy and with a ruthless penetration that hardly another modern writer could match."

"Clerambault" is hailed by John Haynes Holmes in *The World Tomorrow* as an immortal work; while Lucien Price in the *New York Nation* pays whole-hearted homage to Romain Rolland as a modern prophet. Mr. Price says:

"Mr. H. G. Wells penned a study of a conscience in war-time which he called 'Mr. Britling Sees It Through.' Its defect was that neither Mr. Wells nor Mr. Britling saw it through. The difference between that work and 'Clerambault' is that M. Rolland did see it through. He is one of a meager handful of European intellectuals who have come through the war period with clean hands, and, what is more, with a clean heart. In 'Liluli' he laughs. In 'Clerambault' he pities. But at no time has he allowed himself to hate.

"'Clerambault' is a chronicle of sanity in a lunatic age. This novel is what to-morrow will be saying of to-day. A time will come when men will marvel that any brain could have been so clear as to write this book between the years 1916 and 1920. During the war Romain Rolland became, in a sort, the custodian of the European conscience. When everybody else cast it out he took it in. He did not compromise. He did not flinch. And every page of this work shines with the clairvoyance which is the reward of such intellectual integrity. By virtue of it truth is revealed to him which, to other eyes, was hidden. Unlike Clerambault, luckily for us, the assassin's bullet did not find him, as it has found more than one of his stamp. He is alive and free to speak, and his speech is as the still, small voice of the collective conscience reawakening after the collective madness."



VOICES OF LIVING POETS

A GLANCE through the current anthologies of American poetry reveals to a surprising extent the recurrence of "old" names. They recur also in the lists of new volumes of poetry published periodically—names hardly ancient but now entirely familiar to lovers of poetry throughout the United States. In the last ten years they have become more or less firmly established as those of the leaders of American verse, and their passing is not yet. It is not, as a Constant Reader observes in the *Literary Review*, that we wish them to pass, except into such permanence as they deserve: but when we look around for their successors, such successors are hard to find. It is easy enough to find the imitators. And already—if we are avid of a rich future for American poetry—we are beginning to regard the veterans as of another generation.

In 1918 John Masefield spoke of our poetic revival and stated his opinion that we were making ready for a great poet. Certainly there has been a remarkable flowering within a very brief period of time. Things happen quickly in the United States—are born quickly and alas! die quickly. Poetic movements, as this recorder states, now quite outdated, have sprung up and had their day; many of our leading poets have produced the chief body of their work within the last five years, despite the interruption of the great war. It lies before us in their established styles. None of them, we are inclined to agree, is likely to do better work than the best we already have from this or that pen: Robinson is not liable to surpass some of the lyrics in his "Children of the Night," or more brilliant intellectual analyses than can be found in his best poems already published. It is not probable that Vachel Lindsay will surpass "The Congo"

or "The Chinese Nightingale," nor that Masters can ever add much to the greatness of "Spoon River." There are a few lyrics of Sara Teasdale's already certain of permanence, however much she may sing hereafter. Prediction is made that Amy Lowell will produce nothing better than "Patterns," for all her voluminous output. Robert Frost and Carl Sandburg have already impressed their widely different personalities upon our poetry and given us their period of greatest power. Others might be mentioned who have written as fine, if not finer, poetry than these choirmasters, but who have not attained to great celebrity, and who nevertheless have shot lightning bolts as yet enveloped in twilight. Does all this sound discouraging? Does it mean that we desire no more from the recognized poets? Far from it. It is only, as the writer in the *Literary Review* concludes, that, brief as their period of fine flowering has been, we are already, in this hasty hemisphere, looking around for their successors. "Yet it does not seem necessary to worry very greatly about the progress of poetry in America, after all, now that the trails are broken and a wide new interest in verse has been stimulated. Probably we shall have long to wait for a truly great poet; and legitimate successors to the large familiar names are sure to gather slowly." Meanwhile from the Yale University Press (New Haven) comes "The Captive Lions, and Other Poems," by William Henry Davies, whose poems always deal with what are very simple things, tho' to trace them were to get involved in subtleties as complex as the emotions which they register. At his command is always a felicity of musical rhythm strung with a pendant of charming and haunting lines, as for instance:

THE MINT

BY WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

NATURE has made my mind a mint.
 My thoughts are coins, on which I live;
 The dies, with which I stamp my thoughts,
 Trees, blossoms, birds and children give.

Sometimes my die's a homeless man,
 Or babes that have no milk and perish;
 Sometimes it is a lady fair,
 Whose grace and loveliness I cherish.

But all my love-thoughts, until now,
 Were false to utter, and must cease;
 And not another coin must pass
 Without your image on each piece.

So you shall be my queen from now,
 Your face on every thought I utter;
 And I'll be rich—altho the world
 May judge my metal's worth no better.

WORM-PROOF

BY WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

"HAVE I not bored your teeth," said Time,
 "Until they drop out, one by one:
 I'll turn your black hairs into white,
 And pluck them when the change is done;
 The clothes you've put away with care,
 My worm's already in their seams—"
 "Time, hold your tongue, for man can still
 Defy you with his worm-proof dreams!"

MY LOVE COULD WALK

BY WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

MY Love could walk in richer hues
 Than any bird of paradise,
 And no one envy her her gain:
 Since in her looks the world would see
 A robin's love and friendliness.

And she could be the lily fair
 More richly dressed than all her kind,
 And no one envy her her gain:
 Since in her looks the world would see
 A daisy that was sweet and plain.

Oh, she could sit like any queen
 That's nailed by diamonds to a throne,
 Her splendor envied by not one:
 Since in her looks the world would see
 A queen that's more than half a nun.

Bliss Carman is resolutely content to
 dip his cup in the old Castalian spring,
 and so long as it yields such a refreshing
 draught as the following, from *Harper's*,
 we applaud his resolution:

VESTIGIA

BY BLISS CARMAN

I TOOK a day to search for God,
 And found Him not. But as I trod
 By rocky ledge, through woods untamed,
 Just where one scarlet lily flamed,
 I saw His footprint in the sod.

Then suddenly, all unaware,
 Far off in the deep shadows, where
 A solitary hermit thrush
 Sang through the holy twilight hush—
 I heard His voice upon the air.

And even as I marveled how
 God gives us Heaven here and now,
 In a stir of wind that hardly shook
 The poplar leaves beside the brook—
 His hand was light upon my brow.

At last with evening as I turned
 Homeward, and thought what I had learned
 And all that there was still to probe—
 I caught the glory of His robe
 Where the last fires of sunset burned.

Back to the world with quickening start
 I looked and longed for any part
 In making saving Beauty be. . .
 And from that kindling ecstasy
 I knew God dwelt within my heart.

We seldom see a poem by Mrs. Kilmer
 in print that we are not tempted to reprint
 it and we yield to the temptation in quoting
 from *Poetry* (Chicago) the verses that
 follow:

THE HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN
BITTERNESS

BY ALINE KILMER

THE heart knoweth? If this be true in-
 deed,
 Then the thing that I bear in my bosom is
 not a heart,
 For it knows no more than a hollow, whis-
 pering reed
 That answers to every wind.
 I am sick of the thing. I think we had
 better part.

My heart would come to any piper's calling—
 A fool in motley that dances for any king;
 But my body knows, and its tears unbidden
 falling
 Say that my heart has sinned.
 You would have my heart? You may. I
 am sick of the thing.

FOR ALL LADIES OF SHALOTT

BY ALINE KILMER

THE web flew out and floated wide;
 Poor lady!—I was with her then.
 She gathered up her piteous pride,
 But she could never weave again.

The mirror cracked from side to side;
 I saw its silver shadows go:
 "The curse has come on me!" she cried.
 Poor lady!—I had told her so.

She was so proud, she would not hide;
 She only laughed and tried to sing.
 But singing in her song she died;
 She did not profit anything.

In the *New Republic* we find the following lyric which appropriately celebrates the Indian Summer of song, if not of life:

PASTORAL

BY ROBERT HILLYER

IT is October in our hearts.
 The vineyards of the years are ripe,
 From thinning forests Pan departs,
 And we shall never hear his pipe
 Playing across the hill.

O it was well to drink our fill
 Of pleasure when the sun was high,
 And it is well beneath the still
 Suspense of twilight-laden sky
 To drink our fill of sleep.

The hush that follows song is deep,
 Far deeper than the song was gay,
 And autumn pasturing ghostly sheep
 Among the fields of yesterday
 Is shepherd of our dreams.

Heap the dead leaves beside the streams
 Where youth has heard the summer song;
 Heap the bonfire that redeems
 The dead who wake in light, and throng
 The shadows where it darts. . . .

It is October in our hearts.

There is a strange, subdued, sometimes exotic appeal in the poetry of Miss Hall, as exemplified in "Curtains" (John Lane)—an appeal that is often exquisite and heart-searching. For a first volume, which we take this to be, it is 'way beyond the ordinary and is strongly recommended to those who apprehend subtlety of expres-

sion and verbal incision. The author is a sort of sister-in-spirit to Edna Millay, who derives from Emily Dickinson. The following verses manifest a very considerable genius, curiously stifled and hemmed in:

CURTAINS

BY HAZEL HALL

I HAVE curtained my window with filmy
 seeming,
 Overhanging it with chintz of dreaming,
 That I may watch through sun and rain
 Beside the windowpane.

Faintly my curtains stir and flutter
 Before the words that loud rains utter,
 And through their fabric, cool and still,
 The sun falls on the sill.

JUNE NIGHT

BY HAZEL HALL

INTO my room to-night came June,
 A band of stars caught up her hair,
 And woven of the mist of moon,
 And patterned from the leaf-laced air,
 Her garments spread a soft perfume
 Over the shadows of my room.

But hardly had her coming stirred
 My darkness with a hope like dawn,
 Or had my anxious silence heard
 Her faint footfall, than she was gone.
 She went as tho with a quick fear
 Of the eternal winter here.

DEFEAT

BY HAZEL HALL

IS THIS defeat then, after all—
 This new indifference to the street,
 This unfelt weight of roof and wall—
 Is this defeat?

I thought to make my spirit wear
 Glittering garments of unrest,
 To keep my keen, knife-edged despair
 Unsheathed and brilliantly unrepressed.

But days have worn my unrest thin;
 Time's soft fingers gently close
 Over my outstretched hand, and in
 Their certain touch I feel repose.

This is defeat; I will submit,
 Resigned to the quieting decree
 Of defeat that is indefinite
 As victory.

FLASH

BY HAZEL HALL

I AM less of myself and more of the sun;
 The beat of life is wearing me
 To an incomplete oblivion,
 Yet not to the certain dignity
 Of death. *They cannot even die*
Who have not lived.

The hungry jaws
 Of space snap at my unlearned eye,
 And time tears in my flesh like claws.

If I am not life's, if I am not death's,
 Out of chaos I must re-reap
 The burden of untasted breaths,
Who has not waked may not yet sleep.

Not often do nine lines express such
 poignancy of feeling as finds utterance in
 the following lyric cry, in *The Forum*:

THE PASSER-BY

BY HELENE MULLINS

I HAVE seen the shattering of shells
 And the shattering of hearts,
 And I do not know which is worse—
 Only, the wound I got
 From the shattering of shells
 Is nearly healed—
 While I cannot wash away
 The spitting of blood on my dreams
 From the shattering of hearts.

There is a totality of effect in this poem,
 appearing in *To-day* (London), all the
 more striking as contrasted with the strict
 economy of words used in obtaining it:

SILVER WEDDING

BY RALPH HODGSON

IN the middle of the night he started up
 At a cry from his sleeping bride;
 A bat from some ruin in a heart he'd never
 searched,
 Nay, hardly seen inside.

"Want me and take me for the woman that
 I am,
 And not for her that died;
 The lovely chit Nineteen I one time was,
 And am no more," she cried.

Sir William Watson, whose voice has
 been quelled of late, is second to no English
 poet in championing the cause of Ireland,
 and if Ireland were to have a poet-laureate
 the choice might as appropriately fall to

him as to William Butler Yeats. In a
 brochure, entitled "Ireland Unfreed" (John
 Lane), containing more verses than poems,
 we find the following:

TO AMERICA CONCERNING IRELAND

BY SIR WILLIAM WATSON

FRIEND with frank tongue, who o'er the
 unflattering sea
 Dost likewise flatter not: who view'st the
 maze
 And tangle of things through no vague-
 shimmering haze:
 Pledge thou thy word, that if, long urged
 by thee,
 We loose her bonds and set the Thrall'd
 One free,
 That Morn-fair deed, crowned with Man's
 golden praise,
 Shall not for us, in thy consenting gaze,
 Prove the bright Mother of dark calamity!
 Then shall we know that some who else
 might mar
 The Dayspring, and drag Midnight from its
 grave—
 Some whose imperial dreams are loth to die—
 Will listen first beside the Western Wave:
 Will hear thy thundered interdict afar,
 And flee in terror lest they hear it nigh.

When the toll of American sonneteers
 is taken we should not be surprized to find
 the name of Leslie Nelson Jennings well
 up on the list. We reprint the following
 sonnet from *All's Well* (Fayetteville,
 Ark.):

AFTER SONNET MAKING

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

WHAT is the sense of Beauty, that so like
 A thorn must ever wound me, that
 can be
 Healing as music, but that loves to strike
 Swift as a sword to our mortality?
 I mend my broken thoughts and call them
 whole;
 Call them, for want of understanding,
 mine—
 Notes in the dust-blurred margins of the
 soul,
 Letter by crabbed letter, line by line!
 When I have had my guess, perhaps there
 may
 Come someone after me who will not rest
 Content with such conclusions, who will say
 I left the essential meaning unexpressed.
 He will pull down my house. . . . Ah, well,
 no doubt
 To-morrow's fuglemen will find him out!

Poets are always finding roads—to Mandalay and other out-of-the-way places—and Mr. Bellamann, whose name is new to us, qualifies for the fraternity of road-finders in the following poem which fills the best part of a page in *The Measure* (New York):

ROADS

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

THERE are roads through the trees that
the birds know,
Roads through the high trees.
All day the red and blue and green streaks
Travel the roads on the grave affairs of
birds;
Gay wings in the sun
And strange white wings in the dark—
Toward love and death.

There are roads in the sea that the fish know,
And all the years long the light quiver of
fish

Speeds through the roads of the sea,
Speeds the stern business of fish—
Life and the business of life, and death.

There are roads through the peaks
That the winds know,—
Roads through the stars that the world
knows,

And my thoughts have roads
Where only my thoughts may go.
Under the tumbling sea
And out through the sagging net of the stars,
Through the broken net of the stars
My thoughts go out, like the birds,
And the winds and the quivering fish,
Toward love and death.

A big and bracing wind goes galloping
through the following little poem, which
we find in *The Westminster Gazette* (London):

WIND

BY PETER RENNY

THIS is a giant day. . . .
Run out to pick a tree,
Seize a great flaring beech
And wave it overhead.

Run shouting through the fields,
Leap hedges and rivers;
Mænads will spring to meet you,
Contesting the race.

Run,—tho you trail the clouds,—
Run through the roaring world. . . .
This is a giant day.

An old truth and a laudable aspiration
find fresh expression in the following
verses which we cull from the *Bookman*:

VISION

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

I CAME to the mountains for beauty
And I find here the toiling folk,
On sparse little farms in the valleys,
Wearing their days like a yoke.

White clouds fill the valleys at morning,
They are round as great billows at sea,
And roll themselves up to the hill-tops
Still round as great billows can be.

The mists fill the valleys at evening,
They are blue as the smoke in the fall,
And spread all the hills with a tenuous scarf
That touches the hills not at all.

These lone folk have looked on them daily,
Yet I see in their faces no light,
Oh, how can I show them the mountains
That are round them by day and by night?

The author of the ensuing quatrain,
from the *Measure*, has crowded something
more than a quaint conceit into four lines:

CREED

BY NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

NOT leaves burned shapeless, nor leaves
sere lying,
But the green, green bough;
Not love forgotten, nor love remembered,
But love now.

In lighter vein we find, in *All's Well*,
this rememberable fancy:

BRIDGE AND MOONLIGHT

BY R. H. LAW

SUDDENLY, at a gap in the curtains,
The Moon shone through;
A little slip of a moon it was,
So young and new;
But to us in the mellow lamp-lit room
That alien light
Seemed to come as the cold remembrancer
Of ultimate Night.
For a moment the players forgot their game,
Their trumps and aces;
The blood ran hurrying home to the heart
From the mirth-flushed faces;
Then eye met questioning eye, and still
No word was spoken,
Till a woman said, "What a lovely Moon!"
And the spell was broken.

HENRY FORD GOES ON CHALLENGING THE RAILROAD WORLD

LOCOMOTIVES one-third the weight of present-day standard mogul and other "money-eating" railway engines, and doing just as much work with a fraction of the fuel consumption, are a part of the Henry Ford vision of railroading. In fact, the "father of the tin lizzy" who, incidentally, is president of the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad, already has some 75-ton railway locomotives under construction and he plans to have freight cars similarly reduced in weight, carrying present-day tonnage at cheaper rates under supervision of better-paid workmen. The 200-ton locomotive, he is quoted as saying to a *Universal Service* correspondent, "cannot be justified in any way except as another means for the banking gentry in their exploitation rather than development of the transportation system. It only serves to wear out steel rails that should last an average man's lifetime, if not a hundred years."

The same general principles that made the Ford automobile an actuality will obtain in the construction and operation of lighter and more efficient locomotives, in his opinion. And, we are told, the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad trains next winter will be dispatched and "bossed around" by means of wireless telephony. It is not proposed that the road shall be paralyzed by storms that interfere with the lines of communication.

In view of the contention of *The Railway Age* that Henry Ford has not wrought any miracle with the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton road, to which the Ford Motor Company is feeding a vast amount of first-class freight under conditions that insure a handsome dividend, it is interesting to hear the new "railroad genius" say that "whatever success we have had in the operation of the D. T. & I. is due to the fact that we found ourselves with it on our hands and we jumped in and ran it just as we would any business. We knew that railroads were designed to keep cars moving, so we did just that. The Ford Motor

Company had learned about railroading from the shippers' side, and we conceived the idea that if shippers were to be served, trains had to be started and kept going until they arrived somewhere. Neither the railroads nor the shippers were benefited by trains lying in the yards or upon sidetracks. Imagine all the freight cars of the nation moving on an average of eighteen miles each twenty-four hours as they did during the war. Why, two good men could almost push a loaded car that distance in that length of time. We have increased the D. T. & I. average from 15.7 to 35.7. There is no good reason why they shouldn't move 175 miles in twenty-four hours.

"How have we done it, you ask? Just by taking up the slack, or elimination of the loafing you might call it. We have ended the loafing of locomotives, the loafing of cars and the loafing of men. Any manufacturer who allowed his goods to loaf in the factory as things are allowed to loaf on sidetracks and in railroads would run into quick ruin."

The D. T. & I. was for many years a dismal failure, Mr. Ford declares, merely because it failed to render the service it is now rendering. Its trains, which had been operated previously on an eccentric schedule, are said to be not only moving regularly but to be delivering freight in some cases ahead of the bill of lading, which is rather novel for the railroading business. As an instance of the contrast between the old and new methods of operation on the road, which is 454 miles long, Mr. Ford recently made a trip of inspection over the line. In one section he noticed, he says, a bundle of steel wire mislaid and rapidly deteriorating in a puddle of water. Inquiry among members of the maintenance of way crews showed that the wire had not been picked up because it fell within the jurisdiction of the next crew up the line. That's no longer the system on the D. T. & I., it appears. *The Railway Age* thus sum-

marizes the facts about the phenomenal success of the Detroit, Toledo and Iron-ton. Henry Ford bought it in August, 1920. He assumed complete control of its operation, through men of his own choosing—most of the men who were connected with his motor-car business—in March, 1921, when he himself was elected president. During the four months, September to December, 1920, inclusive, after the present railway freight rates were fixed, the D. T. & I. handled an average of 49,246,000 ton miles of revenue freight per month, and had freight earnings averaging \$493,800 a month. In the months of April, May and June, 1921, the road handled an average freight business of 37,093,000 ton miles per month, and earned from it an average of \$694,204 per month. In other words, its average freight business in these three months was almost 25 per cent. less than in the average four months of 1920, while its average monthly freight earnings were over 40 per cent. greater.

We are assured that this large increase in freight earnings, in spite of a

big decline in the total freight handled, could only have been due to one cause, and that was an increase in its average rate. And there was a very extraordinary increase in the average rate per ton mile—a thing to which public attention never has been called before. In the last four months of 1920 its average rate was one cent per ton per mile. The average rate per ton per mile in April, May and June, 1921, was 1.88 cents, 88 per cent. greater than in September, October, November and December, 1920. The average rate of all the railways in the country is only 1.23 cents.

The Railway Age is glad that Ford has entered the railroad business. It is glad to see him try the policies in which he believes on the Detroit, Toledo and Iron-ton. It wishes he would buy a really large railroad system and try them on it. For "the D. T. & I. is now practically nothing but a plant facility of the Ford motor works, and the results obtained by it are no measure of what results would be obtained by the use of the same policy on a large railroad system."

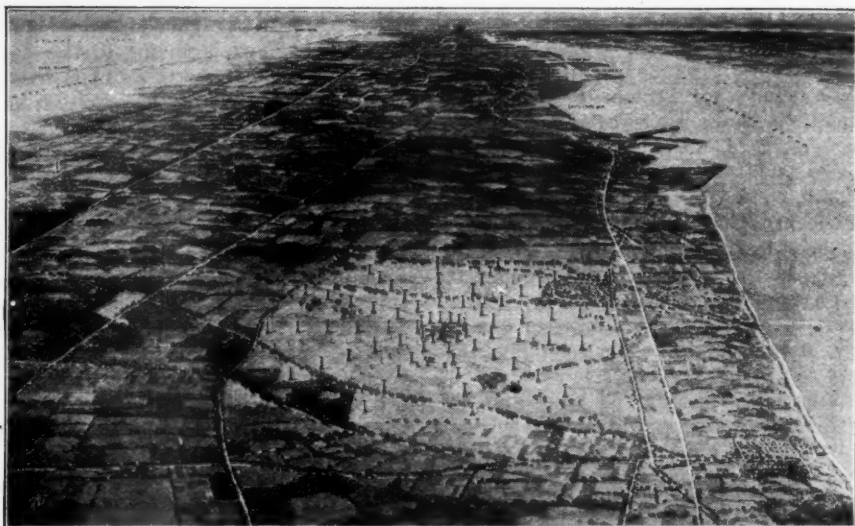
GETTING THE GREATEST WIRELESS STATION READY FOR WORK

BY means of the greatest wireless station in the world, known as Radio Central, established on a 6,400-acre tract at Rocky Point, Long Island, New York will soon be in direct wireless communication with Europe, Africa and South America. The general plan of the station, as described in the *N. Y. World Magazine*, is like unto a giant wheel, with the power-house as the hub and the towers, radiating in lines six to a line, forming the spokes. The power-house and two of the six-tower spokes are now in operation.

The towers, twelve in number, are set in a line from west to east, giant skeletons whose tops more frequently than not are lost in the haze from off the Sound. From center to center the distance between them is 1,250 feet, and the total distance about three miles. Each tower

rises to a height of 400 feet, and 150 tons of steel were used in its construction. The bridges or cross-arms, from which the wires extend, are 150 feet long and weigh eight tons. Four concrete piers set 58 feet 10 inches apart support each tower, one leg to each pier. These piers are thirteen feet deep with bases nineteen feet each way. Four 2½-inch anchor rods bolted to each leg of the tower are sunk eleven feet into the piers. A telephone system connects all the towers with the power-house.

All the upper sections of the towers are galvanized, the better to withstand the destructive forces of the elements. Ladders rising to the top are provided with six rest stations, which have the appearance of a lookout's crow's-nest on a ship's mast. To reach the top of a tower requires at least twenty minutes of climbing with in-



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF RADIO CENTRAL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED
It occupies a 6,400-acre tract at Rocky Point, toward the east end of Long Island, New York, and it will maintain wireless communication with Africa and South America, as well as with Europe.


tervals of rest, by actual test by bridge workers to whom dizziness and shaky knees are unknown sensations. With a force of six engineers and 90 bridgemen, the average time for the construction of a tower has been 22 working days.

The method by which the bridges or cross-arms from which the wires are strung were placed at the top of the towers is an interesting and delicate phase of engineering. The towers are designed to carry a horizontal load at the top of 30,000 pounds. To undertake to lift a bridge in its entirety would be disastrous. The tower would topple on the loaded side. Likewise it would be dangerous to hoist a half section without providing a counterbalance which would place the strain upon a tower in a downward compressive or vertical line from its center. The engineers set up a vertical boom on the top of a tower and other booms inclined at an angle on either side. Cables from these side booms reaching to the ground were fastened to the halves of the bridge, and hoisting engines lifted them free from the ground. Thus they balanced the weight, the strain on the tower being compressive only. One part of the bridge was then hoisted into position and the rivets

connecting it with the tower truly set, the other part swinging free. The half in position remaining as a counter weight, the other section was then hoisted to the top and joined to its mate and to the supporting tower. Because of the nicety of calculations and the expertness of the bridgemen on the job, these bridges were made a part of the tower construction without a serious hitch.

Two 200-kilowatt high frequency Alexanderson alternators are installed in the power-house. Each of these machines is designed to work in conjunction with one of the antenna spokes. Numerous auxiliaries are also provided, including motor generator sets, control devices, cooling and lubricating systems and special devices for maintaining the alternator speed constant within one-tenth of 1 per cent. This latter is a feature of much importance.

Alternators are the electrical mechanisms which generate the high frequency electrical currents which produce the waves to carry radio messages through the ether. Their frequency is 20,000 cycles a second, a cycle being one completed electrical wave from low to high and back to low. Registered by a record-

ing needle on paper, a cycle looks like a letter S set this way . The height of the antenna wires and the current in them determine the transmitting range. When a switch is thrown at the control station in New York and a key is touched, the electrical response is instantaneous. Given the right power, communicating dots and dashes travel eight times around the world within a second of time.

The force of sixteen experts at the station are not concerned with the traffic in messages. Their one duty is to maintain the radio mechanism at a uniform standard for service. A modern community house erected on the reservation will be their home. Six cylindrical tuning coils of copper wire seven feet in height are installed on concrete bases at six differing points. The antenna wires on the towers

are connected with the tuning coils from above, the other end of the coils being connected with 45 miles of underground wires. The ground wires distribute the current over a large area and reduce the resistance to its flow.

A message reduced to thirty words a minute may be received with the ordinary dot and dash method by ear. Three other methods are provided to meet varying conditions of speed. One traces the message in continuous wave lines on a narrow paper tape. By another method the electrical vibrations are photographed. Both of these records may be read by expert telegraphers. By the third method the message is received on a dictaphone and is later brought within a normal ear reading range by lowering the speed of the instrument.

A WEED, GROWING WILD, TO YIELD \$40,000,000 IN WAX A YEAR

CANDELILLA is the name of a wax-bearing weed native to Texas that ranchmen and planters once regarded with about as much favor as farmers further north regard the pestiferous daisy. Yet this same candelilla weed or plant is, writes W. D. Hornaday, in *The American Thresherman* (Madison, Wis.), the basis of an industry that will soon be yielding \$40,000,000 or more a year in wax suitable for making candles, phonograph records, wood and leather polishes, floor waxes, varnishes, for electrical insulation and in the manufacture of celluloid, rubber compounds and linoleum. Whole counties of the Lone Star State are overgrown with it and wax-factories are operating profitably in several Texas towns. In San Antonio one large factory is devoted to the refining of the crude wax, tho much of the product is shipped east for refining and marketing.

It is estimated that there are not less than three million acres of land in Terrell, Brewster, Presidio and El Paso counties, Texas, upon which this wild weed

grows in profusion, in addition to many million acres in northern Mexico. At the time the revolutionary period in Mexico began, we are told, the development of the candelilla-wax industry in Mexico had attained a place of considerable importance. Several factories were in operation in the Monterey and Torreon districts, and exportation of the crude product was being made regularly to Germany, England, France and other European countries, as well as to the United States. The wax was coming into such demand, it is stated, that it threatened to take the place of the canuba wax of South America, which had heretofore borne the reputation of being the highest-grade product of that character. On account of the disturbed condition of affairs in Mexico, all of the candelilla wax-factories in that country, so far as known, are now shut down, and have been during the last three or four years.

It was through the experiments in the matter of extracting the wax from the candelilla plant which were conducted near Monterey about eight years ago by

Oscar Pacius, a well-known chemist, that the method that is now in use was discovered. It had long been known that the candelilla plant contained a wax that burned readily, and the native Mexicans in the region where it grows utilized the wild growth for fuel.

The cutting and baling is done by Mexican laborers and at an extraordinary low cost. The factories that have been established up to this time are capable of utilizing only a small proportion of the available supply. The candelilla plant grows from one to three feet high, and as many as five thousand and more stems come from the same root.

The process of manufacture is, as a rule, that of boiling and steaming, although the mechanical method of beating the weed is sometimes used. No effort has as

yet been made to utilize the by-products, but tests have been made that prove them to be of much value. A high grade of paper can be made from the fibrous refuse or bagasse. Nearly all candelilla-wax factories now obtain their fuel supply from the residue that is obtained after the product is extracted. Although no effort is necessary to cultivate the candelilla weed, due to the fact that it is to be had in such enormous quantities in its wild state, it is not doubted that it could be propagated and successfully grown in almost any part of southwestern Texas, southern New Mexico and southern Arizona. It occupies in its native state practically the same region as that of the wild guayule shrub, which has proved of such great value as a producer of raw rubber.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES TO PROVIDE AND MAINTAIN OUR NAVY

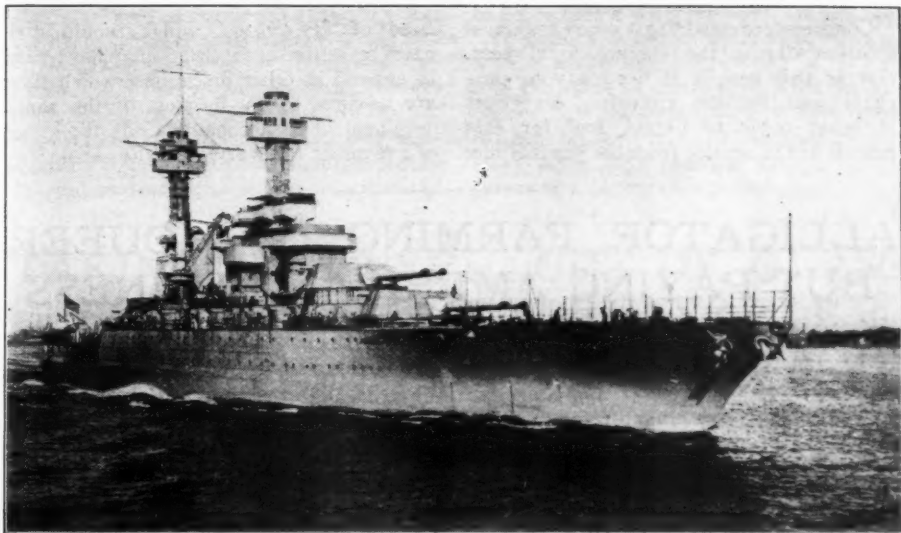
THE man in the street knows that our navy costs several hundred million dollars a year—and there his knowledge is apt to end. Where and how is the money spent? Take the superdreadnaught *Maryland*, for example. Her cost is put at \$42,000,000. Each of her eight 16-inch guns cost \$256,000. When she fires a broadside it means \$18,000. To maintain this floating fortress requires an annual outlay of \$750,000, exclusive of pay. She carries 1,500 men, whose food costs \$300,000 a year; and each torpedo in her battery costs \$15,000. These figures, presented by Donald McGregor in the *N. Y. Herald*, indicate the great cost of modern warfare and of preparedness and project a situation unique in history, with respect to national taxation and expenditures.

The cost of the army and navy, reports Frank J. Taylor, Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Globe*, jumped from \$237,000,000 in 1913 to \$1,283,000,000 in 1920. Similar staggering increases took place in other countries, according to figures compiled by the International Finan-

cial Congress last spring. England's armament bill jumped from \$391,000,000 in 1913 to \$1,119,000,000 in 1920. France's defense budget grew from \$350,000,000 to \$988,000,000 in 1920. Italy's jumped from \$149,000,000 to \$1,036,000,000. Japan increased her army and navy expenditures from \$95,000,000 to \$271,000,000.

Germany alone, according to authorities, has accomplished an effective reduction in armament costs since the war. Her reduction program was enforced upon her, but, according to figures offered before the Senate by Senator Borah, it was sufficient saving in money, exclusive of the labor economy, to pay her reparations debt.

Meanwhile it is because no such guns as are carried by the *Maryland* and such capital ships have ever been a naval factor that so much interest attaches to the cost of firing and of battleship maintenance to-day. We read that the newer types of battleships laid down, but not completed, are to be even larger and much more expensive to operate than the *Maryland*. A striking example of this



U. S. Navy Official Photo

\$42,000,000 OF TAXPAYERS' MONEY PAID FOR BUILDING THIS NEW UNITED STATES
SUPERDREADNAUGHT

Its up-keep will require \$750,000 a year, in addition to a payroll of \$1,200,000, and every broadside she fires from her battery of eight 16-inch guns will cost \$18,000.

is the new battleship *Iowa*, under construction at Newport News, Va., which is 684 feet long, 105 feet across the beam and which will develop 60,000 horse-power.

It is regarded by naval authorities as unfair to figure the cost of maintaining a battleship in with the cost of firing a gun, since in the interest of economy as few rounds as possible are shot. Target practice is indulged in just often enough to keep the crews in shape. Much time is spent in sighting the guns and manipulating them, without actual firing.

The greatest expense involved in maintaining a battleship, or any other naval vessel, for that matter, is for fuel, including oil and coal. The naval appropriation bill for the current fiscal year carries an item of \$17,500,000 for fuel, water and the like. Much depends, of course, on the amount of cruising that is required for the fleet.

Of course, the heavy costs are for the very largest of the battleships. The bills for vessels like the destroyers are not so great. The destroyers do much more

cruising than the battleships, but their crews are only in the neighborhood of 110, and they have only five officers aboard, occasionally six. The payroll for a destroyer runs in the neighborhood of \$6,000 a month, with everything else in proportion. The destroyers have five 5-inch guns. They are built for speed and, proportionately in weight, are a little more expensive to build than battleships. The modern destroyers—there are 347 in commission in the American fleets—displace up to 1,200 tons and cost around \$2,500,000.

In the matter of aircraft, we are told that the ZR-1, being built near Philadelphia for the United States Navy, will cost \$2,000,000, while the hangar at Lakehurst, N. J., constructed to house the ill-fated ZR-2 and the ZR-1, cost another \$2,000,000. There are no accurate details as to what the expense of maintenance will be, but it is known that it will be great. As one item alone a crew of 500 men will have to be retained to get the airship in and out of the hangar.

Congress provided \$13,000,000 for naval aviation during the current fiscal year. Out of this sum it is necessary to purchase fuel for the aircraft. An effort is being made to obtain fuel for this branch of the service from the general fuel

fund of \$17,500,000, which would give naval aviation authorities an opportunity to expand in other directions, which they are anxious to do, in view of the rapid development of aeronautics. Is the game of grooming for war worth the candle?

ALLIGATOR FARMING IS A QUEER BUT PAYING AMERICAN BUSINESS

AMONG the many curious occupations followed in the United States that of alligator farming bears the palm, and the prize alligator farm of the country is successfully conducted by K. C. Spencer, a former Buffalo, N. Y., policeman, at Hot Springs, Arkansas, where from 800 to 1,200 animals are usually in stock. The purpose of this and other alligator farms in the South is to accumulate the animals from hunters who, Spencer is quoted, in the *Dearborn Independent*, as saying, "work harder to earn a dollar catching alligators than they would in making \$30 working on a farm." We read that in catching them a rowboat is used, together with an automobile searchlight.

The waters of the swamp are carefully swept by the light. The eyes of the alligator are the tell-tale marks, gleaming like jewels in the water. Once an alligator is located, the light is kept focussed on it, while the boat is rowed nearer. The alligator usually does not budge so long as the light is kept on it. When the boat is near, but not too near, an effort is made to throw a rope around the 'gator's neck. This done, plenty of rope must be let out, otherwise the boat might be upset, and once upset, the hunters' lives would be doomed. As soon as the alligator is caught in the noose, the hunters make for the shore, paying out the rope as they go. When they have gained the shore, the work of hauling in the alligator begins. This must be done carefully, however, otherwise the neck of the alligator may be broken, making it necessary to sell it for its hide, at only a fraction of the price a live specimen would bring. The most critical time is right when the alligator

is being hauled upon the shore. It may give a toss and throw itself back into the water, easily breaking its neck. But once on the shore, the jaws of the alligator are tied together and then it is practically helpless.

The bigger alligators, the catching of which is thus described, bring pretty fair prices, a live specimen, 8 to 10 feet long, fetching \$30, delivered at the express station and consigned to an alligator farm. Tiny ones net the hunter 50 cents to a dollar apiece. The business of the farmer is to teach them to eat in captivity, and then after a year or so they are ready to be sold to zoos and circuses at prices ranging up to \$500 for a 12-foot specimen. It is because alligators almost invariably refuse to eat after being captured, and, writes R. P. Crawford, in the *Dearborn Independent*, would starve themselves to death if they were not coaxed into it, that they are farmed instead of being sold directly to exhibitors. One alligator on the Spencer farm was brought in during the month of May and refused to eat a mouthful until the following April. Alligators, as a rule, hibernate during the winter, and from May to October eat but one meal a week, so perhaps a fast of a year or so is not such a serious event in an alligator's life. In fact, an alligator seldom eats on a full stomach, and spends a week or so in digesting its meal, according to Mr. Spencer. After the alligators have remained on the farm for a year or so, they become accustomed to eating and also to living in shallow water. After this period of probation they are ready for the market.

The novice who wonders why alligators are not raised from babyhood on the farm

and marketed is informed that they live very much longer than human beings and "it would be discouraging for any farmer to wait a lifetime for his stock to get ready to market." The alligator farms, however, make a practice of raising hundreds of baby alligators to supply a steady demand at retail prices ranging from \$2

to \$5. Once a year, we read, an alligator lays from a dozen to a hundred eggs at a time which are hatched out in incubators the same as hen's eggs, with the exception that the temperature is kept down to about 80 degrees. The hatching process takes sixty days and the eggs are kept very moist during this period.

TAKING THE PERIL OUT OF GLASS BY MAKING IT UNBREAKABLE

GLASS is now being made strong enough to withstand the impact of steel-jacketed bullets fired at close range with a 45-caliber revolver. Dr. James W. Inches, Police Commissioner of Detroit, is reported, in the *Du Pont Magazine*, to have subjected a piece of laminated glass six inches by nine inches to this test with the result that the transparent glass was cracked but not penetrated; neither did it shatter nor fly. Similar tests have been made by the New York and Philadelphia Police Departments, establishing the authenticity of bullet-proof glass.

How is it made? By way of analogy think of a cheese sandwich. Instead of two slices of bread, think of two sheets of fine glass. Instead of a slice of cheese, think of a piece of Transparent Pyralin Sheeting. Instead of butter, think rather of a colorless liquid with adhesive properties. Now make up a sandwich with these materials and you have it—all except the special process used to bind the three layers together into a solid mass. There's no secret about that either; it's done under heat and hydraulic pressure.

Laminated glass made by this process is far stronger, we are assured, than ordinary glass of the same thickness. The Pyralin sheet welded between the two glass layers gives the composited glass enough resiliency to resist heavy shocks and severe blows without breaking. It is impenetrable to ordinary missiles, resisting the impact of moving objects that would readily break through glass alone or the Pyralin alone. With Pyralin interposed between the layers of glass, however, the

finished product is incredibly strong, and it resembles a single thickness of fine plate glass—lustrous, polished and beautifully finished.

During the late days of the war the U. S. Government adopted it for gas-mask lenses, and before the armistice was signed 10,000,000 pieces were supplied to the Chemical Warfare Service, Gas Defense Section. Ten thousand pieces were also made into wind-shields for American and Allied airplanes. Many an airman owes the preservation of his eyesight to the use of this glass in his goggles and wind-shield. But it is in the application to the arts of peace that non-shatterable glass is to achieve its greatest triumphs—in the interests of humanity and public welfare. Safety goggles for workmen in industrial plants are now fitted with this glass, which is approved for goggle lenses by the U. S. Bureau of Standards.

Glass is most extensively used in the automobile industry for wind-shields, headlights, wind - deflectors, tonneau shields, sun and rain shields and for the windows of closed cars. Transparency for unobstructed vision is its chief virtue, apart from its service in protecting motorists from the elements. But in an accident emergency, ordinary window or plate glass becomes a fearful menace.

Even if many automobile accidents are unavoidable, it is at least true that injuries from flying glass are now preventable. Non-shatterable glass equipment can be had for practically every purpose a motorist requires; and he may indulge his fancy for colors, sun and rain-shields being now made with a reinforcing sheet of colored

Pyralin inside. This gives the glass its colored appearance and affords protection from sun glare. Shields are obtainable in any transparent, translucent or opaque color desired.

Non-breakable glass has strong points of recommendation for lathe, drill and other machine tool guards as well as for goggles used by machinists, riveters, grinders, chemists, engineers, stonecutters, blacksmiths and others who, on account of the nature of their work, are exposed to the

hazard of eye injuries. It is used to protect compasses; it finds another use to protect electrical apparatus, pressure gauges—in short, wherever common glass has been used for visibility and such protection as it has afforded, non-shatterable glass can be used with absolute protection and no loss of visibility. Bearing this in mind, it is not difficult to foresee with the passing of the word "fragile" as applied to glass, new fields opening up for its use with amazing rapidity.

RUINOUS FOREST WASTE AND FIRE LOSS MUST BE CURBED

THE part the family waste-basket plays in the depletion of our forests is dramatically set forth by a writer in the *American Forestry Magazine* (Washington, D. C.), who mournfully informs us that every day nearly five thousand good-sized trees find their way thither. His complaint is that the metropolitan journals are entirely too big. Australia and New Zealand are pointed to as places where the wholesale use of paper is not so lightly regarded. At a recent pulp and paper conference in

Canada a New Zealand delegate waved aloft a copy of a New York daily paper of thirty pages and declared he would be sent to jail if he dared print a paper of that size in his country—not to mention the huge American Sunday editions. The time is at hand, we are warned, when the economic law of necessity will force a retrenchment in this direction. Already more than one-third of our pulpwood comes from across the Canadian border, and Canada, profiting by our mistakes, is now taking steps to forbid the cutting of



EVERY DAY NEARLY FIVE THOUSAND GOOD-SIZED TREES FIND THEIR WAY BACK INTO OUR EVER-OPEN WASTEBASKETS

timber at a rate more rapid than its growth. This means primarily that our annual importation of Canadian pulpwood has practically reached the maximum, and for the other two-thirds at least we will have to look after ourselves. If, says *American Forestry*, we squarely face the facts, the solution of the problem will not be difficult. It is estimated that about three million cords of wood per year are manufactured into paper for magazines and newspapers. At ten cords per acre this would mean three hundred thousand acres. Supposing that it takes about forty to fifty years to grow good pulpwood spruce, and allowing for possible loss by fire, wind blight or failure of seeding, a tract of thirty thousand square miles planted with forty successive crops of timber, each crop coming to maturity at one year intervals, would under proper care and management, furnish a perpetual supply of pulpwood for news-

print. This means an area a little smaller than the state of Ohio, but represents less than one-tenth of the area of our cut-over lands, most of which are now almost entirely unproductive.

There is no question that a perpetual supply of pulpwood for all needs is a possible and practical scheme. It will not, however, come merely for the asking. There must be, first, a proper national forestry law with adequate provisions for fire protection and government reforestation on a scale large enough to demonstrate the economic soundness of the idea; second, every state must adopt thorough forestry principles with provisions to protect growing timber from exorbitant taxation; and, finally, with these laws as a basis, the pulp and paper industry, together with all other wood-using industries, must be made to see that in practical reforestation and conservation lies their only salvation.

A PIGGLY WIGGLY IDEA DEVELOPS INTO A \$60,000,000 BUSINESS

EMBLAZONED on the windows of more than six hundred grocery stores the country over the words "Piggly Wiggly" proclaim the development of a business that has grown from nothing to more than \$5,000,000 a month in five years. Its presiding genius, who has upset the anchored traditions of the retail grocery business, celebrated his fortieth birthday a few weeks ago. His name is Clarence Saunders and his activities center in Memphis, Tennessee, rather than New York, because, as he says, "I believe I know more of the United States because I live in Memphis than I would if I lived in New York. There are a good many Memphises the country over, but only one New York."

Piggly Wiggly is an adventure in practical store psychology. It is a self-service plan, and when Saunders first applied it in Memphis everybody laughed. They began to stop laughing when they found themselves buying all their groceries at Piggly Wiggly. The clean store, with its

attractive merchandize all arranged in orderly fashion, was quite different from the ordinary grocery.

R. P. Crawford reports, in *Forbes Magazine*, that the first Piggly Wiggly opened its doors in Memphis in September, 1916, and to-day there are thirty-five such stores flourishing in that Tennessee city. Six hundred others are located in some two hundred towns and cities. Last year there was an average of 404 stores in operation throughout the year and they did \$60,000,000 worth of business. The inception of the Piggly Wiggly idea is thus recounted by its author who, in 1916, had been invited to start a grocery department in the basement of a leading Memphis department store. The proprietors had him go to Terra Haute, Indiana, to study a remarkable grocery department which might serve as a model. On inspecting it, Saunders found that it was no different from any other grocery store. En route back to Memphis he awakened to the fact that he was running around the country look-

ing up what other people were doing. Why not think up something himself? He had no idea at the time of starting a self-service grocery and had never seen a cafeteria. What about a name? "I thought it over for about two hours on the train and then 'Piggly Wiggly' shot into my head. Instinct told me it was a good and proper name, something different from anything used before. My next step was to plan a store. I still had no idea of a self-service store, but I kept turning over in my mind methods that would save as many clerks as possible. I wanted to rearrange show-cases so that everything would be handled with minimum effort. When I got back to Memphis, I decided that I did not want to go in with the department store, but that, instead, I would try remodeling one of our stores across the street with my advanced ideas. I arrived home Friday, and by the next Wednesday the goods in the old store had been sold out and workmen were remodeling it. I announced that Piggly Wiggly would open for business the following Wednesday."

There are two types of Piggly Wiggly stores, we read. Some 350 located in 52 towns are controlled by Saunders and his associates in the original organization. In other cases, territory rights are sold to other companies which pay $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent. on their gross sales as royalty. A factory is maintained which makes standard equipment for all the stores. In building the organization everything was laid out in black and white to insure against failure. The arrangement of every store the country over is just the same, with a place for every bar of laundry soap and every bottle of ketchup. Everything is mapped out for the store manager in a little book, from placating irritated customers to limiting the number of keys to Piggly Wiggly stores.

A shopping tour at a Piggly Wiggly store begins at the outside of the building. Piggly Wiggly stores are always painted blue, brown and yellow. That color scheme goes with Piggly Wiggly just as red goes with a ten-cent store. "Piggly Wiggly" is always in white letters on a blue background, with "All Over the World" just

beneath. The windows of the store are not taken up with a display; the display is the interior of the store itself. Through the windows one looks directly into the store, and right inside the door are a few seats where one may rest. Across the front of the store, about ten feet inside the doorway, is a steel railing. There are two turnstile gates here, through one of which the customer enters for her buying tour and picks up a basket just inside the railing. The goods are all conveniently placed on the shelves, in nearly all cases wrapped and with the price indicated on tags. The housewife takes down whatever she wants, puts it in her basket, and passes on. She opens the refrigerator and takes out her butter. Standard brands of goods are sold and there is no solicitation to buy. One cannot leave the store without having passed through all the aisles. When she has picked out all her groceries, the shopper passes a cash register, where a clerk records the amount of her purchases and transfers the goods to a paper bag, tossing the basket aside. Then the customer pays and passes out through the other turnstile gate.

As many as 185 customers an hour can easily be handled; and one camping party bought its entire list of 369 items in half an hour. In the rear of every store is the stock-room. For every thousand dollars' worth of goods on display, another thousand dollars' worth is kept in reserve so that the shelves can be immediately stocked up again. As high as \$6,500 worth of goods have been sold in a day at one Piggly Wiggly store, altho \$10,000 a week represents about the highest average sales that any store has reached. Three to five thousand dollars a week is a high average. A Piggly Wiggly store usually employs two to three men. The exceptional store with a tremendous business sometimes has five, and the very small store may get along with one. The employees are taught all the different lines of work, so that their positions are interchangeable. They receive regular salaries, but in each store there is a salary allowance of 3 per cent. of the gross sales on the first \$2,000 per week, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on everything over that amount.

COMPRESSED AIR IS IMPORTANT IN THE WHALING INDUSTRY

COMPRESSED air is playing a very important part in the whaling industry at the present time, being extensively used to keep captured whales afloat, each up-to-date whaler being equipped with an air compressor. We read, in *Compressed Air Magazine*, that the whale is tied alongside the ship and a four-foot spear is plunged into the mammal. The sharp spear is provided with perforations through which the air escapes. At the butt of the spear there is a compressed air hose attached. About two inches back of this hose, a hundred feet or so in length, is attached a heavy rope. After the spear has been rammed into the whale he is pumped up to a pressure of about 80 inches which makes him float like a rubber ball. The spear is then withdrawn and the hole plugged up with oakum. It requires only three or four minutes to deliver sufficient air within the whale to make it float.

In most of the whaling steamers no storage tank is used, the air being delivered direct from the pump, but on a model whaling ship a pressure of 40 pounds is carried in the storage tank.

After the whale has been properly inflated a flagstaff with a flag is mounted on the carcass while the steamer leaves in the pursuit of another whale.

The whaling industry at the present time is so different from the old industry that almost the only point of resemblance is that it deals with whales. Its operations, its products, its whole point of view are vastly different. The new whaling is based on the utilization of the entire carcass, of fishing in shore waters, on a system of capture far more certain than that of the old days and on bringing the entire whale to be cut up and processed at the factory. From the carcass there is produced not only oil for which the soap industry has provided a new market, but fertilizers of first rate quality, bone meal and whale meal, besides other commodities, so nothing is wasted. The patent packing house saying, "Everything is util-

ized but the squeal," applies in the whaling industry, as everything is used but the blow. From this point of view it has opened up a new industry operating along the Pacific Coast, and along California in particular. It is an industry that is already widespread in the world.

The Norwegians, who were the first to adopt the new method, have whaling stations scattered throughout the Seven Seas, with various companies operating almost from pole to pole. Their investment has grown to considerable proportions from 1912 to the present time. Following the Norwegians' example, plants have been in operation on the Pacific Coast of North America for some time, notably on Grey's Harbor and on Magdalena Bay in Mexico. The plant of the California Sea Products Company was the first to be equipped on the coast of California.

Treated by the methods that prevail at this modern whaling station, an average whale will yield 1,750 gallons of standard whale oil; 2½ tons of whale guano; 1½ tons of bone meal and about 200 pounds of gill bone. Whale oil is now used for the making of glycerine, in cordage works, in tanning leather, for tempering steel, and for many other purposes, but its most important present-day use is in the making of soap.

The entire output of whale oil of the California Sea Products Company has been contracted for by soap manufacturers. There is a peculiar interest in this industry in California.

The ordinary whales of the Pacific are the Hump Backs, the Fin Back, the Sulphur Bottom and the California Gray, all of which seek their food near the coast, follow the season up and down from Mexico to Washington, and in the early summer migrate toward cooler northern waters. In the fall they move southward.

In 1915, the whaling station on Grey's Harbor, 600 miles north of San Francisco, captured 340 whales, on each of which it is estimated that a net profit was made

of \$300. The whaling station at Magdalena Bay, 1,000 miles south of San Francisco, took 575 whales, but the active season on Grey's Harbor was limited to 4½ months, and that on Magdalena Bay was no longer. But in the meantime the whales that appear in the sea off the Washington Coast and once off the Mexican coast have traveled twice past the California shore, their leisurely migration up and down covering practically the entire year. This means that the whale herds move in a continuous procession up and down through Cali-

fornia waters the year round. They rarely go more than 100 miles from the shore.

This modern whaling industry with its comparatively short radius of action finds itself more fortunately situated on the California coast than it does further north or south where the visitation of the herds is seasonal, and comes only once a year. Whaling operations on the Pacific Coast during the year 1919 netted a total of 1,436 whales. This produced 2,107,924 gallons of whale oil, 540,280 gallons of sperm oil, 3,450 tons of fertilizer and 14,000 pounds of whale bone.

UNCLE SAM WARNS AGAINST FRAUDULENT "DIVINING RODS"

THERE is no such thing as a "divining rod" or "caducean wand" or forked willow branch that can be depended upon as a means of finding buried treasure, mineral deposits and underground oil or water, according to a United States Geological Survey bulletin. In shattering a superstition that continues with marvelous persistence, the bulletin goes on to say that iron, nickel and some minerals that contain these metals are magnetic and the dip-needle or miner's compass has been adapted to use in prospecting for these metals. Such an instrument can be purchased, but special training is required to enable anyone to use it successfully. But "gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc are not magnetic, and no instrument now in use will indicate the presence of these metals or their ores if they are hidden from view within the ground. Devices that are supposed to indicate the presence of concealed non-magnetic ore are usually offered for sale either through ignorance or with intent to defraud. Some honest attempts have been made to prospect for non-magnetic ores by measuring in different directions the capacity of the ground to conduct an electric current, the idea being that ground containing metallic material will conduct the current better than that which contains none. These attempts, as well as trials with other electrical devices, however, have not been successful,

and the various forms of such apparatus could not be used by one unfamiliar with electrical work."

Measurements of the electric potential of metallic minerals have been made in the Geological Survey laboratories, and the results published in bulletin 548 may be had for 10 cents from the Superintendent of Documents at Washington. The results, we read, do not afford an adequate basis for any method of electrical prospecting, and it is still doubtful whether electrical methods of prospecting for non-magnetic ores will ever be useful, altho they may have limited application in searching for certain kinds of ores. Most deposits of the precious and semi-precious metals and their ores are discovered by those who, by experience, have become familiar with the kinds of rock in which the ores are found and who use the ordinary methods of prospecting.

No instrument other than the drill has been devised that will indicate the presence of water or oil underground. In determining the probable existence of underground supplies of these liquids, geologists are guided by their knowledge of the relation of beds of rocks visible at the surface to beds that contain oil or water at other places in the same general region. They also make use of the recognized relation of occurrences of oil or water to certain structure in the rocks and surface indications.

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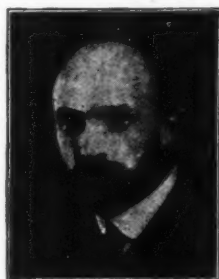
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Astonishing facts about your English

How Sherwin Cody, by means of a remarkable invention, has improved the speech and writing of thousands of people in fifteen minutes a day.

By M. B. SACKHEIM



SHERWIN CODY

A certain young man in New York is to-day at the head of a flourishing business. Fifteen years ago he was a newsboy hawking papers around the Loop in Chicago. Now he sits writing at his desk, and every day literally thousands of people do what he wills them to do. What lifted him out of the crowd of millions of other people who have had only grammar-school training? *Nothing but a remarkable command of the English language, which he managed by constant practice to obtain.*

This is not an unusual instance of the enormous monetary value of a command of language. Stories no less inspiring can probably be gathered everywhere. For not one person in a thousand rises to eminence in his chosen field unless he is able to express his thoughts in clear, crisp, idiomatic English.

All the many recipes for success can be summed up in this simple principle: *You must be able to make other people do what you want.* How is that possible if you are handicapped in your power of expression? How can you move others by inspiration, how can you persuade and convince—when your vocabulary is sadly limited and you cannot speak either fluently or correctly? In every field the outstanding men are those who speak and write with clarity and force. They may be known as "silent men." But when they must talk, they can do so! Their words bite like chisels into the brains of other people, and their will is carried out!

What Cody Did at Gary

It is not so difficult to attain—this mastery of our mother-tongue. Sherwin Cody discovered, in scientific tests, which he personally gave to tens of thousands of people, the reason why most of us cannot express ourselves correctly and forcefully. *Most people do not write and speak good English, simply because they never formed the habit of doing so.* In fact, they have usually formed the habit of using a loose and incorrect English.

Now, the formation of any habit comes only from practice. Here is an illustration: Some years ago, Mr. Cody was invited by William Wirt, author of the famous Gary System of Education, to teach English to all upper-grade pupils in Gary, Indiana. By means of unique practice exercises, Mr. Cody secured more improvement in these pupils in five weeks than had previously been obtained by similar pupils in two years under old methods. There was no guesswork about these results. They were proved by scientific comparison.

The Biggest Concerns Help

Mr. Cody has been aided in his experiments by such firms as the National Cash Register Co., Swift & Co., Sears, Roebuck & Co., National Cloak and Suit Co., Barroughs Adding Machine Co., and a number of others of like standing. They allowed him to test their thousands of employees.

Prominent educators agree with him that his method is based on the soundest psychological principles. He has always known what to teach; he knows good English himself (so do thousands of teachers). The problem has simply been: *How to impart to others the ability to speak correctly and fluently which he himself possessed.* He solved the problem by inventing a device, upon which the Government granted him a patent, and which is called "The Sherwin Cody 100% Self-Correcting Device."

Cody's Remarkable Invention

The basic principle of Mr. Cody's new invention is habit forming. *Anyone can learn to write and speak fluently by constantly using the correct forms.* But how is one to know in each case what is correct? Mr. Cody solves this problem in a simple, unique, sensible way.

Suppose he, himself, were standing forever at your elbow. Every time you mispronounced or misspelled a word, every time you violated correct grammatical usage, every time you used the wrong word to express what you meant, suppose you could hear him whisper: "That is wrong, it should be thus and so." In a short time you would habitually use the correct form and the right words in speaking and writing.

If you continued to make the same mistakes over and over again, each time patiently he would tell you what was right. The 100% Self-Correcting Device does exactly this thing. It is Cody's silent voice behind you, ready to speak out whenever you commit an error. It finds your mistakes and concentrates on them.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Nor is there very much to learn. In Mr. Cody's years of experiment he brought to light some highly astonishing facts about English.

He has spent years tabulating common errors and he found for instance that a list of one hundred words (with their repetitions) make up more than half of all our speech and letter writing. Similarly he proved that there were no more than one dozen fundamental principles of punctuation. Finally, he discovered that twenty-five typical errors in grammar constituted nine-tenths of our every-day mistakes.

When one has learned to avoid these comparatively few common errors, how readily one can obtain that facility of speech which stamps the person of breeding and education!

When the study of English is made so simple, it becomes clear that progress can be made in a very short time. *No more than fifteen minutes a day is required.* Fifteen minutes, not of study, but of fascinating practice!

Send for This Free Book

There is a detailed description of Mr. Cody's new invention, in a fascinating little book, called "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." This is published by the Sherwin Cody School of English, in Rochester. It can be had by anyone, free, upon request. The book is more than a prospectus. Unquestionably it tells one of the most interesting stories about education in English that has ever been written. Sherwin Cody has really placed an excellent command of the English language within the grasp of everyone. If you are interested in hearing more in detail what his new invention can do for you, send for this book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." Tear out the coupon now, so that you will not forget to write, or send a letter or postal card now.

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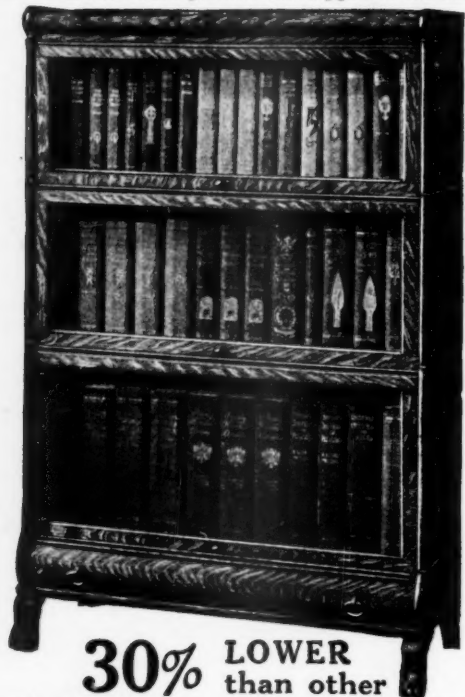
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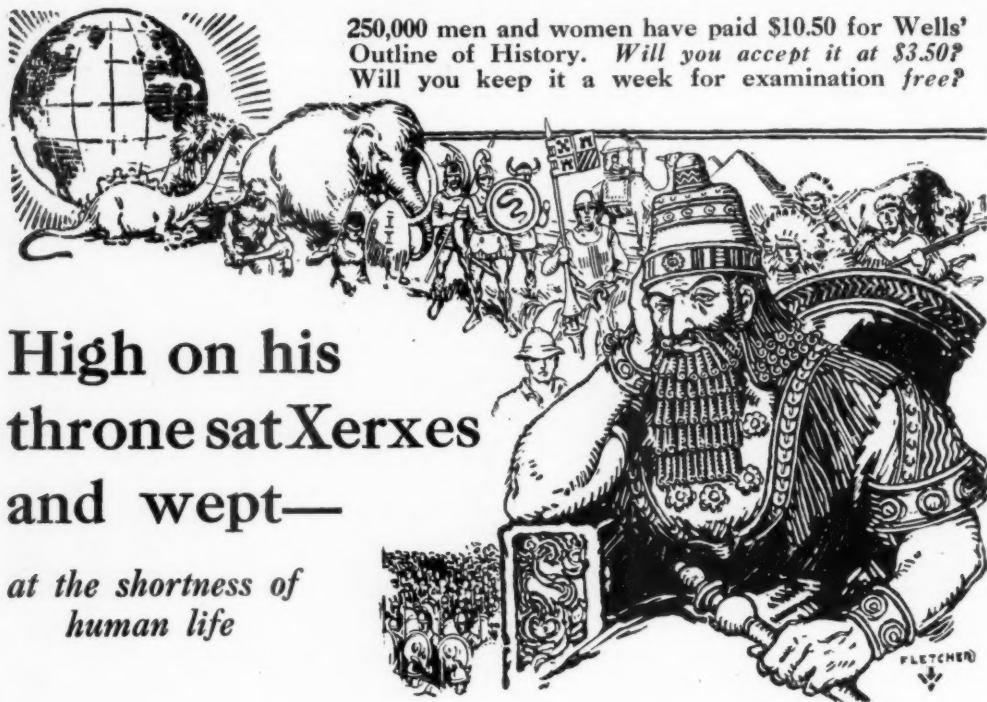
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(Wells' Outline of History, page 283.)

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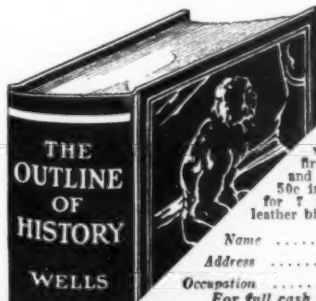
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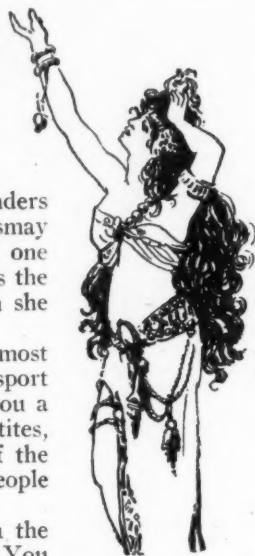
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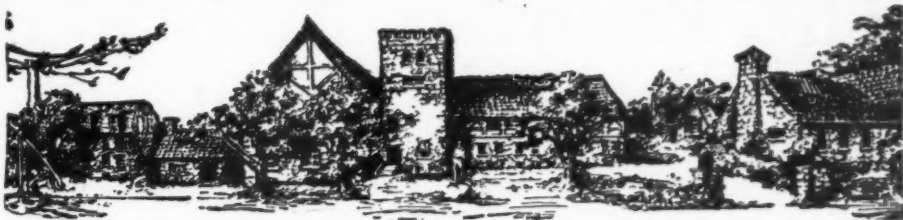
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Following Hubbard's tragic death on the "Lusitania" in 1915, announcement was made from East Aurora that the Philistine Magazine would be discontinued. Hubbard had gone on a long journey and might need his "Philistine." Besides, who was to take up his pen? It was also a beautiful tribute to the father from the son.

The same spirit of devotion has prompted the Roycrofters to issue their memorial edition of "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great." In no other way could they so fittingly perpetuate the memory of the founder of their institution as to liberate the influence that was such an important factor in moulding the career of his genius.

Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great

FOURTEEN YEARS were consumed in the writing of the work that ranks to-day as Elbert Hubbard's masterpiece. In 1894 the series of "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great" was begun, and once a month for fourteen years, without a break, one of these little pilgrimages was given to the world.

These little gems have been accepted as classics and will live. In all there are one hundred and eighty-two "Little Journeys" that take us to the homes of the men and women who transformed the thought of their time, changed the course of empire and marked the destiny of civilization. Through him, the ideas, the deeds, the achievements of these immortals have been given to the living present and will be sent echoing down the centuries.

As a writer Elbert Hubbard stands in the front rank of the Immortals. One of the ablest writers in America, Ed Howe, called him "the brightest man in the writing game."

Few businessmen have left institutions that reflect as much credit upon their founder, and yet the Roycroft Shops were launched primarily to demonstrate his philosophy that "Art is merely the expression of a man's joy in his work."

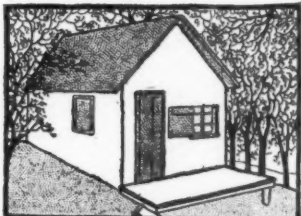
No public speaker who gave the platform his whole time appeared before as many audiences in the course of a year as this businessman and writer.

Where did Elbert Hubbard find the inspiration for carrying on his great work? It is no secret at East Aurora. It was derived from his own little pilgrimages to the haunts of the Great.

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The Business Man and the Bolshevik

OUT of the Middle West he came. He was of the blood of the pioneers who pushed the American frontier across the Mississippi a century ago. Energetic, courageous, dominating and keen, he never missed an opportunity—that was his type. He was called to New York because the sharp eyes of big business interests picked him for what he was—a man, a man who does things.

Of course, he loved business. But the thing he loved best of all was his America. She had given him his opportunities, his chance to fight and sharpen his intellect and strengthen his spirit, and she had kept his heart tender and his sympathies broad; and then America had yielded its bounty for his wife and his children.



The Bolshevik's Challenge

That is the reason why a soap-box orator, a Bolshevik organizer holding forth on a busy New York street corner one noonday, terrorized him with a threat of revolution.

"The Government may deport our leaders," the fellow shouted. "The Czar of Russia tried it. Let Washington try to put out the fire. It will only add fuel to the flame. The germ of the new civilization is in the old. It cannot be destroyed with force. All history proclaims the future dictatorship of the proletariat."

The Wall Street man trembled with rage of one who sees the thing he loves assailed. It hurt him physically to imagine, instead of the

old America, holding out shining opportunity to encourage men to noble accomplishment, a ravaged land given to the vindictive knife of society's failures.

The Challenge Accepted

And yet the Bolshevik said, "All history proclaims the future dictatorship of the proletariat." The Business man could not successfully deny it; he did not know, for, in his devotion to his work, he had neglected this most important part of his education. It was humiliating to have to confess to himself, but he did so, and in that moment of mortification was born the determination to learn what influences in history have made and unmade governments. Then, he clenched his teeth at the thought and muttered, "I WILL DO SOMETHING TO UPROOT THESE HUMAN WEEDS."

Dr. Frank Crane's Advice

Being a big man he turned naturally for guidance to a well-known authority, one who had read both widely and wisely.

"Where must I begin? What shall I read for a history of Democracy?" he asked Dr. Frank Crane, the famous essayist.

"Study Men, Not Events," he counseled

"You ask me to name a history of Democracy that is authentic and readable, and I ask you 'Why history?'"

"Personally, I have never gone in much for narrative history. Early in life I learned to think of history as biography, and I have continued to read the lives of men instead of history."

"As Emerson said: 'There is properly no history, only biography.'"

"Instead of a history of Rome, give me Caesar."

"His life involved the fate of an empire and the whole course of human destiny."

"In my college days I became interested in biography through a series of biographical lectures given by Dr. John Lord. In those days Lord was the most accomplished lecturer before the public. He was on the lecture platform what Henry Ward Beecher was in the pulpit, but without Beecher's dominating presence. It was Lord's picturesque style and the personality with which he clothed his subjects that did the trick, and these lectures were given for nearly fifty years and then finally rewritten and published as 'Beacon Lights of History.'"

"I have recommended these books to a great many young people, and always with satisfactory results, and I unhesitatingly recommend them to you now for your purpose."

The Business Man's Quest for Knowledge

The business man called his bookstore on the telephone and ordered a set of BEACON LIGHTS, only to be told that the last edition had been exhausted.

Bookstore after bookstore failed to produce Lord's BEACON LIGHTS.

The quest led directly to the publishers with no encouragement. "The price of paper has increased over one hundred per cent. The cost of binding books has doubled and there is to be another raise soon with a corresponding increase in printing. It is impossible to produce another edition of BEACON LIGHTS at a price which the Public will pay." This was what the publishers said of the situation.

But the business man was not to be turned aside, so the search for BEACON LIGHTS went on and finally the quest ended in a second-hand book-stall, when a complete set of BEACON LIGHTS was found for \$45.00.

"This \$45.00 and the \$450.00 worth of time I spent in finding the books was the wisest investment I ever made," the business man said of his purchase a few weeks later.

What He Found in Beacon Lights

In BEACON LIGHTS he had found real biography of world heroes—all of them—selected by the greatest of all critics—time—a great human pageant of masterful men and women leading battalions of lesser lights by every road to civilization. Alexander, Alfred the Great, Charlemagne, and a host of others became flesh and blood, and the history of their times took on human form, color and expression.

The business man saw the soundness of Dr. Crane's advice, "STUDY MEN, NOT EVENTS." He saw how Alexander made the history of his Greece, Alfred the history of his England, Charlemagne the history of his France. "THESE BOOKS ARE HISTORY," he said. "But history told in a way to hold a man as interested as when, a child, he listened to fairy tales from his mother's lips."

But, the big, significant fact he took from these books was that the world's greatest men attained the heights because they fought for them. THE INDIVIDUAL MUST PUT FORTH EFFORT to win success.

And if deprived of the hope of distinctive reward personal ambition withers and the stream of natural progression is dammed at its very source.

The Business Man in Action

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The original fifteen volumes have been reduced to seven by using a light, thin, opaque sheet of Bible paper and running nine hundred pages to the volume instead of four hundred pages. This means a saving of half the binding cost and a corresponding saving in paper. The presswork will be done at Cambridge, Mass., by the University Press, world-famous for high-class printing. A very attractive Art cloth has been ordered for the binding. The result is a beautiful book (almost pocket size) printed from large, well spaced, easy reading type, on a beautiful silky texture of white India paper.

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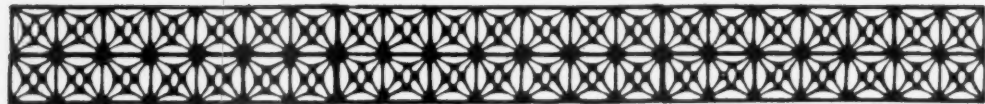
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